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THE  
LAND OF SUNSHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF  
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

EDITED BY  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

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JULY, 1901.

THE PANAMA CANAL  
THE ARK PEOPLE  
SMYTHE ON IRRIGATION

Richly  
Illustrated

Vol. XV, No. 1

LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA

# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



THE MAGAZINE OF  
**CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST**

EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS



EUCALYPTUS BLOSSOMS.

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THE SONATA PATHETIQUE.

From the Painting by Wm. Keith.

1908  
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"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 15, No. 1.

LOS ANGELES

JULY, 1901

### *THE SICKLE-BILLED THRUSH.*

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

Who is it calling early,  
A whistle, a refrain,  
The morning dawning darkly,  
The bushes wet with rain?  
He saw the stars of morning  
Behind the mists grow pale,  
And then he whistled blithely  
To wake the slumbering vale.

A big, brown bird is sitting  
There in the leafless brush;  
We know him by his long, queer beak,  
The bonnie curve-billed thrush.  
He makes his fun so serious,  
So earnest, yet so gay;  
The farmer and the school-boy  
He greets upon their way.

It's "stir it, stir it, stir it."  
"Dorothy, kiss me soon;"  
He's mocking every songster  
He heard in sunny June—  
The California thrasher,  
The winsome mocking-bird—  
I live a richer, gladder life,  
Since I his voice have heard.

The morning's dewy hedges,  
 The cloud-enveloped moon,  
 The chaparral, the shadows,  
 The thrasher's startling tune ;  
 A path all gray and gloomy,  
 A fleeting April rain,  
 A stealthy step to hear once more  
 That rapturous refrain.

Pleasant Hill, Cal.

## THE PANAMA CANAL.\*

BY TRACY ROBINSON.



SOON after the beginning of General Grant's first term as president, March 4th, 1869, he took steps toward opening a ship canal at Panama. He had crossed and re-crossed by the Chagres route in earlier days, when his West Point training had enabled him to form an intelligent idea of the lay of the land. He selected his friend General Hurlbut of Illinois as United States Minister to Bogotá, and commissioned him to negotiate a Canal Treaty with the Colombian government. Early in the year 1870 the treaty was completed and signed by the commissioners, one of whom on the part of Colombia was the late Dr. Justo Arosemena, a native of Panama, and one of the most enlightened and distinguished sons of Spanish America.

A copy was sent to Washington, where it was favorably received by the President and his eminent Secretary of State, Honorable Hamilton Fish. It was at once submitted to the Senate, and so great was the confidence of President Grant in its ratification that his brief message of transmission stated that the treaty was sent for approval, not a word being said about its rejection. In fact, he seems to have been altogether satisfied and sanguine.

The treaty itself was a remarkable document, as can be seen by its perusal. It provided for the construction and maintenance of a canal at Panama, by the United States, or by whatever party or parties the United States might substitute and be responsible for. Provision was made for the military protection and control of the waterway by the Government of the United States; and the only proviso that fell short of an absolute guarantee that a canal should

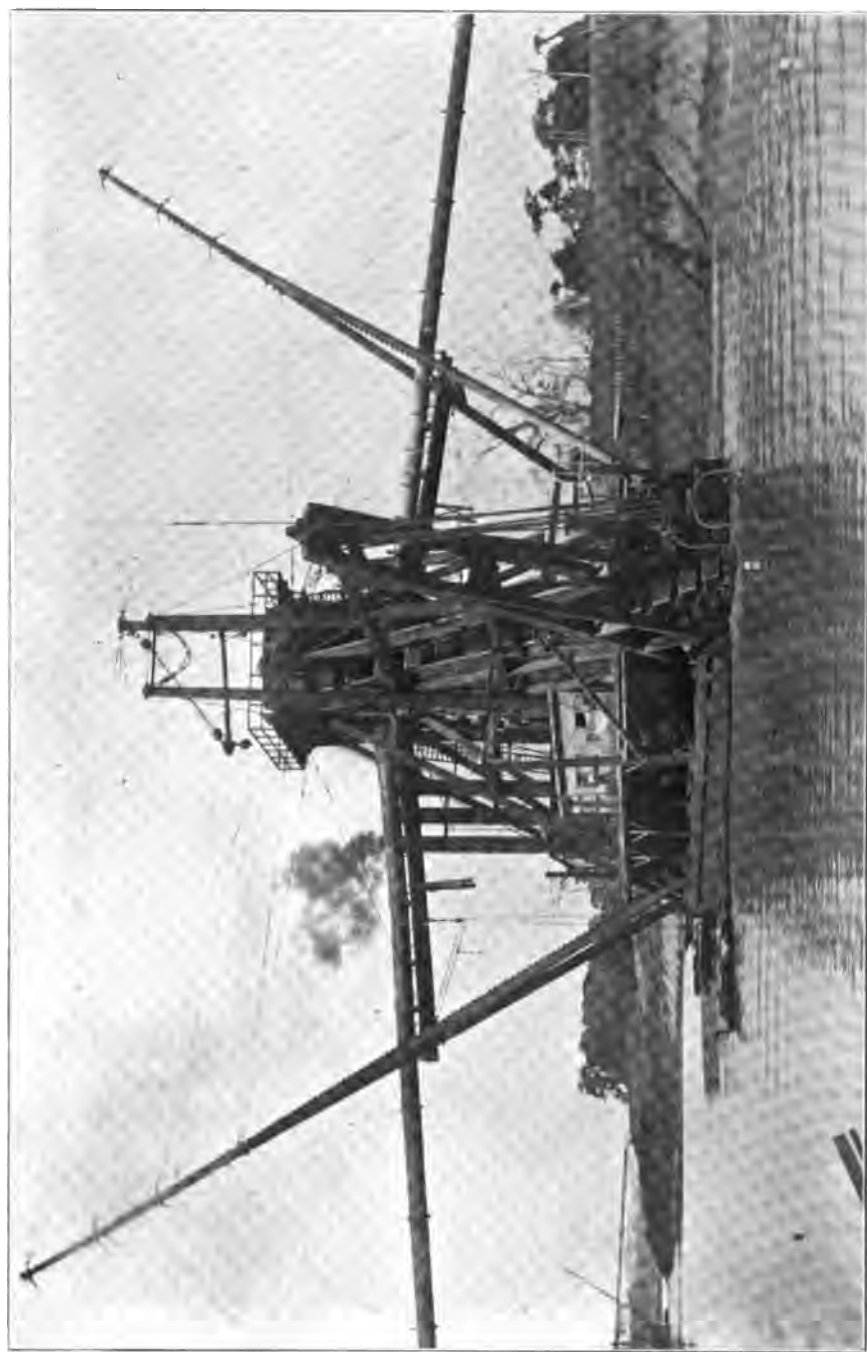
\*Mr. Robinson was for forty years a resident of Panama; and while the Editor by no means agrees with his belief in the superiority of the Panama to the Nicaragua route for an interoceanic canal, the opinion of so entitled a witness is worthy of respect, and is gladly given space.—ED.



**CHAGRES RIVER.**



**NATIVE DWELLING—ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.**



EXCAVATORS AT WORK—PANAMA CANAL.

be made and opened to the commerce of the world, was the one that the surveys, to be made at the expense of the United States, should declare the great work practicable.

It therefore looked as though everything was well arranged for a speedy joining of the Caribbean and the Pacific.

But before action had been taken by the United States Senate, word came from Bogotá to the effect that the Colombian Congress had dealt a deathblow to the negotiations. The provisions of the treaty had been so modified during the discussions which followed its submission to

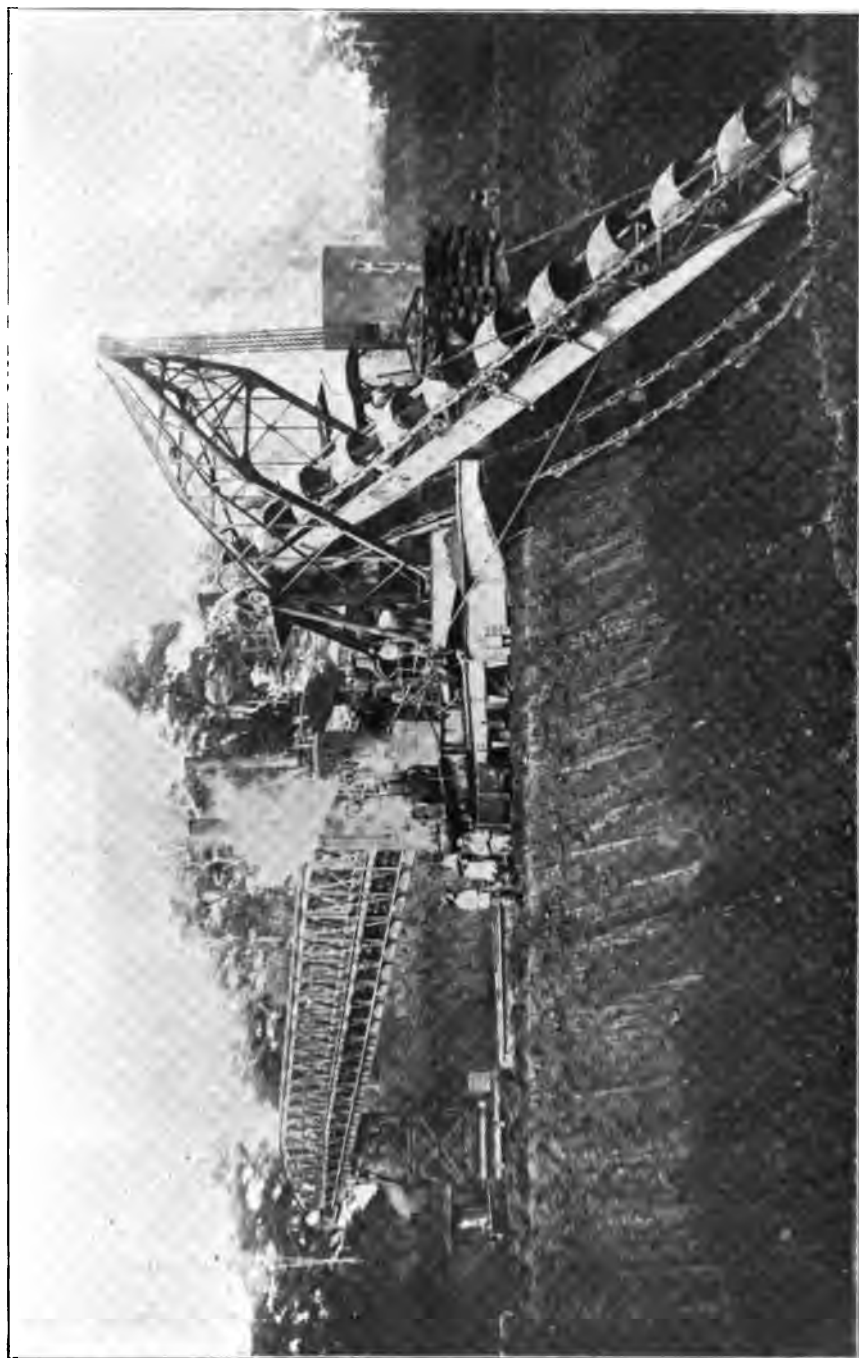


PANAMA CANAL DREDGES.

Property of Amer. Contracting and Dredging Co. At Anchor in Chagres River.

that body, that it was no longer possible to accept it. Violent hostility prevailed among Colombian public men, and the matter was dropped. Had the treaty been ratified, there is no doubt that long ago there would have been a canal at Panama.

The Nicaragua scheme was then taken up. Not to be thwarted in his pet ambition, General Grant set his friend Admiral Ammen to work, with Mr. Menocal as his able and indefatigable lieutenant, and for thirty years the propaganda of a Nicaragua canal has been diligently urged upon the American people. A large amount has been spent in surveys, and the work of construction was some years ago actually begun, though soon suspended.



EXCAVATOR—PANAMA CANAL.



A COLOMBIAN TYPE.



M. de LESSEPS, HIS WIFE, AND NINE CHILDREN.



The world is familiar, more or less, with the great Lesseps failure at Panama. The literature of the subject would load a ship. The fact remains, however, not to be gainsaid or disputed, that work has been done at Panama, up to the present time (for operations have never entirely ceased) representing nearly or quite one-fourth of the entire amount necessary.

The latest commission, under the direction of Admiral Walker, has made its report, and for reasons other than technical, Nicaragua has been favored; these reasons being the tangle existing between the French canal company and



PANAMA CANAL CUTTING—BAS OBISPO.

the government of Colombia; doubt as to a permanent right of way; uncertainty as to the selling price of the French concession, etc. There is no real question as to the superiority of the Panama route. It is less than fifty miles in length, while that of Nicaragua is 190 miles. It is the only place at which a tide level canal can ever be made. It has the advantage of good harbors, and of a railroad in operation along its line. As for climate, the rainfall, according to official data, has an average of fifty inches less per annum at Colon than at San Juan del Norte. In regard to sanitation, the Panama Isthmus can certainly compare favorably with Nicaragua.



CULEBRA CUT—PANAMA CANAL.



TOWER OF SAN JEROMÉ—OLD PANAMA (Rear View).



FRONT STREET, COLON—Looking South. (Destroyed by Fire, September 22, 1900.)

To those who have sufficient interest in the subject of comparative distances between the countries that will be tributary to a canal, wherever it is made, the careful tables compiled by competent authorities (among whom is Captain W. L. Merry, United States Minister to Costa Rica and Nicaragua) are respectfully recommended.

It is fortunate that Congress failed to pass a Nicaragua canal bill at its last session. The delay will give chance for arrangements mutually satisfactory to Colombia, to the French company, and to the United States. There is no



PANAMA TYPES.

Clayton-Bulwer dragon guarding that gateway, nor yet an unacceptable Hay-Pauncefote treaty to be rewritten and wrangled over. There is, on the other hand, in full force, the treaty of 1846, between the United States and New Granada, now Colombia, under which the neutrality of the Panama transit is "effectively guaranteed" by the former government. California is deeply interested in having the most serviceable canal that can be made, in the shortest time, for the least cost, and in the best place. The Panama route should therefore be adopted. Gen. Grant thought so thirty years ago, and even untiring Senator Morgan would think so now, were he thoroughly informed and unprejudiced.

Los Angeles.



RESIDENCES BUILT FOR M. FERD. DE LESSEPS AND SON, COLON.



NAVY BAY, COLON.

## THE ARK PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY CLARA VOSTROVSKY.



CALIFORNIA is filled to the brim with curious and interesting things, both great and small, both rich and poor, both real and imitation, but there is one which is kept hidden as far as possible from the Californian as well as from the tourist, and that is the community of Ark Dwellers in Stockton on the San Joaquin river. The reason for this un-Californian attitude lies in the fact that the people of Stockton are strangely ashamed of the Ark People; they speak of them to one another as "boisterous," and look upon them as a "nuisance," a "standing disgrace" to a city rapidly gaining respectability. Time and again they have endeavored to get rid of them, but in vain; the ark people have fought their own battles too well; until the Stockton people have ended by ostracizing and ignoring this rapidly growing settlement.

If a stranger happens to wander not far from the business portion of the town to the banks of one of the largest sloughs of the San Joaquin, he is unprepared to find it literally lined with arks or house-boats, and still more to find that these house boats are not merely summer residences by any means, but permanent homes of a more or less settled community. They are a decidedly picturesque feature of an otherwise "civilized" country, agreeing only in not being large, consisting of one, two, and at most of



ON THE SLOUGH.

three rooms, and having an extension at each end like ferry boats. In every other respect they differ as much as the nationalities of the owners, who are of Dutch, German, Scotch, English and American descent. Some of the arks are low, for the sake of rapidity in travel, others, more stationary, are high; some are merely white-washed, with small, rude windows and doors, others are built well and gaily painted in white and green and blue; some are spotlessly clean, others disgustingly dirty; some are anchored where the sun beats painfully down on them during the summer months, others are found in pretty spots sheltered by willows.

It is not religious or social fanaticism that has brought about the establishment of this water colony, but the even more potent factor that life in such a house-boat is wonderfully cheap. Fish and game are plentiful, and for fuel one needs to be energetic only once a day—in the early morning—when large amounts of drift wood come floating down the river. There is a fascination about the life too, due to the freedom of the coming and going, that keeps people attached to it even when they might live more comfortably on land. Thus there are several ark people who own property in the town; and one, a Scotchman, is estimated to be worth \$12,000 or \$13,000.

But all poor people do not take naturally to this life. To live happily as an arkman, certain characteristics of mind



A GROUP OF ARKS.





GENERAL VIEW OF THE ARK COMMUNITY.

are indispensable, particularly independence. One must be satisfied to live alone, for strange as it may seem, not only is there no social intercourse between those who live in Stockton and those who live on the arks, but there is also no social intercourse among the ark people themselves. "Are there any Germans among the arks?" we asked of one inhabitant. "Germans? oh, probably; but I cannot tell you, for I do not know many who live as I do." "You are then a stranger?" "Hardly; I have lived here some seven years." There is only one thing that ever unites them, and that is warfare against their common enemy, the land people.

The first ark that we visited belonged to the dirty kind. To get to the door it was necessary to walk down a long plank and then jump a low fence on the ark itself. We were warmly greeted. Ark life is one of leisure and that, together with the scarcity of visitors, makes all who come welcome. We sat down where we could find a seat, for that was no very easy matter, the lack of outsiders being evidently counterbalanced by the size of this particular family at least. There was the husband and wife and child—a very dirty child—there were two women

of no apparent relation to the others, and a grandfather and a grandmother. While we were comparing the two small rooms with the number of members in the family, one and all of the latter launched forth into a praise of the beauties of ark life. Later on we found this satisfaction with their lot quite universal among them. Not only were we told in each of the three arks which we visited that ark life is superior to all other life, but the owners of each individual ark no sooner had made our acquaintance than they hastened to inform us that their own ark was the largest and finest ark on the entire slough.

The little combined sitting- and bed-room in which we found ourselves, and in which for obvious reasons we were somewhat reluctant to linger long, had beside a terribly old and torn carpet and the necessary articles of furniture, a



THE PRETTIEST ARK.

few pictures and a shelf of old books. "There's nothing like reading," said the principal man of the house, pointing the latter out to us, "but the trouble with me is that I already know too much." Evidently taking our silence for consent, he proceeded to point out other treasures. "That," he remarked, among other things, pointing with an indescribable air of pride to a faded chromo hanging above the bureau, "is Shakespeare's cottage by the sea. Of course you have heard of Shakespeare's cottage by the sea." We had not, but thought it wisest to conceal our ignorance.

We next visited one of the spotlessly clean arks, in

which we found a neat-looking Scotchwoman preparing her noonday meal. She also was glad to see us. We wondered whether she shared the aristocratic tendencies of her neighbors, and inquired whether there was much social life among the ark people. At this she turned up her nose. "We know scarcely any of them," she said; "we prefer to choose our own company."

By the time that we came out we found a little man waiting for us. He had found out, somehow or other, that we were taking pictures, and he was very anxious that we should take his ark, "the best one of all." This was just the kind of an invitation that we wanted, and as we went with him we were delighted to find that he was not only a loyal ark resident but the originator of the arks themselves. His ark belonged to the clean ones. It was almost painfully clean, one felt, when one's eyes fell on the newspapers carefully spread over the bed to protect its white cover. Rows of flower pots, which he told us he had watered daily since his wife's death, stood on the wide porch. He informed us that he was well to do, but that he added to his income by loaning boats. Although he had lived on the slough for some thirty years, he also did not know his neighbors, and seemed as glad as the others had been to find some one to listen to him. His story was an interesting one. He came to San Francisco from Liverpool, around Cape Horn, acting then as steward of the ship, a position in which he had a good opportunity to learn something as to how the vessel was built. In '62 he left San Francisco for Stockton, where he conceived the idea of building a boat which would also serve as his home. This boat cost him about \$200. Hunting and trapping paid well then on the San Joaquin, and as it was not hard to make from \$3 to \$4 a day, it was not long before the ark had paid for itself. Some one came along who wanted to buy it, and he sold it for what it had cost him. He built another and again sold that. Gradually more and more hunters came in, and he not only had employment making houses for them, but they began to copy his pattern until the colony reached its present size of about a hundred ark-boats.

Modesto, Cal.



## BELOW SEA-LEVEL.\*

BY FRANCES ANTHONY.



Our journey from the Colorado Desert led us below sea-level there was no noticeable difference in the aspect of the country. There were mesquite trees and sand dunes; and the sandy stage-road was just as crooked as it turned to right and left to avoid them.

The first change to remind us that we had come down into what was once a part of the Gulf of California, was hundreds of acres of tiny grayish-white shells covering the ground like dirty snow. They varied in size from a pinhead to a small grain of rice; here and



INDIAN GRANARIES, ALAMO BONITO.

there were spots of others as large as kernels of corn, and some mussel shells two inches long.

Eight miles brought us to Indio, and we had imperceptibly descended to twenty feet below sea-level. In our geographies we had learned that a desert was a sandy plain where nothing grew and it never rained; and now we must either unlearn this or consider that the name is unjustly applied. Not only do things grow in a great part of the Colorado Desert, but in the summer it rains, and with more water this land would produce a great variety of crops. Some artesian wells have been sunk. The Southern Pacific R. R. has a flowing well at Walters which throws fifty inches of water into a tank twenty feet high.

We learned also that a desert is not always all sand. Below Walters—we were still going down—the soil is

\* See this Magazine for Oct., 1900, and Feb., 1901.

clay, and with every mile more and more alkaline. As this increased, the growth of mesquite decreased, brush taking its place, which in its turn ceased, and for some miles the only growth was a curious bush without leaves. A branch or stem was a series of joints looking like a string of green, dew-covered wax beads, and was very easily crushed.

Farther on, plant life ceased altogether. The salt and alkali showed plainly on the surface, and selecting a camp site for the night was not really easy. There was no



262 FEET BELOW SEA-LEVEL. (Near Salton, Cal.)

choice of location except to find a place dry enough. Here was the level we had believed to be a characteristic of the whole desert.

Beyond us was the dried up "Salton Sea." Its surface is as white and dazzling as though covered with snow. Its middle is three hundred feet below sea-level. The road passes through the edge at an altitude of minus 262 feet; the beaten track is firm, but stepping outside one sinks into the soft ground beneath the salt with the same sensation as though stepping into half-frozen, snow-covered mud.

Looking toward the middle of the salt basin it was impossible to know how near the derricks and buildings of the salt-works were. We saw a boat, with a number of men rowing it, go out on the sea, and before we reached Salton it was coming back. It proved to be not the kind of boat we wanted to row in. It was a flat-car on a track, with an engine to pull it. The men who had appeared to



ANCIENT SHORE-LINE OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

be rowing were standing up leaning on their shovels, and by a peculiar refraction of light the engine had not appeared at all.

Our next objective point was the ranch of "Fig Tree John," on the west side of the valley. At noon, while considering which branch road to take round the head of the lake, we asked our way of an Indian who had just come across on horseback.

"Me Pee-chee John" was his reply. When he learned that we knew his sister at Crafton he at once invited us to stay with him, and we accepted. Returning from Salton he overtook us, pointed out his ranch, and then went on. When we had gone what seemed far enough we could see no sign of a settlement, and should have thought that we were going into a wilderness; but just then we perceived a faint smoke rising straight ahead. Soon we made out the yellow leaves of a cottonwood tree—then the green of a palm tree, and soon, under the smoke, the tule-thatched roof of the house. There were several buildings of brush with tule roofs. Their color is so much like that of the soil and the general brown of most vegetation during the winter that one might even be looking and pass them by but for a smoke or the movement of an animal to call closer attention.

Fig Tree John himself met us at the gate. He assigned us one of his brush houses, brought us an arm-load of the finest dry mesquite wood, showed us how to make the fire in the middle of the one room, and pointed out the manner in which the smoke rose to the ridge pole and then went

out at the open end. Through it all his manner was as hospitable as any white man's could be. Our house was built without boards or nails; and, though open at the east end and without a floor, was a good shelter from the wind even in those first days of January.

At the four corners and in the middle of each end posts were set in the ground. The tops were forked, and in the forks were laid the plates and ridgepole. The sides and end were filled in with straight desert brush, the roof thatched with tules and all fastened with strips of rawhide and palm leaves.

Fig Tree John is known by that name because he is the distinguished owner of an orchard of fig trees. His Spanish name is Juan Razon, but his Indian name is a secret. In the evening he, with his wife and baby, visited us, and next morning he breakfasted with us.

Williamson, in his report in '54, mentions stopping at this place, and relates some of the legends told him by other Indians living here then. We led Fig Tree John to talk about them. When we came to that about the floods and loss of life he became excited and ended in mixed Spanish and English. "Yes! yes! in one night came much water and killed many Indians, many Indians!"

Evidences of this having once been a part of the Gulf of California still exist. The ancient shore-line is distinct on the mountains, a mile and a half south of Fig Tree John's, and 175 feet higher, and is identical with the line of the horizon to the left and miles beyond. All that was under



LOOKING EAST OVER THE COLORADO DESERT FROM SEA-LEVEL.

water is darker than that above. The pebbles and sand are in water-lines along the old beach, and vary in firmness under the feet, as do the sands at the seashore.

A hill of rocks stands alone; its top was once an island. Below the line every rock is covered with a brownish-gray incrustation from two to twenty inches thick, and resembling coral in its fullness of holes. Indian carvings in the face of some of the larger rocks show faintly; but there is nothing by which to tell their age or meaning.

Next day we started northward on the dim and little used road that had first been traveled by Williamson's surveying party forty-five years before.

This day was especially productive of the conditions for mirages, and we saw three remarkable ones, by which we realized that seeing is not always believing.

What we knew to be mesquite trees in the sand assumed the shape and beauty of a row of majestic eucalyptus trees beside a broad blue stream.

A white cliff far away was transformed into a fine white-towered and turreted castle on the side of a gray mountain.

A long freight train four miles distant was nothing more nor less than a great humping caterpillar with a big black head and a bright red tail.

At Alamo Bonito we found some of the real Indian granaries. They are like immense birdsnests, three to four feet across and two to three feet deep, set up on platforms. They are made of limber brush twined and twisted round and round; when filled they are thatched with tules and mud, and are good storehouses for beans, mesquite pods or grain.

After passing the scattered villages of Agua Dulce, Toros and Martínez the road was so bad we left it for a better one, leading across toward Indio; but we were no better off, for it ended at Mesa Grande. As we came up, everybody scampered out of sight to peek at us through cracks and holes, but soon they were all out again listening to what conversation we were able to make. Our road from here was only a trail; for miles we labored along with one horse and two wheels in it while the others went first up and then down over humps and in hollows. We saw no indication of a road and had no idea where it was; but, knowing that an Indian trail always leads to something, in mixed hope and disgust we kept on. At last we came to the real road which we followed for three days till we reached home. Tired, yet rested by the change, we felt repaid for all exertions and that we had spent a profitable two weeks. Every day had brought new experiences or something special to remember.

Galena, Kas.



## WHEN THE BIRDS ARE NESTING.

BY ELIZABETH GRINNELL.



N an area about fifty yards square adjoining our home, are enacted the incidents and scenes described. No home in this land of sunshine need be without similar associations. To plant a tree or shrub is to invite the birds. But tree and shrub must grow. Here are hints for those who bide the growing: A pile of fruit tree prunings, to be had for the asking and the bringing, may be made a great inducement. Boughs zigzag, little sticks interlacing, an uneven mesh of knotted filaments usually condemned to the back yard gehenna, offer untold attractions to many of our birds. In this partial shelter they play hide-and-seek with their threaded shadows, feed upon insects which seek the spot for the same reasons as themselves, or "sit and think," as birds appear to do, at intervals during the day. If it's sufficiently dense, they may even sleep at night in the brush pile. To induce them to build, at nesting time, about a home whose vines have yet to grow, blue gum or pepper boughs thickly foliaged, fastened about the eaves or above the balcony, will prove acceptable to the linnets at least, perchance to the mockers. Berry boxes or cigar boxes nailed high up under the north eaves of house or stable tempt the phoebe birds. Of course the litter of brush-pile and dead foliage may horrify the lover of immaculate surroundings, but, perish the birds! For be it known that our birds despise the presence of the landscape gardener, with his lawn mower, and clipping machines, and pruning hooks. They fly from his art as from a plague, and hie them to the wild, helter-skelter, half-untidy dooryard of the less artistic but more fervent bird lover.

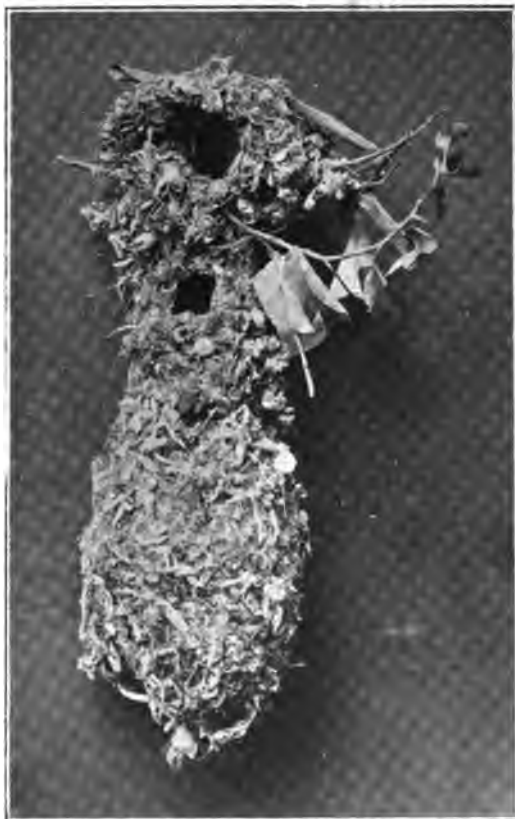
One November day, when the winds played havoc among our trees, a great pine was pushed from its moorings and leaned far to the south. Its roots like a many fingered hand lost clutch of the soil, and pointed reproachfully skyward. "Cut it up," said the wood-chopper. "It is only fit to burn, and pine makes good fire wood. The roots are especially rich."

A mocking-bird alighted on what had been its tufted apex and sent regretful glances through the bearded boughs. That glance gave us a suggestion. A house-mover came. A cluck to his horses and a click of the pulley chain, and the last reluctant earth-born tendril let go its hold. The great root was severed from the main trunk a few feet from the point of incorporation, and lo, a thing of beauty! Of tint like the deepest redwood, elbowed, gnarled, with bark like bits of raveled silk, this underground octopus was just what we had wanted. The stem was buried, holding the root aloft, in the front yard ten feet from the window. Visitors lifted their hands in wonder. The birds also wondered. From wondering they ventured, and from venturing they loved. An Australian pea vine was planted at its base and soon crowned its pinnacled summit.

This leafless tree became our Bird's Commercial House. Among the roots we tangled all sorts of nesting materials, big and little strings, last year's fluffy pampas plumes, lichens from arroyo witch-nooks, strips of rag, soft and old, hair combings left over from the stable currycomb, and—happiest thought of all—white, downy, surgeon's cotton. Now this cotton has turned the head of every bird attracted to it. The earliest to nest was the hummer, and she had the choice of materials. Nothing was suitable until she was ready for the lining. She poised above the cotton with slender black beak, and tore the gossamer apart like strands of spider's web. So fascinated

was she by the new fabric that she lined the nest far above the rim, and rebuilt the outer to fit the inner. With the cotton web she mingled bits of pampas feathers.

Next in turn came the bushtit. The smallest of all the birds save the hummer; this little tit showed us how she can form the largest nest of any in comparison with the size of the builder. Like the hummer, she used little of our material until ready for the lining. Then she lost her wits over the cotton. She pulled it to bits and looked to see it fly away in the wind. She thrust her head far into the snowy billow of it and covered herself. She flew with it dripping from her beak, and left a trail from branch to branch of the nearest tree. She snatched it from the linnet if this bird essayed to take a portion. She packed it into the bottom of her pocket nest far above the usual limits of the lining. She crept up and down the outside and peeped in at the round doorway with keenest satisfaction. She chatted about that cotton to her little gray lord, who also made hearty comments. But alas for the "best laid schemes." It was absorbent cotton: There came a March rain and blew directly in at the open door of that bushtit's nest. In a few hours we knew it was



BUSHTIT'S NEST.

deserted. With guilty speculations we looked in and beheld three little unclothed babies lying snug in a pool of rain water.

That was a year ago, but Madame Bushtit still carries the cotton at nesting time, though we substituted cotton batting for the absorbent kind. A yellow warbler was induced to nest on the grounds, from the pine root bait we set. She took cotton only, and day by day in a crotch of the pepper the little white pile grew and spread out, its extreme whiteness contrasting well with the lemon yellow of the beautiful bird. When it was done she lined the cup with grey hairs from the combings of a certain lady who will not waste so trivial a thing. If the birds want it, give it to them! Time is so kind to turn one's brown hair white to make the lining of a yellow warbler's nest!

The mockers and the towhees each take what they can find in the commercial house, excepting the cotton. They go dragging strings and white rags across the grass, looking behind them for a possible end, and trying to manage altogether too much at a time.

Sweet little black-headed phœbe, who would come right in at the



ORIOLE'S NEST, WITH MODERN "LEAN-TO."

door after stray house flies but for the wire screens—she cares for nothing at the pine store. She wants mud. We have not seen more than one nest under the same eaves, though we have set our cigar box traps year by year. Phœbe drives away the swallows if they chance along, and even her own people are repulsed. She has built her house low under the north eaves for years. We leave the hydrant adrip on purpose for phœbe. But it is not mud alone that allures her. The ground is full of little rootlets that travel long distances for a drink and emerge at the surface greedy for the precious moisture. Phœbe mixes the rootlets with the mud and so makes a respectable mortar that lasts. She began lining the nest with bits from the jute door-mat. We raveled the ends on purpose, of course. Nothing that birds can have possible use for is thrown into the fire at our house. We thought this jute stuff a trifle harsh, so we threw down some fur from a grizzly bear skin. Phœbe liked the looks of



NEST OF BLACK-HEADED GROSBEAK, IN FORK OF FIG TREE.

it and was swinging her usually slow gait close to the ground when a flock of intermediate sparrows caught sight of it. Now these visiting sparrows nest far north where grizzly bear nest-lining may be picked in any quantity from tree trunks where the moulting animals have rubbed. Either the memory of the sparrows was roused at the sight, or they forgot for the moment they were far from their nesting place. They made a dash for the familiar brown fur. They pecked mouthfuls of it, and dropped it, picked it up and tossed it. Then phoebe gave a wail, the usual plaintive cry which she imagines is a song, and there came a hand to hand fight for the fur. The sparrows retreated to the fence where they talked the matter over.

At this writing, March 8, phoebe is brooding above three shirtless infants, on the fifth-floor flat under the stable eaves. Year by year she makes a new layer of adobe, loving the spot, though we handle the birdlings, while she nips at our shoulders and hair. She knows we will not harm them. One time the linnet stole the nest when phoebe wasn't looking and laid her own eggs in it. Phoebe used all the terms of the law to oust her rival but linnet wouldn't budge. Phoebe brought her husband, and together they pulled at linnet's shoulder, to no avail. Old man phoebe left the scene in disgust, while mother phoebe had to wait her turn for the next possession.

The phoebes' nest is always of dark stuff, as also is the only nest of the black-headed grosbeak we have seen in our grounds. This beautiful singer lingered about till mid-summer and then concluded to stay the year out. By being out among the trees in advance of the first sunbeam we discovered the nest in an elbow of the fig-tree. It was made of dark little sticks, or last year's stems of fig leaves, and so transparent that we could see the eggs distinctly while looking up from beneath. Not a bit of soft lining, just black sticks laid criss-cross. It was as if the builder knew that, being mid-summer and in the most delightful climate in the world, ventilation was the sanitary order.

The oriole comes early, examining the tender new leaves of the frost-bitten banana, regretfully leaving them for the blue gum, after satisfying herself that they are too immature for her hammock. The banana leaves will ripen in time for the next brood. In the blue gum she built a lean-to by the side of last year's nest, and attached to it, of the palm fiber, which is her delight, and which we often strip for her and lay in tempting spread on our commercial counter. The present addition to her previous nest is yellow and fresh while that of last year is weather beaten and mildewed.

Except September, October and November, every month in the year is nesting time with us. When the late peaches turn their rosiest cheek to the autumn sun, and the almond husk opens its pale lips, then are the structures which were so lately the center of solicitude tenantless and neglected. Old birds in passing take no notice of them and the hungry juveniles pay no visible heed. What care they for cradles, now that their sole cry is the universal "Bread and butter, please?" Baby zephyrs nap on the worn-out lining, and the rain runs its slim fingers through the parting meshes. Even the domestic feline, who was wont to inquire into the heart of every bunch of grass and twigs, no longer wastes time in study of the nesting habits of birds. She will resume her investigations next year, provided she falls not a victim to the single barrel Remington behind the door.

Pasadena, Cal.



Photo. by Lee Moorehouse, Pendleton, Ore.

## *SHE DREAMS*

BY MARY H. COATES.

She dreams all day out in the sun,  
And gathers to her, one by one,  
Each bygone season ; heat and snow  
From dim wild glade and bold plateau  
She calls and counts them all, and none  
Escape her beck, none does she shun ;  
Of days wee-tee-tash,—long ago  
She dreams.

Snug in a brilliant blanket spun  
From finest wool ; her warm thoughts run  
In channels weird, till phantoms flow  
In stirring deeds of friend and foe ;  
Of times and scenes that now are done  
She dreams.

Santa Cruz, Cal.

## THE WHITE OTTER.

BY NEILL SHERIDAN.



"HY," said the captain of the "Jane Marie," "the man that shoots the White Otter digs his own grave."

"The White Otter?" I answered. "There is no such thing."

"Oh, ain't they!" said the captain of the "Jane Marie."

She was a sea-otter hunter of twenty tons, the "Jane Marie," as handy a little fore-and-after as ever beat about the Santa Barbara Channel Islands in pursuit of that rare and valuable animal whose pelt brings an almost fabulous price from furriers. She had caught the slant of west wind that always blows down channel on summer afternoons, off San Miguel island, and was running now to make the strait between Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz islands, and so to square away for San Nicolás, where it was reported that game was plenty. She was making good weather of it, too, although the breeze was strong; wing and wing, with both jibs set, and every inch drawing. The captain was at the wheel, as he generally was in the daytime, and her crew of four men and two hunters were all stretched on the deck aft, smoking and soaking the warm sunshine into themselves, probably in compensation for past and future wettings, when they followed their hazardous calling in the heavy surf that rages always about those Channel islands. For the sea otter is a wary beast, and getting scarce as wary, and must be followed in small boats—and shot from them, too, tossing up and down on the waves—right into the foaming surf through which he chases his own prey.

I had been taken a passenger on the "Jane Marie," by special favor, and after I had been days on board, and my tobacco had been found to be of the best and offered without taint of patronage, I had also been admitted to a species of toleration by these hardy otter hunters. The "Jane Marie" was making good weather of it, and the captain luffed her to meet the green seas that came rolling through the Santa Rosa strait. A whale was tumbling among the waves at a little distance, clumsily, and the seas broke upon his brown back when it showed above the surface as though he had been a bit of a lee shore gone adrift, and the whale-birds flew screaming above the masts of the schooner. Down to windward we could see a file of great pelicans lazily flapping their way toward their home on the crags of Anacapa island.

The captain of the "Jane Marie" luffed to meet another green sea, and then he said again, but with more deliberation, pulling his black pipe out of his mouth to be used as an aid to emphatic gesticulation, "Oh, ain't they!"

"Why, no," I answered. "Who ever heard of a White Otter?"

I had discovered, early in our acquaintance, that the way to the captain's heart was by judicious contradiction, but it must be most judicious. I went no farther, therefore, than the remark above set down.

"Why, I'll tell you, young man," the captain said to this, laying down his course, so to say, with the black pipe, as he went on. "There's a White Otter lives on Anacapa island, in a cave. And the man that shoots it digs his own grave. You remember Tony Garcia, Bill?"

"Aye," growled one of the swarthy hunters, lying on his back in the sun.

"Well, Tony knowed. Tony could 'a' told you."

"And where is Tony now?" I asked, respectfully.

"Well, I dunno," and the captain smiled grimly. "All that we found of him is buried up by the Mission in Santa Barbara."

"Oh; he is dead?"

"I believe you. Dead 's a mackerel."

"What killed him?"

"How do I know what killed him? He shot the White Otter. That's all I know. Eh, Bill?"

"And that's enough too," growled Bill, taking the pipe out of his mouth and turning his back to the sun, by way of getting warmed through. "But I'd like a chanst at him myself, jist the same."

"No? Would you, though, Bill?" asked the captain.

"Would I? Jist try me, that's all."

Bill relapsed into warm silence, and the captain smoked for a season, which I was careful not to interrupt. I knew the weather signs. Then he took the black pipe out of his mouth and said, very slowly, watching the tumbling water all the time. "Well, I dunno. Tony Garcia was as good a hunter and as quick a shot as ever I see. He never missed an otter, shot 'em in the head every pop, an' seals was barn doors to him. Well, as I was a-tellin' you, Tony shot the White Otter. That was the last o' him."

There was another interval of silence, then he went on: "I suppose from what you said jist now, you never heard of the White Otter. Most people never did. Otters is mostly brown, though lookin' black in the surf, an' occasional you'll find an old one with the tips of its fur turned gray. But a real white otter is rare. Some says they ain't



no such thing—not greenhorns, like you, but real otter-hunters—but all the men that ever hunted among these islands knows better. The' is a White Otter lives clost by a cave on the west end of Anacapa, an' it comes out in the channel, too, fishin', odd times. Well, if that otter's been shot wunst, it's been shot fifty times, an' always the man that shoots it digs his own grave. But he don't never git the otter."

"Did you ever see it, captain?" I ventured.

"I was with Tony when he shot it. He was one o' my hunters. That was in the season o' '73. We made a good year, at San Nicolás mostly, an' was beatin' up around Anacapa more to say we had taken in all the islands than because we wanted more skins, when it happened. We was off the west end of the island, an' I was about to square away for Santa Barbara, the wind being fair, when Tony, who was a-layin' on the deck a-rollin' a cigarette says to me: 'Cap, ain't it right about here somewhere the White Otter uses?'

"'Yes,' says I. 'About here, an' as fur away as Santa Rosa channel.'

"'But ain't his home here?' says Tony.

"'Right in that cave there,' says I. We was a-layin' clost in, an' you could see the black hole down by the water. There wasn't a breaker on the lee side of the island at that time of the day, and the sea was smooth as glass, with just an easy swell, an' the water was clear.

"'Well, Cap,' says Tony, 'it'd be a great thing to cap our catch with a snowy skin. I'm a-goin' to have a try for the White Otter.'

"'Better let him alone,' I says. 'You know the cost.'

"'Damn the cost,' says Tony. 'I want that skin.'

"'When a man's hunters wants to hunt, he lets 'em. Well, we lowefed the boat, an' Tony took his rifle an' we rowed in toward the island. I give my mate the wheel, because I always went along in the boat, and told him to keep her off an' wait for us. It ain't nothin' but a rock, that Anacapa, an' right where that cave was it rose out of the deep water clear five hundred feet before there was a ledge a seagull could perch on. We rowed straight in, the swell liftin' us an' helpin' us on—and, by God, right in the mouth of the dark cave we see a white spot movin' on the swell, risin' an' fallin', as the water rose an' fell, an' now an' then makin' a little splashin'. Tony was a-standin' in the bow, an' he saw the white spot first. He motioned us to go slow, an' we went creepin' in, closter an' closter, the oars scarcely makin' a sound in the water. Then Tony motioned us to stop rowin'. We held her there while he

took aim, slow an' deliberate. He shot. We saw a great splashin' at the mouth of the dark cave, a great splashin', and the white water turned red.

"'By God, I've got him!' yelled Tony, jumpin' up an' down in the bow. 'Pull, boys! God damn you! Pull, pull!'

"We pulled for all we knew, an' sure enough, the water at the mouth of the cave was all bloody, an' there was a streak of blood leading toward the dark inside, but we couldn't see nothin' of the White Otter. We even rowed into the cave as fur as we could, an' further than the daylight went, but the game wasn't there, an' a shelf of rock brought us up short.

"'I tell you, I got him! I see him go in here!' cried Tony, almost foamin' at the mouth, he was so mad. 'Damn my soul if I'm a-goin' to be fooled by no otter. I'm a-goin' in after him.'

"Before any of us could stop him, he jumped out on the shelf o' rock, and was making his way along in. The cave got narrower as it went in, an' a good climber could worm his way above the water, but it was a scary place, an' the tide filled it at high water. I shouted to Tony to come back, but he only laughed an' swore he would have the White Otter. We couldn't see him, but we could hear him in the cave scramblin' over the wet rocks, an' sendin back double the noise he made, in echoes.

"Well, presently, that noise stopped, an' there was silence. It was beginnin' to git cold in the cave, an' my backbone felt 's if sumbody was a-rubbin' bits of ice along it. We tried shoutin' to him, but such fiendish shouts came back that that was worse than the silence. I thought I better back out into the sunshine to wait for him, and was jist a-givin' the word, in a whisper, when there came out of the dark hole in front of us a cry so scary that the men drove their oars into the water an' sent the boat a hundred yards off shore before I could stop 'em. Then I give 'em a cussin', an' we went back an' shouted into the cave, an' rowed in 's fur 's we could. We didn't see nothin', an' we got no answer but the echoes.

"The next ebb tide brought out his body. There was blue marks about the neck, an' the face had a look on it that made us want to keep it covered until we handed it over to the Coroner at Santa Barbara."

One of the sailors had arisen and gone forward at the conclusion of the story. He was holding on by the flying-jib stay, and he shouted: "Hi, Bill! git your rifle an' come here."

Bill, the otter hunter, sprang to his feet, went below and

secured his Sharp's rifle, and rushed forward fixing a shell in the breech. We had all gone forward, indeed, but the skipper, who still sat smoking at the wheel. The man in the bow was pointing straight ahead of the schooner, and there, not fifty yards away, playing in the waves like a dog, was a snow-white otter. Bill passed the man who had called him. He crept out upon the jib boom to its extreme end, steadying himself by the ropes, and stood there with one arm wrapped about the halliard as the schooner dipped her nose into the seas. The White Otter played ahead of him, like a dog, and we watched him breathless as he sighted for a shot. It was snap shooting, at best, but wonderfully clever. The rifle spoke, and the White Otter sprang half out of water, leaving a crimson stain in the waves.

"Got him, by God!" shouted Bill.

Then, even as he turned to make his way along the boom to the deck, letting go of the halliard for a moment to swing the gun to his left hand, a green sea caught and pooped the "Jane Marie." We were all thrown forward, catching at what we could, and as I fell I saw the skipper, high above me, up to his waist in water. Her nose was driven down into the sea. The sails slatted. The jib halliard parted, and the sail came down with a run. Then she slowly lifted up her nose again, and as I struggled to my feet I saw that the man Bill was gone from the jib boom. Just at the moment, it did not occur to me what had happened. I made my way back to the skipper, who was turning her wheel like mad, and shouting orders that to me were perfectly unintelligible. Everything was ship-shape again in ten minutes, and the captain slowly cleaned the salt water out of his pipe and lighted it.

"I see him go down as the sea drove her over the spot where he was pitched off," he said, slowly, "an' they was a white streak goin' down alongside of him, an' fastened onto him. He won't never come up no more."

And, although we cruised about the place until sunset, he never did.

Ventura, Cal.



## EARLY CALIFORNIA HISTORY.

### THE EXPEDITIONS OF 1769.

[CONCLUDED]

The Soldiers of the Garrison of the Californias—of whom justice and equity oblige us to say that they toiled infinitely in this Expedition—use two sort of arms, offensive and defensive. The defensive are the Cuera [leather jacket] and the Adarga [shield]. The first, whose make is like that of a coat without sleeves, is composed of six or seven thicknesses [azes, for hazes] of white skins of Deer, tanned [agamuzadas], impenetrables to the arrows of the Indians, as they are not discharged from very near. The Adarga is of two thicknesses of Bullhide, raw. It is managed with the left arm, and with it lances or arrows are deflected, the Trooper defending himself and his Horse. They use, beside the aforesaid, a species of apron [delantal] of leather, fastened to the pommel of the saddle with a fall to each side, which they call "armas" or defenses, which cover their thighs and legs so as not to be hurt when running in the Woods [Monte]. Their offensive weapons are the lance, which they manage dextrously on Horseback; the broadsword, and a short Escopeta [flintlock musket] which they carry thrust into and made fast in its sheath. They are Men of much endurance and long-suffering under fatigue; obedient, resolute, agile; and we do not hesitate to say they are the best Troopers in the world, and of those Soldiers who best earn the Bread of the August Monarch whom they serve.

It [must be] well considered that the marches of these Troops, with such a Train and with such embarrassments thro' unknown Lands and unused paths, could not be long ones: leaving aside the other cause which obliged them to halt and camp early [in the afternoon]—that is to say, the necessity of exploring the land one day for the next, so as to regulate them [the marches] according to the distance of the watering-places and to take in consequence the proper precautions; setting forth [again] on special occasions in the evening, after having given water to the Beasts in that same hour, upon the sure information that in the following stretch there was no [water] or that the watering place was low, or the Pasture scarce.

The restings were measured by the necessity, every four days, more or less, according to the extraordinary fatigue occasioned by the greater roughness of the road, the toil of the Pioneers, or the wandering-off of the Beasts which were missing from the Horse-herd and [which] it was necessary to seek by their tracks. At other times, by the necessity of humoring the Sick, when there were any—and with time there were many who yielded up their strength to the continued fatigue, the excessive heat and cruel cold.

But the greatest risk of these Voyages, and the enemy most to be dreaded, is this same Caballada [horse-herd], without which, indeed, the [voyage] could not be made. In a Country they do not know, these Animals frighten themselves by night with incredible facility. To stampede them (in the phrase of this Land), it is enough for them to discover a Coyote or Fox. A Bird which passes flying, the dust which the wind flings—these are capable of terrifying them and making them run many leagues, precipitating themselves over Barrancas and Precipices, without any human effort availing to restrain them. Afterward, it cost immense toil to gather them again, and it is not always attainable. Those that have not died by falling down precipices, or crippled themselves in their impetuous runaway [*carrera*, lit. race] remain of no service for much time. But this Expedi-

tion did not experience serious backsets by the like casualty, thanks to the care and vigilance which were always observed; for altho' on some occasions the animals were stampeded, no fatality or damage followed, because it [the stampede] was of short duration.

In the form and according to the method related, the Spaniards executed their marches; traversing immense Lands, more fertile and more pleasing [*alegres*] in proportion as they penetrated more to the North. All in general are peopled with a multitude of Indians, who came out to meet them and in [some] parts accompanied them from one stage [of the journey] to the next; a Folk very docile and tractable [*mansa*], chiefly from San Diego onward.

The Indians in whom was recognized more vivacity and industry are those that inhabit the Islands and the Coast of the Santa Barbara Channel. They live in Pueblos [villages] whose Houses are of spherical form in the fashion of a half Orange, covered with Rushes [*Eneal*]. They are up to 20 varas [55 feet] in diameter. Each House contains three or four Families. The Hearth is in the middle, and in the top of the House they leave a vent or chimney to give exit for the smoke. In nothing did these Gentiles give the lie to the affability and good treatment which were experienced [at their hands] in other times [1602] by the Spaniards who landed upon those Coasts with the General Sebastian Vizcayno. They are of good figure and aspect, Men and Women; very much given to [*amigos de*] painting and staining with red ochre their faces and bodies. They use great headdresses [*penachos*] of feathers, and some *banderillas* [small darts] which they bind up amid their hair, with various trinkets and beads of Coral of various colors. The Men go entirely naked, but in time of cold they sport [*gastan*] some long capes of tanned skins of Nutrias [otters or muskrats indifferently, in the Southwest], and some mantles made of the same skins cut in long strips, which they twist in such manner that all the fur remains outside; then they weave these strands one with another, forming a weft, and give it the pattern referred to.

The Women go with more decency, girt about the waist with tanned skins of Deer which cover them in front and behind more than half down the leg, and with a mantelet [*capotillo*] of Nutria over the body. There are [some of them] with good features. These are [the Indian women] who make the trays and vases of rushes\*, to the which they give a thousand different forms and graceful patterns, according to the uses to which they are destined, whether it be for eating, drinking, guarding their seeds, or other ends; for these Peoples do not know the use of earthenware as those of San Diego use it.

The Men work handsome trays of wood, with firm inlays of coral or of bone; and some vases of much capacity, closing at the mouth, which appear to be made with a lathe—and with this machine they would not come out better hollowed nor of more perfect form. They give the whole a luster which appears the finished handiwork of a skilled Artisan. The large vessels which hold Water are of a very strong weave of rushes [*junco*] pitched within; and they give them the same form as our *tinigas* [water jars].

To eat the Seeds which they use [*gastan*] in place of Bread, they toast them first in great trays, putting among the Seeds some pebbles or small stones heated until red; then they move and shake the tray so it may not burn; and getting the Seed sufficiently toasted they grind it in mortars or almireces of stone [*almirez* is a brass mortar]. Of these mortars there are [some] of extraordinary size, as well wrought as if they had had for the purpose the best steel tools

\* *Bateas y vasijas de junco*; referring, of course, to the now famous and costly California Indian baskets.

[*herramientas*]. The constancy, attention to trifles, and labor which they employ in finishing these pieces are well worthy of admiration. [The mortars are] so appreciated among themselves that for those who dying leave behind such handiworks, they are wont to place them over the spot where they are buried, that the memory of their skill and application may not be lost.\*

They inter their dead. They have their Cemeteries within the very Pueblo. The funerals of their Captains they make with great pomp, and set up over their bodies some rods or poles, extremely tall, from which they hang a variety of utensils and chattels which were used by them. They likewise put in the same place some great planks of Pine, with various paintings and figures, in which without doubt they explain the exploits and prowesses of the Personage.

Plurality of wives [*mujeres*] is not lawful among these Peoples. Only the Captains have a right to marry two. In all their Pueblos the attention was taken by a species of Men who lived like the Women, kept company with them, dressed in the same garb, adorned themselves with beads, pendants, necklaces and other Womanish adornments, and enjoyed great consideration among the people. The lack of an Interpreter did not permit [us] to find out what class of Men they were, or to what Ministry they were destined; tho' all suspect a defect in sex, or some abuse among those gentiles.

In their Houses the Married couples have their separate beds on platforms elevated from the ground. Their mattresses are some simple Petates or Mats of Rushes, and their pillows are of the same Petates rolled up at the head [of the bed]. All these beds are hung about with like Mats, which serve for decency and protect from the cold.

The dexterity and skill of these Indians is surpassing in the construction of their Launches made of Pine planking [*tablazon*]. They are from eight to ten varas [22 to 27½ feet] in length, including their rake, and of a vara and half [4 feet 1½ inches] beam. Into their fabric enters no iron whatever, of the use of which they know little. But they fasten the boards with firmness, one to another, working their drills just so far apart and at a distance of an inch from the edge, the [holes] in the upper boards corresponding with those in the lower, and thro' these holes they pass strong lashings of Deer sinews. They pitch and calk the seams, and paint the whole in sightly colors. They handle the [boats] with equal cleverness, and three or four Men go out to the open sea to fish in them, as they have capacity to carry eight or ten. They use long oars with two blades, and row with unspeakable lightness and velocity. They know all the arts of fishing, and Fish abound along their Coasts, as has been said of San Diego. They have communication and Commerce with the Natives of the Islands, whence they get the beads of coral which are current in place of money thro' all these Lands; altho' they hold in more esteem the glass beads which the Spaniards gave them—and offered in exchange for these whatever they had, like trays, Otter Skins, baskets and wooden plates. More than anything they appreciate whatsoever clasp-knife [*navaja*] or cutting instrument; whose advantages over the [implements] of flint, they admire; it causing them much satisfaction to see use made of the axes and machetes, and the facility with which the soldiers, to make firewood, felled a Tree with the said Instruments.

They are likewise great Hunters. To kill Deer and Antelopes, they avail themselves of an admirable ingenuity. They preserve the hide of the head and part of the neck of some one of these Animals, skinned with care and leaving the horns [*llaves*, lit., keys] attached to

\* This custom was in fact to "send on" the implements for the use of the deceased in the next world.—Ed.

the same hide, which they stuff with grass or straw to keep its shape. They put this said shell [*armazon*] like a cap upon the head and go forth to the Woods with this rare equipage. On sighting the Deer or Antelope, they go dragging themselves along the Ground little by little, with the left hand. In the right they carry the bow and four arrows. They lower and raise the head, moving it to one side and the other, and making other demonstrations so like these Animals that they attract them without difficulty to the snare; and having them within a short distance, they discharge their arrows at them with certainty of hitting.

Among them were seen some pieces of Broadsword, iron and fragments of wrought silver; which, being of small amount, seemed a novelty to our Folk. And asking them by signs how they acquired those things, they made signs [they got them] from the Interior toward the East. And altho' New Mexico lies very distant in that direction, it is possible [*factible*] that [passing] from hand to hand these said trinkets [*alhajas*, lit. jewels] may have come into their possession in time.

Their Tongue is sonorous and of easy pronunciation. Some believe they find in it a certain connection with the Mexican [i.e., Aztec], in that the L and T are frequently sounded as was observed among these Natives. But those who know [*poseen*] the Mexican can better infer as to this by the following words [*vozes*]:

Words of the said Tongue	(Spanish)	Their value in (English)
Nucchú	La Cabeza	Head
Kejuhé	El Pecho	Breast
Huachajá	La Mano	Hand
Chipucú	El Codo	Elbow
Tocholo	El Sobaco	Armpit
Tononomò	El Muslo	Thigh
Pistocú	La Rodilla	Knee
Kippejuè	La Pierna	Leg
Acteme	El Pié	Foot
Tomol	Lancha, ó canoa	Canoe
Apa	Rancheria	Village
Temí	Capitan ó Principal	Captain
Amo	No	No
Words of Number		
Pacà	Uno	One
Excò	Dos	Two
Maseja	Tres	Three
Scumu	Quatro	Four
Itipaca	Cinco	Five
Itixco	Seis	Six
Itimasge	Siete	Seven
Malahua	Ocho	Eight
Upax	Nueve	Nine
Kerxco	Diez	Ten

From the Channel of Santa Barbara onward, the Lands are not so populous nor the Indians so industrious, but they are equally affable and tractable. The Spaniards pursued their Voyage without opposition up to the Sierra of Santa Lucía, which they contrived to cross with much hardship. At the foot of said Sierra on the North side is to be found the port of Monterrey, according to ancient reports, between the Point of Pines and that of Año nuevo [New-Year]. The Spaniards caught sight of said Points on the first of October of the year '69; and believing they had arrived at the end of their Voyage, the Commandant sent the Scouts forward to reconnoiter the [Point] of Pines; in whose near vicinity lies said Port, in 36 degrees, 40 min-

utes, North lat. But the scant tokens, and equivocal ones, which are given of it by the Pilot Cabrera Bueno—the only clue [*Norte*] of this Voyage—and the character of this Port, which rather merits the name of Bay, being spacious (in a likeness to that of Cadiz), not corresponding with the ideas which it is natural to form in reading the *Derroteros* [Log] of the aforementioned Cabrera Bueno, nor with the latitude of 37 degrees in which he located it—the Scouts were persuaded that the Port must be farther to the North. And they returned to the Camp which our [people] occupied with the report that what they sought was not to be seen in those parts.

The Sick at that time counted seventeen Men crippled with Scurvy. The season was advanced, the labors of guarding and night-herding the Caballada, loading the Packtrain, Sentry duty in the Camp, and above all the reconnoissances and explorations of the regions, demanded—since they were naturally heavy—a greater number of Folk than there were in a state to perform these services. So that the Commandant found himself doubtful as to the procedure it would be most fit to adopt; whether to wait in the spot for some Bark to appear or to pursue the march in quest of the Port of Monterrey. In this he considered the difficulties which have been mentioned, and not daring to make the resolve himself he called his Officers in Council. They were unanimous with him in feeling that the march should be pursued. For if they did not arrive at the Port and Halting-place of the Barks, to receive the Victuals, utensils and necessary munitions for the Establishment which was to be made in Monterrey, the succor which they so much needed could not be promised, nor would it be possible to form the Establishment which had been ordered. And, last, that it was better to pass on in quest of the Port, which could not be far, according to all the evidence, than to adopt at once a procedure which it would always be in time to choose in ease the Sick should become worse or the number of them be augmented.

It was resolved, then, to prosecute the Voyage, on this occasion turning their backs on the Port which was being searched for. The Sick suffered much on this march. Some were seen to be in the last extremity. This notably retarded the march, as it was necessary to take a rest at each stage of the journey. At this time (at the end of October), the Rains [*Aguas*] began; and with them entered an Epidemic of diarrhoea which spread to all without exception; and it came to be feared that this Sickness, which prostrated their powers and left the Persons spiritless, would finish with the Expedition altogether. But it turned out quite to the contrary; for as many as were afflicted and suffering with the Scurvy, crippled, swollen in all their members and loaded with pains, began from that time forth to experience alleviation of their ills. Little by little the swellings went down, the pains ceased, they recovered the use of their members, and at last their perfect health, without any medicament.

The last day of October the Expedition by Land came in sight of the Punta de Los Reyes [Point Reyes] and the Farallones [islands] of the Port of San Francisco, whose landmarks, compared with those related by the Log of the Pilot Cabrera Bueno, were found exact. Thereupon it became of evident knowledge that the Port of Monterrey had been left behind; there being few who stuck to the contrary opinion. Nevertheless the Commandant resolved to send to reconnoiter the Land as far as Point de los Reyes. The Scouts who were Commissioned for this purpose found themselves obstructed by immense Estuaries which run extraordinarily far back into the Land, and were obliged to make great detours to cut off their heads [*descabezar*; i.e., get around the heads of the estuaries]. They employed three days in this reconnoissance, and returned saying that according to the signs the Indians had given them they could not



doubt that the Port [Monterey] must be very near, and that surely some one of the Packets had arrived at its destination, and they believed it to be the "San Joseph." Little account was made of this information acquired by the equivocal medium of signs with hands and head, which in the like occasions usurp the office of the tongue. Nevertheless, not to retire with this doubt, it was resolved to pass on forward far enough to ascertain the fact. Having arrived at the end [*remate*] of the first Estuary, and reconnoitered the Land that would have to be followed to arrive at the Point de los Reyes, interrupted with new Estuaries, scant of Pasturage and Firewood; and having recognized, besides this, the uncertainty of the news and the misapprehension the Scouts had labored under, the Commandant, with the advice [*parecer*] of his Officers, resolved upon a retreat to the Point of Pines, in hopes of finding the Port of Monterrey and encountering in it the Packet "San Joseph" or the "San Antonio," whose succor already was necessary; since of the Provisions which had been taken in San Diego no more remained than some few sacks of Flour, of which a short ration was issued to each individual daily. With the Powder and the Lead the lack of the other things was somewhat supplied, for the chase was abundant—above all, that of Geese and Ducks, which in Time of Winter abound extraordinarily in that Land.

On the eleventh day of November was put into execution the retreat in search of Monterrey. The Spaniards reached said Port and [the] Point of Pines on the 28th of November. They maintained themselves in this place until the tenth day of December, without any vessel having appeared in this time. For which reason—and noting also a lack of Victuals, and that the Sierra of Santa Lucía was covering itself with snow—the Commandant Don Gaspar de Portolá saw himself obliged to decide to continue the retreat unto San Diego; leaving it until a better occasion to return to the Enterprise.

On this retreat the Spaniards experienced some hardships and necessities, because they entirely lacked Provisions, and because the long marches—which necessity obliged them to make, to reach San Diego—gave no time for seeking sustenance by the chase, nor did this [i. e., game] abound equally everywhere. At this juncture they killed twelve Mules of the Packtrain, on whose meat the Folk nourished themselves unto San Diego; at which new Establishment they arrived, all in health, on the 24th of January of 1770.

They found in good condition their humble Buildings, surrounded with a palisade of trunks of Trees, capable of a good defense in case of necessity. Many of the Soldiers and Mariners who stayed behind Sick the preceding year were recovered from the fatal Epidemic of Scurvy; altho' the greater number of them (and these were they who had first contracted the contagion on the Sea) had died irremediably.

The Reverend Missionary Padres were convalescing from the common Sickness, as were also the Surgeon Don Pedro Prat, and Don Vicente Vila; for the contagion did not exempt [*perdonos*] any person of those who were comprised in this Expedition.

There were in San Diego Provisions of Maize, Flour and Seeds sufficient for the maintenance of those who composed the Garrison for some months; but with the coming of sixty Guests, it could not be counted upon to last much time, and it was to be feared that if the Barks should delay in bringing the Succor upon which they counted, those Spaniards might see themselves obliged by hunger to abandon entirely a Conquest which, altho' very fortunate, had cost so many drudgeries [*sudores*, lit. "sweats"] and so many lives. But not to expose themselves to such discredit, the Commandant disposed that

the Captain of the Garrison of the Californias, with 40 Men, should prosecute a March unto that Peninsula, with the end to gather up in its Missions the Victuals that he could, and to bring on foot the Cattle which—as was said at the beginning—had remained in Velicatá, and whose leanness had not permitted them to continue the march. [This was a] shrewd provision, in that it looked to the actual conservation of what had been acquired, diminishing the increased number of consumers of the Victuals which were on hand, and to the means of enabling them to subsist thereafter, even tho' there should be failure of the Succor by Sea, so important to carry into due effect the desired Enterprise of Monterrey.

This Detachment set forth, with the aforesaid object, on the 10th of February of 1770. And by this means an account was newly given, to the Most Excellent Señor Viceroy and the Most Illustrious Señor Visitador General, of the state of affairs, of what had happened, been seen and discovered up to then by those Spaniards in their long Voyage in Northern California. In which those who remained awaiting the Orders of said Superiors were little delayed in receiving the consolation which was demanded by the sad condition to which they saw themselves reduced.

On the 23rd day of March, the Packet of His Majesty, the "San Antonio," under command of its Captain and Pilot Don Juan Perez, arrived and cast anchor in the Port of San Diego. It had set Sail from San Blas on the 20th of December of the preceding year of 1769. It experienced on its Voyage rude storms and contrary winds, which drove it to 400 leagues from the Coast; and having found itself compelled to return in search of this [coast] to take on water, it made Land at 35 degrees of [north] latitude. From there, turning its Prow to the South and its left side to the Coast, in search of some Anchorage, it arrived at the Point Concepcion, in 34 degrees and a half of North Latitude. [This is] the most Westerly Land of the Channel of Santa Barbara; and in its shelter they managed to take on water, close to a Settlement of Gentiles, who gave them individual account [*razon*] of the Expedition by Land; declaring by signs [which were] nowise equivocal how the Strangers had passed going toward the North, and had passed returning, short of food, striking toward the South, mounted on their Horses. The which they expressed by putting themselves in like posture upon the barrels which the Mariners put ashore, and making other demonstrations proper to a Man on Horseback. They mentioned, likewise, the names of various Soldiers; which, being recognized by some of the Mariners, made it evident that these words were not sounded casually.

Perez, being convinced that the Expedition by Land had retreated—in the which he admitted no doubt, because he was not ignorant that the Victuals could not have lasted them until then—determined to arrive at San Diego, to supply them with what they should need, for the purpose of facilitating his Voyage returning to Monterrey, his destination.

This was the measure which it was Appropriate to take, and in fact the Commandant Don Gaspár de Portolá took it, notwithstanding he found himself with few Troops to undertake a second time a march so protracted. But the knowledge which he [now] had of the good disposition of the Natives of those Lands, and the Hospitality which so exactly and in all parts they had observed toward the Spaniards on their first entry, quitted this time all suspicion and lack of confidence. The march was resolved upon; and, taking the necessary Provisions, was put into effect on the 17th of April of the current year, with only twenty Men, between Garrison Soldiers and Catalonia Volunteers, with their Officer Don Pedro Pages.

The Engineer Don Miguel Costanso, conformably to the Orders

with which he found himself, embarked in the Packet "San Antonio," on board of which also was transferred the Most Reverend Padre President, Fray Junípero Serra; and this Vessel put to Sea on the 16th of April of the same year.

All reached Monterrey; those by Land, on the 23rd of May; and on the 31st of the said [month] the "San Antonio" cast its anchor in the same Port and anchorage in which, 168 years before, was Anchored [*surtia*] the Squadron of the General Vizcayno, sent by the Count of Monterrey to the Discovery of these Coasts, by Order of our Lord Don Felipe Third. This Port is found, as has been said, in 36 degrees and 40 minutes North latitude, at the declivity [*cayda*] of the Sierra of Santa Lucía, on the North side of it. Its principal shelter is the Point of Pines, which trends (not from Northeast to Southwest, as the Pilot Cabrera Bueno locates it, but) from Northwest to Southeast; and to the Northeast shore of it is found the Anchorage, in which whatsoever Vessel can anchor in four, six [or] eight fathoms, the bottom being of fine Sand and good holding, according as it is more or less immediate to Land.

The Point of Pines, which defends the Anchorage from the Northwest, is all girt with rocks and stone bluffs [*cantilés*], but behind the rocks enters a handsome Beach bordered with Sandbanks [*Meganos*, misprint for *Médanos*] on its Easterly bend, turning soon to the Northeast and North, up to a very great Estuary with different arms, distant from the beginning of the said Beach more than three leagues. Thence the Coast follows turning to the Northwest and West—of Earth rather thick [*gruesa*], clothed with Groves, stony in [some] parts as far as Point Año Nuevo [New Year], which dies in the Sea at 37 degrees and three minutes of [north] Latitude. So that the Anchorage remains surrounded by Land on all sides except the Northwest, where alone it lacks shelter.

The land which shuts in this immense Bay, seen from the Sea, forms an agreeable perspective. For, looking to the South, can be seen the Sierra of Santa Lucía; which, throwing off from itself sundry hills, lower [and lower] in proportion as they approach the Beach, their summits crowned with Pines and covered with Pasturage, presenting a magnificent amphitheater, made more sightly by the different Cañadas which interrupt the land and cause admirable variety and harmony to the eyes. This Port has not running water; but sufficient [water] is found in a ravine or low place to the southeast of the Landing, which is where the Beach begins. In this place one passes dryshod an Estuary, which fills only at spring tides, and runs inland a considerable distance toward the East. This low place is very humid, and for this reason much grass grows in it, and it always keeps green. So that, digging in whatsoever part, and opening wells, one will find fresh water [*agua dulce*, lit. sweet water] and good, almost at the very surface [*pelo*, lit. "skin"] of the Earth. And [the water] would be better if one cared to practice the same diligence a little further inland, in some little Cañada of the many which come to disembody there. For in them have been found various springs of excellent water tho' scanty.

On the Northeast and East shore, the country stretches in handsome plains which terminate at the Sierra. [These have] various small Lagoons, though most of them are of brackish water. In some of them much salt crystallizes [*se quaja*, lit. "curdles"]. The land in general is sandy, but there are many low places of excellent crumbly soil. And to the South of the Port, at a distance of two short leagues, is a spacious Cañada, thro' which comes down the River called Carmelo, where are some places of Grass or coarse straw [*sacatales ó pajonales*] which entirely hide a Man on Horseback—proof of the feracity of the land. Its products are worthy of

esteem; for there are Walnuts, Hazelnuts, and Cherries, as in Europe; Blackberries, Roses, good Grass on every side.

In the Sierra are most corpulent [*corpulentissimos*] Oaks and Live-oaks, which produce good Acorns, Pines which bear Cones, and Piñones in abundance; Forests of Junipers, of Cypresses and other various Trees [*Palos*].

The Natives of Monterrey live in the Sierra. Those nearest the Beach are distant from it about a league and a half. They come down at times and go forth to fish on little Rafts of cat-tail rushes [*Balzitas de Enea*]. But the fisheries cannot be their principal maintenance, and they recur to it only when the chase profits them little. For [game] abounds much in the interior of the Sierra. Above all, such as the Antelope and Deer. These Serranos [mountaineer Indians] are docile and tractable in the extreme. They never used to come to visit the Spaniards without bringing them a good treat of game, which was generally composed of two or three Deer or Antelope, which they offered without exacting nor even asking anything [in return]. Their good disposition has given to the Reverend Missionary Padres well founded hopes to make Conquest of them, briefly, for the Faith of Christ.

On these Coasts, Fish abounds no less than in the Santa Barbara Channel and Port of San Diego. The Cub-Whales and Sea-Lions [*Lobos Marinos*] are beyond number; and with time the fishery for the former might perhaps be facilitated in that same Bay.

In that Land was erected, conformably to the mandate, a Presidio and Mission under the Advocacy of San Carlos; all coöperating with equal attention and solicitude—Troops, Mariners, and their respective Officers—toward the humble beginnings of so important an Establishment. Having concluded the Provisional work on it, which was put in the order most necessary for the Reverend Missionary Fathers and the Troops of the Presidio; and having projected the remaining [work] which ought to be done afterward, the cargo of the Packet was warehoused. The resolution was taken by the Commandant Don Gaspár de Portolá to embark on it [the packet], with the Engineer Don Miguel Costanso, leaving the command to the Lieutenant of Infantry, Don Pedro Fages, as he was advised in his Instructions. And to aid the Troops in their labors, nine Mariners remained in Monterrey as a reinforcement.

The "San Antonio" put forth from that Port the ninth of July of this year, and arrived happily at the [Port] of San Blas the first of August. And when there arrived afterward at the same [port] the other Packet the "San Carlos"—which returned from San Diego—both were made ready to undertake a new Voyage in the coming month of November to convey separately, by the interior Gulf of California, and by the Sea of the South, thirty Apostolic Missionaries with abundant stores of provisions, clothing, utensils and [sacred] Vestments, for the purpose of sustaining the new Presidios of San Diego and Monterrey, with their respective Missions, and to erect others in the fertile Countries which the Expedition by Land traversed from Velicata as far as the Port of San Francisco, situate in 37 degrees, 45 minutes, of [north] Latitude.

Thus the desired Establishments of San Diego and Monterrey have had their felicitous beginnings. And so [felicitously], we ought to promise ourselves, shall come true of the new Missions which are going to be founded and to grow under the protection and auspices of the Most Excellent Sr. Marquis de Croix, Viceroy, Governor and Captain-General of this far-reaching Empire, whose mild [*suave*] Rule his Subjects applaud and the Peoples live in gratitude for. But this Enterprise, desired for so many years, and promoted many times with grand preparations and costs, will without doubt be very grate-

ful to the August Monarch who wears the Crown of Spain; whose magnanimous Heart and religious Piety Heaven rewards with raising up in his glorious Reign Men Illustrious and Great in all estates, Ecclesiastical, Military and Political, to vie equally in fulfilling the high charges which he entrusts to their eminent capacity and talents—never better employed than in procuring the Propagation of the Gospel and the public welfare of his Loyal and Loving Vassals.

Mexico, and October 24, of 1770.

DON MIGUEL COSTANSO.

#### ABSTRACT OF REPORTS

*concerning the Port of Monterrey, the Mission and Presidio which have been established at it, with the denomination of San Carlos, and the outcome of the two Expeditions by Sea and Land, which for this end were dispatched in the year last past, of 1769.*

AFTER THE REPEATED and costly Expeditions which were made by the Crown of Spain, in the two centuries preceding, for the reconnoissance of the Occidental Coast of Californias by the sea of the South, and for the occupation of the important Port of Monterrey, this enterprise has now been successfully carried out with the two expeditions, by sea and land, which, in consequence of the Royal Order and by the arrangements of this Superior Government [i. e., the Viceroy], were dispatched from Cape San Lucas and the Presidio of Loreto in the months of Jan., Feb. and March of the year last past.

In June thereof, both Expeditions united in the Port of San Diego, situate in 32 degrees and a half of [north] latitude. And the resolution having been taken that the Packet "San Antonio" should return to the Port of San Blas to reinforce its crew and bring new provisions, the Flag Packet, named the "San Carlos," remained anchored in that same Port of San Diego, for want of Mariners, who had died of scurvy. And having established there the Mission and an Escort, the expedition by land pursued its voyage to the interior of the country as far as 37 degrees and 45 minutes [north] latitude, in search of Monterrey. But not having found it by the tokens of the ancient voyages and logs, and fearing scarcity of Victuals, it returned to San Diego; where, with the fortunate arrival of the Packet "San Antonio" in March of this year, the Commandants by land and sea took the opportune resolution to return to the enterprise, conformably with the instructions which they carried to accomplish it.

In fact both Expeditions set forth from San Diego on the 16th and 17th days of April of the present [year]; and in this second voyage, the [expedition] by land had the felicity to find the Port of Monterrey, and to arrive at it the 16th of May; and that by sea likewise arrived at the same place, without accident nor more loss than that of a sick Calker, the 31st of the same month.

That Port having been thus occupied by sea and land, with the particular complacency of the innumerable Gentile Indians who people all the Country explored and reconnoitered in the two voyages, Possession was solemnized the third day of June, with an authentic Instrument which the Commandant in Chief, Don Gaspár de Portolá, committed to writing and the remaining Officers of both Expeditions certified; all giving their assurance that that was the very Port of Monterrey, with the identical landmarks [*señales*] which were described in the ancient Narrative [*Relaciones*] of General Don Sebastian Viscayno, and in the log of Don Joseph Cabrera Bueno, first Pilot of the Ships of the Philippines.

On the 14th day of the above mentioned month of June last, the said Commandant Don Gaspár de Portolá dispatched a Mail by land

to the Presidio of Loreto, with the praiseworthy news of the occupation of Monterrey, and of the having established in it the Mission and Presidio of San Carlos. But on account of the great distance, this Superior Gov't has not yet received those Letters; and on the 10th of the present month there arrived at this Capital the [letters] which were directed by the same Portolá, the Engineer Don Miguel Costansó, and the Captain Don Juan Perez, Commandant of the aforesaid Packet "San Antonio," alias "Principe," which put forth the 9th of July from Monterrey. And notwithstanding eight days of calms, it made its long voyage with such felicitous celerity that on the first of this month it cast anchor in San Blas.

There were left abundant utensils and provisions in the new Presidio and Mission of San Carlos of Monterrey, and stores for one year, for the purpose of establishing another Doctrina at a proportionate distance, with the advocacy of San Buenaventura. And the Lieutenant of Catalonian Volunteers, Don Pedro Fages, having also remained there as Military Commandant, with more than thirty men, it is to be judged that by this date there will already have united with him the Captain of the Presidio of Loreto, Don Fernando de Rivera, with other nineteen Soldiers and the Vaqueros and Muleteers who were conducting 200 horned cattle [*Reses Bacunas*], and a portion of Victuals from the new Mission of San Fernando de Villacatá, situate beyond the Frontier of the California anciently reclaimed; since he set forth from that place the 14th of April last, with destination to the aforesaid Ports of San Diego and Monterrey.

Notwithstanding that at the latter [port] the Warehouses already constructed at the new Presidio and Mission were left provided with abundance, at the departure of the Packet "San Antonio," and that in that [port] of San Diego lie anchored the two other Packets of His Majesty, the "San Carlos" and the "San Joseph," this Superior Gov't disposes that in the latter part of October next the "San Antonio" return to undertake a third voyage from the Port of San Blas, and that it conduct new provisions and thirty Religious of St. Ferdinand [*Fernandinos*] of the last Mission which came from Spain; in order that in that extensive and fertile Country reconnoitered by the Expedition by land, from the ancient Frontier of California as far as the Port of San Francisco (little distant, and more to the North from that of Monterrey), new Missions be erected, and that happy opportunity be taken advantage of which is offered by the gentleness and good disposition of the innumerable Gentile Indians who inhabit the Northern California.

In proof of this fortunate disposition in which are found those numerous and most docile Gentiles, the Commandant Don Gaspár de Portolá declares—and the rest of the Officers and the Missionary Fathers agree to the same thing—that our Spaniards remain in Monterrey as safe as if they were in the midst of this Capital; altho' the new Presidio has been left sufficiently fitted out with Artillery, Troops and abundant munitions of war. And the Reverend Father President of the Missions [Serra], destined for that [Mission] of Monterrey, relates very minutely and with especial joy, the affability of the Indians, and the promise which they had already made him to deliver their children to be instructed in the Mysteries of our Holy and Catholic Religion. That exemplary and zealous Minister of it adds the circumstantial report of the Solemn Masses which had been celebrated, from the [time of the] arrival of both Expeditions until the departure of the Packet "San Antonio;" and of the Solemn Procession of the Most Holy Sacrament which was made on the day of Corpus [Christi], the 14th of June; with other particularities which accredit the especial providence with which God hath deigned to favor the successful issue of these Expeditions—in reward, with-

out doubt, of the ardent Zeal of Our August Sovereign, whose incomparable piety recognizes as the first obligation of his Royal Crown in these vast Dominions the extension of the Faith of Jesus Christ, and the welfare of the wretched Gentiles who groan without knowledge of it and in the tyrannous bondage of the common enemy.

In order not to hold back this most important report, the present Narrative of it has been formed in brief compend, without awaiting the first letters despatched by land from Monterrey. In the meantime, with them, the diaries of the voyages by sea and land, and the rest of the Documents, in due time can be given a complete work concerning the both expeditions.

Mexico, 16th of August, of 1770.

WITH PERMISSION AND BY ORDER OF THE MOST EXCELLENT SEÑOR VICEROY.

At the Imprint of the Superior Government.

## ACCURATE CALIFORNIA STATISTICS.

### AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS, 1900.

PRODUCTS.	ACREAGE.	SHIPMENTS.		
		CARL'DS	POUNDS, BUS., ETC.	VALUE.
Oranges and Lemons .....	55,540	18,400	Boxes, 6,624,000	\$18,000,000
Deciduous Fruit, fresh.....	not given	9,695	Lbs., 193,900,000	9,695,000
Walnuts .....	not given	558	Lbs., 11,160,000	1,098,000
Almonds.....	not given	232	Lbs., 4,640,000	
Grapes, total.....	300,544			
Raisins.....	59,000	3,578	Lbs., 71,568,000	3,578,400
Wines, sweet and dry.....			*Gal., 23,433,000	5,858,000
Brandies.....			*Gal., 3,256,513	2,414,428
Prunes.....	not given	5,711	Lbs., 114,227,000	3,426,800
Other cured fruits.....		8,425	Lbs., 68,500,000	6,850,000
Canned fruits and vegetables			†Cases, 3,756,600	6,575,000
Olive oil.....	20,000		Gal., 967,702	1,170,871
Fresh vegetables ship'd East.		3,405	Lbs., 68,100,000	1,375,000
Hops.....	7,000		Lbs., 10,915,000	1,091,500
Beans.....	not given	2,076	Lbs., 41,516,000	1,660,600
Beet Sugar.....	not given		Lbs., 64,890,000	3,244,500
Honey.....		141	Lbs., 2,822,000	255,000
Wheat.....	2,393,185		Bus., 33,743,000	21,000,000
Barley.....	1,000,000		Bus., 20,750,000	8,460,000
Oats.....	115,000		Bus., 3,400,000	1,020,000
Corn.....	90,000		Bus., 2,700,000	1,080,000
Alfalfa and other Hay.....	not given		Tons, 2,716,099	24,444,891
Potatoes.....	not given		Bus., 2,256,765	1,105,815
Dairies:				
Butter.....			Lbs., 24,860,738	5,370,438
Cheese.....			Lbs., 5,294,938	588,982
Milk and Cream.....				5,047,353
Calves from dairy cows.....				934,159
Other dairy by-products.....				889,865
Wool (2,046,395 head of sheep)			Lbs., 28,332,000	2,266,560

TOTAL, \$138,301,162

\* Vintage; shipments not given, but about 66 per cent.

† In their order, peaches, apricots, apples, figs, pears, plums, nectarines, grapes.

‡ Each case is 24 tins of 2½ lbs. each.

§ No figures for pickled olives, which exceed the oil in output.



SOMETHING  
MUST BE  
DONE.

Something must be done—and something is going to be done—for the Mission Indians of Southern California. A little meeting of ponderable people in June decided to form an organization which will have a strength and “pull” that even the politicians will have to respect. Unfortunately, most of the active workers are to be away from home during the summer months; but in the early fall a permanent association will be formed to do organized and unremitting work for the infamously abused natives. And God pity the vulgar oppressor then! For his name shall be made a stench in the nostrils of the decent. He shall be known as he is—one who cared more to add a few acres to his lands than for the death by starvation of hundreds of men, women and children.

The whole treatment of the Mission Indians has been a disgrace to us—as has been said before in these pages, and before that by better people. Perhaps the crowning shame—certainly that which now most undeniably enlists all Americans who still have manhood—is the imminent eviction of the Indians of Warner’s Ranch, in San Diego county. Since before the discovery of America, these harmless people have dwelt on those lands—a little oasis on the verge of the hopeless desert. But now they must go. Where? To the desert. There is no room for them. They owned California once. Over them then came the Franciscan Missions, to their betterment. Wicked Spain protected them in their rights. Then came the secularization of the Missions, 70 years ago—a highway robbery by Mexico, as every student knows, and the eminent lawyer, John T. Doyle, proved in our own courts by recovering from our government nearly a million dollars involved in the same confiscation. Corrupt satraps par-



celed out these stolen lands in grants ; and the Supreme Court of the United States has recently confirmed one of those grants to a rich man who does not need it, thereby leaving 300 Indians to starve. Which shows not so much the difference between law and justice, as it does the ignorance of our great tribunal.

The one present hope for the lives of these 300 First Americans is in the manhood of the successful litigant. The Lion has known J. Downey Harvey for some sixteen years, and believes him manly. He is "business," but he has never yet, to the Lion's knowledge, acted the brute ; and it is a comfort that he, rather than another, is the winner in this suit. He may be relied upon, the Lion believes, to act mercifully ; to wait and give a chance for poor men to contribute to buy land with water and give it to the Indians who were living at "Warner's Ranch" before the first traceable ancestor of the grantee was born. At any rate, there is a concrete movement now to try to care for and help these bedevilled people, whose only crime is that they were here first and that they have lands that stronger people hanker for. And it is a movement that means business. In social, political and literary circles it is strong enough to count. Meantime the first concrete aid comes from Mr. J. E. Lowrey, of Sopris, Colorado, who sends the Lion \$5 to be applied for the benefit of the Mission Indians. All such contributions will be gratefully received, accounted for and applied net to helping the Indians.

An Eastern Summer! What a reminiscence for the Californian—and we nearly all have had it to remember—what an experience to renew for them that have graduated from the Foolish Land where's it's as much as one's life is worth to meet one's own weather on the street. It is nearly 18 years since the Lion has participated in this Gehenna on the Installment Plan—but he had not forgotten a jot of it. He has lived in the tropics and in the intermediate deserts, and they have been warm enough for him ; but he has never found anything so bad as summer in the land which is sardined with the vast majority of the people who confess that they are the smartest in the world. The morasses of Ecuador or the Mexican

BACK IN  
THE THICK  
OF IT.

Tierra Caliente, the ghastly sands of our Mojave or the Peruvian Atacama—he would pick any one of these as summer resorts sooner than any city of Indiana, Ohio, New York. And in all these places, where he worked hard, tramping day long with a heavy camera, mining for antiquities and so on, he was cooled and refreshed by remembering that after all this wasn't a New York or Washington summer.

And now, popped back into the old inferno, he finds that the possible mirages of 18 years—every year of them thankful—have not magnified the fact. If anything, it is a little worse than he remembered. It is a remarkable transition, for anyone capable of observation and thought, to make the transcontinental trip at almost any season; to the average Easterner—who knows California only as a flowery winter refuge from his snows—perhaps the transformation is most astonishing in summer. Leaving Los Angeles—where he never has slept a summer night under less than two blankets nor ever a winter night without wide-open windows; where his children run bare-headed all the year and he works in the sun the hottest days—the Lion came over the Mojave in  $112^{\circ}$ , and overran the shadeless mesas of Southern New Mexico afoot every daylight hour for days, when the coolest shade back in the village registered  $117^{\circ}$ . It violates no confidence to say that it was warmish work; but it was not dangerous nor debilitating. In the Arid Lands—particularly at high altitudes—such heat is not bad, and sunstrokes are unknown. And his little girl legged it at his side, and danced in the blazing plaza of her birthplace in the ceremonial dance of her old Indian neighbors—and felt the fiery glow no more than a salamander may.

Then up the piny acclivities of the Glorieta and the Raton, the coccyx of the Backbone of the Continent, where the air is always tonic; and on down the long slope to the Stoke-pit Country.

It is only in the Humid Lands—what washing the Almighty never cared enough for to wring out or hang nearer heaven—that heat is murderous. In that wonderfully beautiful valley of the Kaw it began to be like Old Times. The shadiest place in town marked  $101\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  when we lunched at Topeka, and the sticky air would have mended crockery with very little condensation. Kansas City was

worse ; and variable Chicago, sitting by her vast polluted lake, was a mere mush. The news from the front, as the train-boy came on with fresh papers, was cheering. It was like war days—*old* war days ; for in our three years' Spanish-Filipino war there has not been a battle in which so many people were killed and wounded as the heat put out in our civilized East in that one day in early July—57 deaths from heat and 141 prostrations in New York yesterday ; 206 deaths from heat in New York today. Chicago claimed only five deaths from heat, with a mild list of prostrated and "insane from heat;" but recorded eleven people killed dead by one clap of lightning in the city. And all this before the Glorious Fourth, and before the Fiend has fairly warmed up to his work. Chicago is probably the coolest great city in the East ; but on the Fourth the Lion sat still in his skin at the table in a three-side-open room, in an unelbowed house within rifle-carry of the lake, and gasped and ran rivers all day ; and at 6 P.M. enjoyed a violent gale and thunderstorm ; and at 4 A.M., still leaking at every pore, lay down stark to heavy sleep. And on the 10th of July, when these words are written, in the coolest and prettiest spot to which Chicago millionaires retreat, it was 99½ in the shade—and in Chicago 102° in the sky and 106° on the street. Only a dry wind from the Colorado plains saved the city from the mortality of a goodly battle.

And nearly two million Americans, who think no small of their wits, persist in that Tophet—to say nothing of the more millions who endure worse. Move ? How can they move ? Aren't they coral "insects," by now, unable to build except upon one another's backs ? The rich who are not too busy do escape their torments by fleeing to the woods and waters in summer, by living hermetically sealed in their palatial cans of poisoned air in winter ; but the vast majority are helpless under the claws of the urban monster as a mouse playing with a cat. She may let them frisk a step or two—and then out comes the velvet paw. And they stay where men drop dead on the streets with sunstroke, and horses wear straw hats to save their lives, and the very heavens reek with the stench of lathered man and beast. And they stay on when the contemptuous skies jail them in their taxable prisons, and shake pneumonia in their faces if they dare emerge from a second-hand stew or furnace-heated, humanized air. They stay because they have lost what our first mother learned at the Tree—the knowledge of good and evil. They are not even ashamed of their nakedness. They are smitten with the locomotor ataxia of cities. One in ten thousand of them is still vertebrate, and can walk—and *will* walk, "just as soon as he

can arrange his business," unless he happens to die of his weather first. But the vast majority will never stir till they go feet first to a better climate—whichever their lives may have earned.

To one born and bred where people know no better, but who timely escaped, all this seems curious. The Lion won't be sunstruck in the East. He can stand more weather than most people. But as a standing rule of life he doesn't have to, and doesn't mean to. It is good enough for him where no one is ever sunstruck or frozen to death, slain with lightning or cyclones, or mad dogs or poisonous air. And even as he yearns to see the relatively few people who are worthy to enjoy God's country, and wish to, get started thither, he is thankful that California will never get jammed with the sort of people who are contented with the East.

HASSAYAMPERS  
AND  
OTHERS.

The Immedicable Tenderfoot is not the only fly in the Western ointment. His most gibbering absurdities, his fondest credulities, are run neck-and-neck—and often headed—by the Autochthonous Provincial who guesses at everything and always guesses big enough. Heaven has made a sort for the express purpose, apparently, of knowing less about a country the longer they live in it; and some of these folk seem to have lived in the West long enough to know nothing whatever. There are even Western newspapers, whose fund of progressive ignorance would furnish forth a dozen Raymond excursions.

An Arizona paper, for instance, gravely announces that Tucson is the oldest city in the United States, having been "founded in 1555, some half a century earlier than Santa Fé or St. Augustine." It bases this joyous bit of curb-stone history on jolly George Hilzinger's absurd *Treasure Land* and its alleged:

"Authentic documents discovered among the records of the old mission of San Xavier, dated 1552, when the settlement was ordered to be established; and attached to which is an account of the founding of Tucson, written in the fair round hand of Marcos of Niza."

Western Brethern, is it not about time to leave these Hassayampings and fakes to the Vacant Tourist? It is very nice sometimes to make a fool of him, but to make fools of ourselves is not compulsory. There are Tenderfeet who are not fools—and they laugh at you.

Tucson is the "oldest city" in—Tucson. Be content with that. St. Augustine, Fla., was founded in 1565; Chamita, New Mexico (San Gabriel de los Españoles), in 1598; Santa Fé in 1605; Tucson in 1776. There are scores of settlements in the Southwest that are older than Tuc-

son. There are several even in tardy California. Tucson had not even the dignity of an Indian rancheria when Santa Fé was a goodly Spanish town a century old. No order to found it in 1552 was ever given by anyone—nor in 1652 nor in 1752. It is first heard of as a little rancheria of a few Indians in 1763, visited by a priest from Bac. Fray Marcos of Niza never wrote an account of the founding of Tucson, in a "fair round hand" or any other, for the excellent reason that he had been dead more than two centuries when Tucson was founded. The date of his demise was March 25, 1558. He never so much as saw the site upon which Tucson—and so many silly lies—were sometime to be built. Every student knows this. It has been proved by history. Even Bancroft "had fun" with these Hassayamper myths (*New Mexico and Arizona*, p. 394); and Coues's *Garces* (p. 79) reviews the case. But all this howling bosh is not only printed in an Arizona paper and widely copied—it is said now to have gone into the official archives of the Sons of the American Revolution!

And a New Mexico paper—whose fingers were badly enough burned at the time by its advocacy of the disenchanting Prof. Libbey—again soberly attacks the Enchanted Mesa, and says that a renegade Indian says that his people have no legends. The Enchanted Mesa is settled in science. The legend stood, the greenhorn who attacked it was exploded—and of the fragments that were left of his reputation as a scientist several baskets full were gathered up in nearly every important publication in America and a great many abroad. Every scholar knows the facts, now; the intelligent "old-timers" of New Mexico know them; and so far as is in evidence the only clingers to the wreck are this one ignorant paper and the ex-Rev. G. Wharton James.

The superb John Carter Brown Library of Americana, of which George Parker Winship of this staff is librarian, has been presented by its trustees to Brown University, Providence, R. I., with an endowment of \$650,000. This matchless collection of books printed in or concerning North or South America before 1801, is not only a tremendous accession to Brown University; the transfer will result in making it more accessible to students, as it will now be housed in an adequate library building, instead of a private residence. It is a pity more rich men had not taken thought to gather important books. Many give money *en bloc* to buy books, but that is a very different story from the intelligent and loving care of collecting them on a great scale and a definite plan. In no

GOOD DAYS  
FOR  
STUDENTS.

other line has there been so much need as in Americana—and certainly none more interesting to Americans. The exact first-hand study of the early history of this New World has been almost closed to the average student by the enormous rarity and cost of many of the more important sources. We should fare hardly were it not for the brains and generosity of two admirable American types—the late John Carter Brown (son of the Nicholas Brown for whom the University was named) and Edward E. Ayer, of Chicago, whose magnificent private library of Americana, probably matchless in the world as to American Indians and everything relating to them, is accessible through the Newberry Library, and who is still expending a fortune every year in scouring the earth for further treasures. Such citizens deserve well of their country. In a day when we are swamped and foundered with the flood of books that are good for nothing, they have saved for us from the wreck of neglect, and made accessible to us, the priceless volumes upon which all scientific history of this our country must be builded.

SOME  
PATHOLOGIC  
SYMPTOMS.

One of the pathologic symptoms of hysteria is a total loss of the sense of proportion. Ladies in this guise are not expected to remember history or balance or self-control. Neither are nations. It is only when they recover from their tantrums that they can perceive that Waterloo was as important as the rattling of a window that set them off. Certainly if there be any medical term which can define the frequent "spells" of two great nations now in war, it is hysteria. When England celebrates with wild street orgies the escape of her 250,000 soldiers from a tenth of their number of farmers, that is hysterical. When the United States does a war-dance over naval engagements in which not a man is lost by the victors—that rather resembles the same disease. There are no adjectives, or emotions, left for Wellingtons, Napoleons, Nelsons, Washingtons, Lees, Farraguts, Perrys or Grants—they have all been shrieked out for the corporals. For instance, for capturing Aguinaldo by forged letters, Funston is made a Brigadier-General. Meade was made a Brigadier-General for winning the battle of Gettysburg, one of the world's great battles, a field on which more men died than have died on both sides in our three years' war with Spain and the Philippines, with its hundreds of "battles." Funston is a dashing figure; but to reward a brave, smart scout with precisely the same guerdon as crowns the victor of a decisive battle in the nation's and the world's destiny, is so disproportionate as to discredit

our dignity, to say nothing of subverting all the sane standards, without which no military service can be kept effective.

Just what the Cubans—and we—may expect, is frankly and confidently set forth by an authoritative administration organ, the *Chicago Record-Herald*:

RELEASING  
THE  
FELINE.

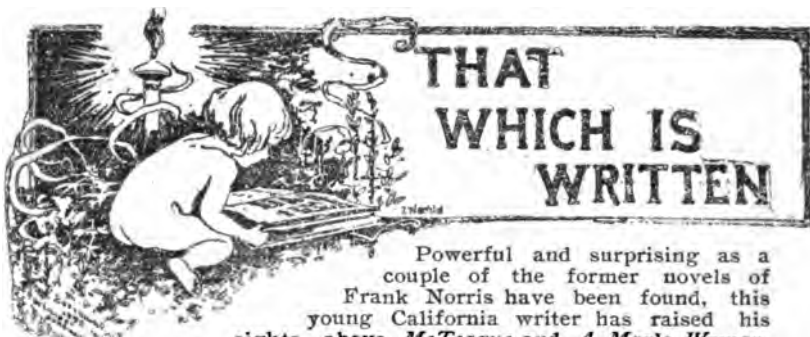
"The one guarantee that the Cubans have is in their own submission to whatever is demanded of them. So long as annexation is deferred they may play at independence, but they should understand that they are industrially as well as politically at this country's mercy, and that in any event the intention is to keep their industries taxed. Whether they are permitted to masquerade outside, or are taken in after the qualified fashion of the hour, *our sugar and tobacco interests will be protected against them and will run them.*"

The beauty of it is that this is all about so. This is, and from the first has been, the intention of the moving spirits in the little game of Cuba Libre which was so successfully worked on a confiding and generous public, three years ago. And our solemn pledge to give Cuba freedom and take no advantage to ourselves? Oh, the American people would not have gone into war for a professed steal; but when the war is over they are too good-natured and too "patriotic" to object when the politicians break the nation's vow and traffic in our shame.

How completely the bulk of the so-called "religious press" has ceased to be religious and has left its conscience in the "business office," is shown by the ghastly fact that a majority of these sheets are now lining up to swallow the perjury of breaking our faith with Cuba and the civilized world. The old and strong *Independent* is an honorable exception. So is the *Chicago Advance*, I believe. Yet one should insert a qualifying phrase, though by "religious press" we generally mean the Protestant weeklies. For it is a sarcastic commentary on our intolerance, that the Catholic papers seem to be without exception against the proposed iniquity.

GOD  
AND  
MAMMON.

Mark Twain has "met the enemy and they are his'n." There has been a great deal of virtuous but stupid rage against him by the sort of people who think with their religious emotions; but Mark has flayed them with their own sword—since he understands ethics better than his adversaries do. Even the *Christian Register* says of Ament's defense: "It recalls the Scotch verdict—'not guilty, but don't do it again.'"



Powerful and surprising as a couple of the former novels of Frank Norris have been found, this young California writer has raised his sights above *McTeague* and *A Man's Woman*, and shot as true in his latest, *The Octopus*. If he can carry the two remaining members of his projected Trilogy of Wheat on as high a plane, it will be an astonishing performance. If too visibly determined by Zola, and often too diligently brutal in style, it has rather tremendous strength and scope, and its local coloration of the "Octopus" is almost historical. This tragic picture, which to the stranger will seem a travesty, is really a fine handling of the abominable conditions which made Californians hate not railroads, but the kind of railroad they knew—here thinly masked as the "Pacific and Southwestern." The historic Mussel Slough slaughter, the "all-the-traffic-will-bear" policy, the corruption of legislatures, the shameless confiscation and robbery of individuals—all these are painted to the life. The character-drawing is less inevitable than the description, perhaps. "Magnus Derrick," the wheat king, "S. Behrman," the characteristic railroad tool, and "Vanamee," the recluse, are the most striking figures. "Annexer" seems a willful exaggeration at first, though his transformation by love for "Hilma" is more convincing. The diaphanous device of "Presley" as a Markham and Man-with-the-Hoe seems hardly good workmanship. And it must be confessed that Mr. Norris is not yet so sure-handed with women and love-stories as with rough-hewn men. "Hilma" is the marble for a big statue; but her Pygmalion lacked the glow which should have informed the work of the chisel. But all in all the book is a most uncommon one in grasp and force and depth of current; such an energy, in fact, as very few American authors can either summon or harness. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles, \$1.50.

WINSTON

CHURCHILL'S  
"CRISIS."

From the man who wrote *Richard Carvel* we have naturally handsome expectations; nor does he disappoint us in his new novel, *The Crisis*, which is one of the marked books of the year. Like his former novel, this strikes me as above all a fine, clean and winning love-story, with the historical stage-setting effectively handled and reasonably accurate; with some very excellent character-drawing, and a heroine who compels us. Such characters as fine old "Col. Carvel," the Uriah Heep of an "Eliphalet Hopper," the hero, Stephen Brice, and his mother, and old "Judge Whipple," would land favor to almost any story; and "Jinny" is an even more irresistible heroine than her own forebear "Dorothy" in the author's earlier success. She is a delightful little rebel. The historical personages in the book do not act so thoroughly at home as Mr. Churchill's own creations. Grant and Sherman carry it off fairly; but his Lincoln seems to me a sad travesty—and perhaps it is not quite judicious or modest to lay the hands of fiction quite yet upon that mighty figure. Nor is the role of Frémont altogether well cast. The life and atmosphere of St. Louis—then a hot-bed of secession—just before and dur-



ing the civil war, make an effective setting for a story whose human interest promptly seizes upon the reader. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.

Arthur Colton evidently maps from love and memory of his own the blue distances of *The Delectable Mountains*; and for this reason particularly he interests us in his unidentified geography. The book is a sequence of naive and sympathetic stories of boyhood and beyond. From their very boy-like camp and sanctuary in "the Place of the Abandoned Gods," and on through later fortunes and dreamings, these unspoiled young people win us and warm us. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.

THEIR  
AZURE  
HUE.

Among the many "nature books"—of which many are not nature but artifice—there is welcome for so sincere a volume as Wm. H. Boardman's *The Lovers of the Woods*. It has charming outdoor color and feeling, a mellow humor, and no mean touch of woodcraft. The author has a good eye and a rather deft hand; and even the hardened woodman will find pleasure between these covers. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.25.

IN THE  
LOVE OF  
NATURE.

*The Inlander*, by Harrison Robertson, author of *If I Were a Man*, is the sweet and simple love-story of a fine unsophisticated Tennessean, who spills his heart over the wrong girl in most chivalrous fashion, goes bitter, and finally finds and marries the right one, has his folly of jealousy, and finally comes upon the traditional "ever after." Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.

A QUIET  
LOVE  
STORY.

Mary Catherine Judd's *Wigwam Stories* is a child's reading-book far and away above its class. It gives fair sketches, in simple terms, of a great many of the legends of the North American Indians, and really with such effect that older people will be interested and touched by them. It has also much reasonable information about Indian character and customs. Naturally in such a book there are errors; but in this case they are fewer than in many far more pretentious volumes. The picture on p. 118 is not a Navajo but a Moqui weaver; that on p. 249 is not of Pueblo women but of Mexican women grinding corn. The Moqui mesa is not 800 feet high, nor half that. The Moqui maidens are not "the only Indian maidens who do not leave their hair hanging down their backs"—not by a long way. But these and like errors may be pardoned in the general sanity and attractiveness of the book. A special interest is added by several illustrations and decorations by that brave and promising young Indian artist, Miss Angel de Cora. Ginn & Co., 13 Tremont Place, Boston.

INDIAN  
LEGENDS  
WELL SKETCHED.

A decidedly unexpected book from a Northerner—or perhaps from any source—is *Henry Bourland, the Passing of the Cavalier*. Perhaps a Southerner could not have written so fairly of that Reconstruction period which is so particularly dirty a page in our annals; and Albert Elmer Hancock's novel is to be praised particularly for giving the truthful if gloomy picture of that discreditable politicianing which so utterly denied and so nearly undid the vast, gentle wisdom of Lincoln and the soldierly magnanimity of Grant. Though the story is rather subordinated to the historical coloration, it is a good story; and the picturing of Gettysburg—where the rebel hero is "shot to pieces" and nursed back to life by a Union girl—of the Ku Klux, the negro denomination, the vulgar carpet-baggers, and other features of the period, would make good reading without a story at all. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.

SOUTH  
AND  
NORTH.

**THE CITY**                   An unexpected saltpetre of humor crackles in the pages of Sidney H. Preston's *The Abandoned Farmer*, a quiet looking volume which turns out to be most uncommon funny. **"HAYSEED."** The experiences of the typically "tenderfoot" first-person and his superior wife "Marion" in abandoning their city cage and dwelling upon an abandoned farm are told with a certain cleverness which avoids the appearance of forcing; though in less adroit hands many of the situations would appear far fetched. As a matter of fact the author has made a very diverting story. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.25.

**NOT QUITE**                   T. Jenkins Hains, author of *The Windjammers*, has put to sea again in *The Cruise of The Petrel*; a tale of 1812 and a **THE WIDOW'S**           privateering that was as good as piracy. There is action enough, and not badly told if not wholly convincing. The book is not literature, but a good enough story. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.25.

**BENEATH**                   Dr. E. S. Goodhue, whose *Beneath Hawaiian Palms and OTHER*                   *Stars* was once remarked upon in these pages, seems to be a **"PALMS."**               proper good fellow and sound physician. One of his many virtues is that he does not like my reviews. Neither do I. But I like his letters saying so, and hope for another soon. His new book, *Out of the Pigeon-Holes*, carries the war into Africa, and will doubtless make all reviewers tremble—these awful "hack writers" whose only business is to "tear down." "About the easiest thing in the world is to be a critic,"—and so it is, sometimes. But then again it is hard. Even Dr. Goodhue is also a critic. Amid these "essays" (apparently, from a Michigan medical journal) and "poems" in many keys, he finds time not only to "tear down" the critics and criticise Markham and Shakespeare and a few other things, but to favor us with his conviction: "I do not think Kipling has earned the title of poet. Kipling cannot last." "All genius has not been oxydized, and much of it keeps out of the standard magazines." Here in the book is a lot that "keeps out." A friend gets into the book with: "Had you (Dr. G.) done what Markham did, it would not have surprised me." Neither would it have surprised the doctor, if we may guess by a sample feather from his dove-cote:

"If we pass up our fellows, sir,  
Remember now we offer  
To soon come up and let you  
Pass us if you like, sir.  
So do not pluck us since we are  
Such plucky loyal boys, sir,  
And if you pass us, rest assured  
We'll never pass again, sir."

If Markham could write poetry like *that*, and pay to have it printed in a book, he wouldn't need to fritter himself on "standard magazines" at \$100 a page. Geo. F. Butler Pub. Co., Alma, Mich. \$1.

The Macmillan Pocket American and English classics, neat 16 mos., in levanteen, now include 31 volumes, the latest being Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. Portrait, introduction and notes, 25c.

The Detroit Photographic Co. is publishing some of the finest color photos of California and the West that have been seen. The negatives are by that dean of Western photographers, W. H. Jackson, and the coloring by a new patent process. Detroit, Mich.

*From a Swedish Homestead*, by Selma Lagerlöf, translated by Jessie Brochner, is a quiet, homely, attractive recital of the olden stories and some modern ones. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.



The editorship of this department is taken up as a matter both of duty and of opportunity and with the joy that lightens every labor of love. The writer feels that he is picking up the broken thread of past work and proceeding to weave his little web of public opinion at the same old shuttle of the magazine page. For he had no sooner "discovered" irrigation and the new civilization it is bringing forth from the dry lands of the West than he proceeded to launch a publication wherein he might preach the gospel to the heathen on both sides of the continent. That was years ago. And even if it be said by those who shouldn't, *The Irrigation Age* was influential and institutional. It stood for an Idea. It fought for what it conceived to be just laws, progressive policies, and lofty institutions. It shot an arrow into the air which, falling to earth it knew not where, was found long afterward in the heart of an oak. That oak—now bent in the breeze of Faction, now swayed by the winds of Prejudice, but waxing ever stronger and higher—is a mighty Public Sentiment. The river of events which flowed from the lonely peak of personal enthusiasm, deepening and widening with the passing years, has made some history already and will make far more. Some day, if the writer be spared unto gray and garrulous old age, he hopes to tell the whole story of the rise and progress of a Cause which, originally as dry and repellant as the deserts themselves, blossomed at last into strength and beauty and bore the white flower of civilization. But we are yet in the thick of events. Only the threshold has been crossed. At this time, rather more than ever before, there is need of preaching, teaching and doing. Why should not THE LAND OF SUNSHINE—by common acknowledgment the best expression of our literary aspirations—also carry the message of the builders of the West? It is believed that it may do so without losing any of its usefulness, and even with substantial gain to all elements among its patrons. It ought, indeed, by so doing, to widen its circle of influence and deepen its foundations in public esteem.

MESSAGE  
OF THE  
BUILDERS.

The new century on which we have set out will be, in many respects, the most illustrious in human history. In a peculiar sense it will be the century of the Trans-Missouri West, of Irrigation and Arid America. We who are here today—a mere handful when looked at in the large vision of the future—will be regarded as forefathers by the millions who come after us. And we

OUR  
FORE-  
FATHERHOOD.

bear all the responsibilities of forefatherhood. We are making the laws, shaping the customs, and forming the institutions of a land different from any other where the Anglo-Saxon has made his home. The new environment brings us a brood of new problems and issues; foremost among them, those growing out of the imperious necessity of irrigation.

THE  
ISSUE OF  
ISSUES.

Now, irrigation is a many-sided affair. Palpably the problem of the engineer and the farmer, it is no less the problem of the student of economics, the social philosopher, and the statesman. There is a whole world of interest in it. Few saw that this was so at first. To Western people it bore only the aspect of a hard necessity, and to Eastern people it was absolutely the driest and dreariest subject that could be mentioned. To invest it with human interest, to show its relation to national growth and national character, to make it an issue that should appeal to the heart and the imagination as something promising vastly to improve the estate of our middle classes,—“the plain people” of Lincoln’s phrase—was a task of prodigious difficulty not to be accomplished in a day nor a year. To have accomplished it in half a generation is glory enough for the friends of the movement up to this time. At last, all this is realized and conceded by thinking men East and West, and, perhaps, East rather more than West. Such recognition was absolutely essential before we might hope to take up the subject in all its aspects and proceed to solve it. But, thank God! the time has come when this may be done. And solving it is the price of growth and development to the West; the price of peace and safety to the nation at large.

THE  
INDISPENSABLE  
SETTLER.

After the water has been provided we must have the settler. Sometimes, it must be confessed, we get the settler first and the water afterwards. That, however, is neither safe nor logical, to say nothing of its honesty. The problem of settlement is attended with difficulties second only to those which surround the primary question of irrigation. Without the settlers to occupy the lands, reservoirs and canals are practically worthless. Millions of dollars have been invested without a proper appreciation of this fact. Even those most familiar with the situation have been slow to realize that there are certain fundamental differences between the colonization of lands that are irrigated and those that depend upon natural rainfall for their productiveness. To our obtuseness on this subject are due many bad investments and quite a number of disappointed settlements. What class of colonists are best suited to home-making on irrigated lands? Where are they to be sought and by what methods enlisted? How should their labors be organized and directed to get the best results? What is the best size of the farm unit under the conditions that prevail in California and other States of the arid region? What class of crops should the settlers be encouraged to produce? And how can these crops best be marketed? These are a few of the many questions involved in the

problem of settlement which follows so closely upon irrigation in any given place. They are questions, too, that we shall deal with upon a constantly growing scale as the development of the country progresses.

The strongest force in the economic life of the United States today is coöperation. The ablest and most successful men in the country are preaching this gospel in the most practical and eloquent fashion, since deeds speak louder than words. There is something in the condition of the times which drives men into acting together. Now, it most fortunately happens that of all lands on the face of the earth those which are compelled to resort to irrigation are most favorably situated for the employment of this commanding force in our national life. The early settlements along the Atlantic coast, and in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, did not develop the coöperative characteristic extensively because neither the times nor the physical conditions demanded it. Men felled the forest or turned the prairie sod, tilled the land and built towns and cities, with very little of that organized coöperation which is the dominant spirit of today. But the first patch of potatoes was not planted in Arid America without a perfect example of such organization. If it had been, there would have been no harvest and silence would reign unbroken in the Salt Lake Valley of Utah, the classic land of American irrigation. Rivers cannot be turned from their courses by the labor of individuals working singly and alone. On the mountains and rivers and deserts of this far-western country Nature has written, in language that may neither be misunderstood nor disobeyed: "Thou shalt coöperate!" Failing to recognize this fact, we should fail in any effort to interpret the history of our finest examples of western civilization. And how utterly should we fail to grasp the possibilities of our future!

In the foregoing paragraphs the editor has set forth, briefly and superficially, the scope of this department as it will be developed hereafter. Irrigation, colonization, coöperation—these are the three great questions involved in the making of our Twentieth Century West. They present many and various aspects and may be discussed from widely differing standpoints. But they cannot be avoided. They are the three great foundation-stones whereon shall rise the future civilization. The superstructure to be built upon them will be ugly or beautiful, weak and flimsy, or solid and enduring as our everlasting mountains, according as these foundations shall be laid false or laid true. Reverting again to the forefatherhood of the sparse generation now dwelling among these mountains and valleys and along this western seacoast, it is easy to realize our responsibility to the future—to our children and our children's children.

"THOU  
SHALT  
COÖPERATE."

THE  
EDITORIAL  
PROGRAM.

THE  
VIRTUE OF  
TOLERANCE.

We can hope to make no progress with the discussion of matters, so vital to the readers of this magazine, unless at the beginning we promise to be tolerant of each other's opinions and patient with each other's differences. Of all human virtues that of tolerance is not far from the first. Nothing can be settled among bigots. Bigotry can not even learn; much less can it impart. The writer is aware that there are able and honest men who differ with him upon each of the three questions which are chiefly to be discussed in this department. He is also gratefully aware that there are many who agree with him. What we all want to do is to find the simple, glorious truth, because we are all interested in having the truth prevail. We all want our beloved West—our beloved Arid America—to be the best land under the sun. We are interested alike in its present prosperity and in the institutions which are to be enjoyed by those who shall live here when we have done our little work and gone our unknown way. There is not one among us who imagines that he or his family can be made prosperous through the misery or disappointment of all the other millions, nor is there one mean enough to seek prosperity by that method even if he believed it could be had. It is an accepted maxim that while truth cannot suffer from the light, error languishes from exposure. What better service, then, can this department do for the men and women who are building the West, and for those other builders who are going to join us hereafter, than to take up vital questions for fair, honest, unprejudiced discussion? Promising to be tolerant himself, the editor of this department asks his readers of every shade of opinion to meet him in the same spirit. He will be glad of their criticisms and suggestions. Many of them, doubtless, he has had the pleasure of addressing from the public platform or from the pages of various newspapers and magazines. Many more he hopes to meet in that way hereafter, and he will always be glad to receive communications from those who have anything to offer in favor or against ideas suggested in these pages.

SOME  
AUGUST  
FEATURES.

In the next number of this department the railroad movements now making for the development of the Southwest will be reviewed, and the influence which recent combinations in transportation lines may exert upon Western settlement and production will be carefully considered. Another feature of interest will be a review of the condition and prospects of the various fruit exchanges of California, especially those handling the citrus, raisin and prune crops. Some important aspects of the struggles of Los Angeles, Sacramento, San Diego and Redlands with the problems of municipal water supply will be treated in relation to a possible future policy of public irrigation works. Prof. D. T. Fowler of Berkeley will tell the story of the Rochdale coöperative movement in California, and the first installment of a series of studies on "How to Colonize the Pacific Coast" will appear.

## STATE AND NATIONAL IRRIGATION POLICIES.

BOTH PARTS OF A COMMON CAUSE, "ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

**A**FTER ten years of organized agitation, as vigorous, tireless and persistent as was ever accorded in support of a popular cause, the irrigation movement is now upon the verge of its first great triumph. Nothing can cheat it of this victory save discord, division, and cross-purposes among its friends. Is there danger from this source? Unhappily, it seems that there is. If such be the fact it would be a poor service to attempt to disguise it and a good service frankly to admit it and then proceed, if possible, to explain away the grounds of misunderstanding from which it arises.

### I.

#### ON CERTAIN MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

At its last session the National Irrigation Congress adopted a platform as admirable as it was brief. But to declare that it is the duty of the Nation to store the floods and preserve the forests; that water rights should inhere in the land irrigated, and actual beneficial use be the measure of the right, is one thing; while to frame a precise measure to carry these ideas and principles into effect, reconciling the delicate relations existing between the several States and the Nation, is a thing entirely different and infinitely more difficult, and yet the latter must be accomplished before there can be any substantial result. To have a member from Nevada introducing one bill, a member from Colorado framing another, a member from Idaho suggesting a third, and a member from Utah characterizing all the proposed legislation as probably unconstitutional—this, surely, is a perilous way of making progress.

When to this complicated and tortuous method of statesmanship we add internal dissensions among those foremost in the championship of the cause, we are certainly not working out a great policy which shall make homes for millions at an early date. As to the internal dissensions, it is clear to the writer that they arise wholly from misunderstandings which it ought to be possible to correct.

In California, irrigation sentiment is strongest at the South. This sentiment was offended at the very beginning of the State movement in a manner as needless as it was deplorable. The simple truth is that those who committed the offense of casting reflections upon the National movement entirely failed to appreciate its dignity and import-

ance. They had not been personally in touch with it and knew nothing of its wide and thorough organization. Their ignorance of the matter betrayed them into a blunder which earned the opposition of some of the best and strongest influences in the southern counties.

On the other hand, the attacks recently made upon the leaders of irrigation thought in the great arid States of Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Utah, Idaho and Nevada—attacks emanating from some of the most conspicuous advocates of National irrigation in Southern California—are equally harmful and unfortunate. All that is now needed to make the brewing of our hell-broth complete is for the Rocky Mountain leaders to denounce their Southern California critics in terms of equal bitterness. When this has been done, and the scandal of our dissensions aired in the halls of Congress by some of our dearest enemies from the East and Middle West, we shall have defeated ourselves more completely and miserably than could have been accomplished by all the inertia and positive opposition in other parts of the country.

Is it not possible at this supreme moment in the history of the movement to avoid misunderstanding and to work together for the result we all desire? The writer so hopes and believes, and the object of this article is to enable him to do what he can to that end.

## II.

### THE STATES MUST CONTROL DISTRIBUTION OF WATER.

One of the propositions upon which all scientific authority in the West seems to be agreed is that control over the appropriation and distribution of non-navigable streams must be exclusively exercised by the States.

In the first place, several States, including those in the Rocky Mountains holding the headwaters of important streams, entered the Union with this distinct provision in their constitutions. Without repealing these constitutions and disturbing the entire fabric of the irrigation industry the necessity of State control of our irrigation administration could not be abolished.

But it has never been suggested, by statesman or jurist, by Congress, political party or commercial organization, that this function should be taken from the States and turned over to the Nation even if such a revolution might readily be accomplished. It would be as unnatural a proceeding as to take the control of roads from county and State authorities, or as to take the control of streets, sidewalks, and fire departments from cities and towns. To



handle the details of the irrigation industry distinctly belongs to the sphere of local government. What public man or public body is on record to the contrary? Surely neither of the great political parties which last year, for the first time, recognized the existence of the irrigation issue in their platforms. The Republicans declared:

"We recommend adequate National appropriations to reclaim the arid lands of the United States, *reserving control of the distribution of water for irrigation to the respective States and Territories.*"

The Democrats declared:

"We believe it to be the duty of the general government to provide for the construction of storage reservoirs and irrigation works, so that the water supply of the arid regions may be utilized to the greatest possible extent in the interest of the people, *while preserving the rights of the States.*"

The Irrigation Congress, the Trans-Mississippi Congress and other public bodies of the most representative character, have repeatedly adopted declarations to the same effect. Let the point be made clearly. Practically everybody now agrees that it is desirable to have the National Government build reservoirs beyond the scope of private capital, particularly for the irrigation of lands still a part of the public estate. But when these reservoirs are built, nobody, apparently, proposes that any authority save that of the several States shall be charged with the duty of making and administering laws governing the appropriation and distribution of the water so secured, together with the water already in use. If this much be admitted, we are ready to take up another branch of the subject.

### III.

#### STATE REFORM MUST PRECEDE NATIONAL CONSTRUCTION.

The States, then, are to control the distribution of water to be impounded in National reservoirs. We are asking the nation to furnish some tens of millions of dollars in order that the irrigated area of the West shall be multiplied, and especially, in order that the arable portions of the public lands may be thrown open to settlement. Clearly, it is of the highest importance to the American people that the water supplies which they shall undertake to furnish shall be so used as to secure these ends.

What is the present condition of the water laws in nearly all Western States, including California?

They are utterly unsuited to the needs of an arid region. Our necessities demand that every drop of water shall be taken out of natural channels and conducted over the land

until the last possible acre shall have been redeemed. And yet, in most of our States, we have the riparian law which commands us to let the stream flow as it has always flowed, "unimpaired in quality and undiminished in quantity." This incongruous law, though slightly modified by judicial decisions, is a lion in the path of progress.

Over the precious right of appropriation, which lies at the foundation of every valid claim to water, we exercise no supervision whatever. When a stream has been claimed ten times over we still allow new appropriators to come in and claim it again and again. There is no remedy except litigation—litigation endless and pitiless.

And even all this litigation frequently decides nothing. Why? Because we have no public authority over the distribution of water. Each man tends his own headgate and defies his neighbor to get what belongs to him, spite of judicial decrees.

If National reservoirs could be constructed without any accompanying reform of these vicious laws what would the result be when the new supply should be turned into the streams? It would be something not far from civil war. Canal proprietors would turn out with henchmen and shotguns to take violent possession of all the water they could get into their headgates. Water provided at public cost for public uses would be gobbled by private canals and offered for sale. The evils arising out of present conditions would be intensified.

Is it imagined that these stern facts are not appreciated by Western Congressmen, and even by those of the East who take our cause at all seriously? With scarcely a stream in the arid regions not already over-appropriated, these lawmakers well understand that, before National reservoirs can effect the desired results, old rights must be adjudicated and a good system of public supervision be established to safeguard the appropriation and distribution of the new supplies which it is proposed to mingle with the common flood of our streams.

Hence, it may be said that State reform must precede, or at least accompany, the actual initiation of the policy of National irrigation. Those who insist upon setting our house in order by the adoption of these reforms are the best friends of the National movement. And every friend of the National movement should stand for State reform. The two policies are so closely interwoven that they must stand or fall together.

Are not these facts perfectly plain? If so, should not every man who wants to see our dry land watered and peopled, stand shoulder to shoulder for both these policies?

## IV.

## THE CHEYENNE CONFERENCE.

The public land aspect of the irrigation question is far more urgent in the Rocky Mountain States than in California, because a much larger proportion of the former still belongs to the government. These States are also ahead of California in their ideals of water legislation, owing to the influence of Wyoming, whose pioneer statesmen early placed it upon the right track.

So it happened that a conference was called to meet at Cheyenne, to be attended by State Engineers and Senators and Representatives in Congress. The avowed object of the meeting was to frame a definite measure of legislation to be urged at Washington next winter. This conference has been vigorously attacked as something quite inimical to the National movement. Elwood Mead—one of the fathers of National irrigation, twice president of the Irrigation Congress, ten years State Engineer of Wyoming, lecturer at Berkeley, Harvard, Wesleyan, New York and Princeton on Irrigation Economy, and Expert in Charge of Irrigation Investigations for the United States Government—was denounced as the evil spirit of the enterprise. His career and his fame place him beyond the need of defence.

The truth is that the Cheyenne conference was called at the instance of certain members of Congress who desire to see the West united on some practical measure, and then to lend their personal aid in having it enacted. They desired to meet the State Engineers because they are men of wide information and special training in this department of knowledge.

The possibility that the lands may be ceded to the States has been mentioned in current criticisms of the Cheyenne conference. So far as the writer is informed, this fear is wholly groundless. Ten years ago the strongest influences in the West favored this policy. They did so because it seemed to them the only feasible means of overcoming the stagnation of the arid region. The few who openly favored National works at that time were denounced as crazy Socialists. There seemed no hope except that the States might be induced to assume the burden that the Nation rejected. But a wonderful change has come over public sentiment in a few short years. Nearly everybody prefers that the Nation should reclaim its own lands. We have persuaded ourselves that it will do so. The new policy has so many advantages over the old that we shall fight for its accomplishment so long as it seems

possible. And, happily, it seems more and more possible with every passing year.

The whole object of the Cheyenne conference was to render the adoption of the National policy more probable and to hasten its coming.

V.

A FEASIBLE MEASURE LOOKING TO STATE AND NATIONAL COÖPERATION.

The measure of legislation which shall meet all the needs of the situation, and command the united support of the friends of irrigation, must be framed in the light of all the foregoing facts. It must satisfy the demands of those who believe the chief point just now is to inaugurate the policy of National appropriations for the construction of National works. It is equally important that it should recognize the justice and necessity of State administration. Finally, the measure must give full assurance to the Nation that the interests of all its citizens will be protected, and that the land and water to be brought together as the result of this work shall be used to the advantage of the people at large.

It will not be disputed that all measures so far proposed have fallen far short of this ideal. Some of them, by ignoring existing rights in water and failing to make any provision for a plan of coöperation between States and Nation, would have resulted in presenting to the West a Pandora's box of troubles. Others would have endangered the interests of the American people in their great patrimony of public land. None of them has commanded anything approaching united support at the West, nor impressed Eastern legislators with the feeling that we thoroughly grasp the situation and are able to deal with it upon broad lines of statesmanship.

Since the adjournment of Congress last March some of the best informed men in the West have conferred among themselves with a view of developing a sound plan of action. While it is not to be pretended that definite results have yet been obtained, it now appears as if the long-desired measure would be framed upon the following lines:

1. The groundwork of the new policy will be the bill introduced last winter by the Hon. Francis G. Newlands of Nevada. Its chief provisions are as follows: All monies received from the sale of arid lands (now amounting to about \$4,000,000 a year) shall constitute an Arid Land Reclamation Fund and be available for the construction of storage reservoirs and main canals to be used

chiefly for the irrigation of public lands ; lands thus reclaimed shall be open to the entry of actual citizens in tracts not exceeding forty acres to each entryman ; such lands shall be sold at the rate of \$10 per acre upon easy terms of payment ; water stored in excess of the needs of public lands in any given locality may be purchased by the owners of private lands at the rate of \$10 per acre ; funds received from sale of lands and water shall be returned to the Reclamation Fund and applied again in the same manner.

2. A proposed addition to the Newlands bill shall provide that only those States may avail themselves of the Arid Land Reclamation Fund which shall have first enacted legislation providing for the adjudication of all existing rights and for public supervision of appropriation and distribution of water. In other words, no State will receive National aid unless it has established a good system of administration. A precedent for this policy was established when the Carey Law was enacted in 1894, granting one million acres of public lands to each of the States upon the sole condition that said States should first enact the certain supplemental legislation dictated by the act of Congress.

3. Another addition to the Newlands bill shall provide for the creation of a National Irrigation Commission consisting of three members, one from the Interior Department, one from the War Department, and one from the Agricultural Department. It would be the duty of this commission, as representing the Nation, to pass upon and authorize all projects to be undertaken with the aid of National appropriations. Before such works could actually be begun this Commission would certify to their soundness and feasibility from engineering, financial and agricultural standpoints. Actual construction could be done under joint National and State Supervision, as in the case of the debris work now under way in California ; or by either State or National administration, as shall be determined. Perhaps the first method will best meet all the needs of the situation. since it is founded upon the idea of cooperation between the interested powers.

Is there anything in the foregoing plan which may not cordially be approved both in Southern California and in Wyoming ? True, we shall not be satisfied ultimately with so small an appropriation as \$4,000,000 a year, especially when results shall have demonstrated the wisdom of National aid to irrigation. But the great thing now is to make a beginning. Those most familiar with the temper of Congress believe the Newlands bill can be passed, but

are not hopeful of large immediate appropriations independent of current receipts arising from the sale of lands.

The provision which the suggested plan would make for State administration is absolutely essential from the constitutional standpoint, and is necessary as a guarantee to the Nation that when the flood waters have been impounded they will be applied in good faith as a means of giving the people access to public lands. The provision of a National Commission composed of representatives of three existing departments will entail practically no expense, yet provide precisely the expert supervision which all agree to be indispensable.

In conclusion, it cannot be too strongly urged that State and National irrigation are both integral parts of one great plan. This fact is thoroughly accepted by those who are striving for a reformed and unified system of State laws. Is it not equally plain to those who have been devoting their effort chiefly to the National cause? I may, perhaps, appropriately close this article in the words with which I opened the campaign of the California Water and Forest Association at Los Angeles one year ago:

"In my anxiety to make the point plain, I am even tempted to venture upon a paraphrase of the immortal eloquence of Webster where, in the reply to Hayne, noblest thought was joined to noblest speech, and to say: Behold the gorgeous ensign of our cause, still full high advanced, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* Or, those other words of delusion and folly, *Nation first and State afterwards*, but blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over mountain, valley and plain, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, *State and Nation*, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The National Irrigation Congress is ten years old this year, and the approaching session at Buffalo next October would be justified in celebrating the event. The first Congress was held at Salt Lake City in 1891. The subsequent sessions were as follows: Los Angeles, 1893; Denver, 1894; Albuquerque, 1895; Phoenix, 1896; Lincoln, 1897; Cheyenne, 1898; Missoula, Mont., 1899; Chicago, 1900. The Presidents of the organization have been C. C. Wright, J. S. Emery, Elwood Mead (twice), John E. Frost, John M. Carey (twice), C. B. Boothe, and Thomas J. Walsh. The Chairmen of the National Committee have been Arthur L. Thomas, William E. Smythe, E. R. Moses, and George H. Maxwell.

WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

## HOW WE ADJUDICATED THE WATER RIGHTS OF WYOMING

BY FRED BOND, STATE ENGINEER.

**T**HE worst evil—that of ceaseless litigation over water rights—that afflicts the irrigation industry of California is now utterly unknown in Wyoming. When the Territory became a State provision was made for the adjudication of the existing claims to the streams as a preliminary to the thorough and practical assertion of the public authority over all the water supplies. As this must of necessity constitute the first step in any intelligent reform of the California laws some brief account of how it was accomplished in Wyoming will be of interest at this time.

The method of adjudication requires that all claims for water from the streams of the State shall be brought before one tribunal, the State Board of Control. In order that the Board may have before it in the work of adjudication all the necessary physical facts, the stream is gaged, and the ditches and the lands irrigated measured and mapped, under the direction of the State engineer. Publicity is secured by a notice in some newspaper of the county in which the stream is located, of the time of beginning of the survey and examination of the lands and ditches and of the place and time of taking testimony in support of existing claims. The superintendent of the division in which the stream is located is also required to send by registered mail a copy of this notice to each party having a recorded claim to the waters of the stream under adjudication. A blank is also mailed with this notice. These statements include all the important facts necessary to an understanding of the claim.

At the time and place fixed in the notice for the taking of testimony the claimants appear before the division superintendent and each under oath prepares his statement. If statements that cannot be included in the form used are needed to complete the presentation of any case they are reduced to writing and certified to under oath. This is not often necessary, as the blank form covers all the essential facts for the establishment of a right. After the statements are completed, a notice by publication and by registered mail is given to all claimants that at a named time and place all the claims submitted will be open for inspection. This gives each claimant full opportunity to examine the other statements and to know exactly what is claimed by others. As all the ditches and lands irrigated have been measured and mapped, and the division superin-

tendent has made a personal investigation of all the works before the claimants come to him, and the engineer who made the survey is present at the examination, the statements accord closely with the facts, and there is usually little ground for disagreement. If, however, any claimant desires to contest the claim of another, notice must be served on the division superintendent within fifteen days after the inspection. The contest is heard before the division superintendent in accordance with the rules and practice governing in ordinary civil suits. The superintendent of the division has authority to issue subpoenas and compel the attendance of witnesses necessary for a proper hearing of the case. Before beginning the hearing the contestant and contestee each deposit eight dollars with the division superintendent. If the hearing lasts more than a day like sums are deposited for each succeeding day. After the Board has reached a decision the deposit of the party in whose favor the case is decided is returned, that of the loser is turned into the State treasury to the credit of the maintenance fund of the Board of Control. This rule tends to prevent the filing of false claims as well as to discourage contests except for good cause. In the whole history of the Board there have not been to exceed a dozen contests.

The statements of the claimants, all testimony taken in the contested cases, copies of records, reports of surveys, and maps of ditches and lands irrigated, are then submitted to the Board of Control, which proceeds to determine the extent and priority of each right. The Board is so constituted as to peculiarly fit it for this work of adjudication. The State engineer, who is president and executive head of the Board, brings to his task, in addition to professional skill and knowledge of the flow of the streams, the resources of a well-equipped office with expert engineering assistants. If special or technical information, not secured at the preliminary examination, is needed for the proper adjudication of any case, it can be obtained at first hand. The superintendent of a division in which the stream is located has made a special study of this stream and has full knowledge of the uses of water made by the other appropriators, and is familiar with all the local conditions. The other three superintendents are by the work in their own division specially prepared for an intelligent and impartial consideration of all the questions involved. Such a tribunal does not need to act on prejudiced, incompetent and conflicting testimony as to acres irrigated, capacity of ditches and flow of streams. That the superintendents must distribute the water in accordance with



their own findings is an effective safeguard against any hasty or careless procedure and is a constant and effective stimulus to careful and well-considered action at every step of the adjudication.

In determining the extent and priority of these rights, certain well defined principles are kept in view. These are:

First. That water is not subject to private ownership, but is the property of the State.

Second. That the Board of Control is the trustee for the administering of a great public trust in the interests of the people of the State.

Third. That all rights to divert water from the streams must be based on beneficial use, and that the right terminates when the use ceases.

Fourth. That the volume diverted shall in all cases be limited to the least amount actually necessary for the accomplishment of the purposes of the diversion.

Fifth. That under no circumstances shall the water diverted for irrigation exceed one cubic foot per second for each 70 acres of land actually irrigated.

Sixth. That the right to the use of the public waters attaches only to the use for which the right was originally obtained.

Seventh. That the right of diversion for irrigation attaches to the land reclaimed and none other; that the transfer of the land carries with it the right, and that apart from the land the right cannot be transferred.

Eighth. That when a ditch waters land not the property of the ditch owner the right attaches to the land on which the water is used and not to the ditch. The owner of the lands irrigated makes the proof of appropriation and the certificate is issued to him. No certificate of appropriation can be issued to a ditch owner for the watering of land not his own. The ditch owner is a common carrier and is subject to regulation as such.

Ninth. That when proper diligence has been exercised in the construction of works and in applying the water to the purpose for which it is diverted, the priority is fixed by the date of beginning the survey. When diligence is lacking, the priority dates from the time of use.

At first the effect of the application of these principles was not clearly understood, and these radical departures from all previous practice were by some viewed with alarm as tending to further unsettle rights and complicate the already difficult problem. Especially was there opposition to the limitation of rights to the use on the lands actually irrigated. Each appropriator was inclined to stand for the

amount of his filing. But when the claims of the Little Laramie, the first stream adjudicated, were reduced to form, and these with the map showing the streams and ditches and irrigated lands were submitted for the inspection of the irrigators, there was a complete change of sentiment. It was at once seen that to make the appropriation on the basis of the filings would give all the water to the first half dozen claimants and would leave 120 other ranchmen, many of whom had used water for years, without any legal rights in the stream. On the other hand, it was now clear that the policy outlined by the Board would, while protecting the early appropriators, give every one water for the land he had actually reclaimed. The idea that rights should be based on use and be limited to the land irrigated took on a new meaning. Even the earlier appropriators, whose filings covered everything, and from whom opposition was to be expected if from any, recognized the justice and wisdom of what was proposed, and the opposition vanished. In all the work of adjudication these principles have been adhered to with results generally satisfactory to the irrigators. In the ten years which have elapsed since this law was enacted more than 4,000 Territorial claims have been adjudicated. At every step of the process provision has been made for appeal from the findings of the Board to the district court. But since the Board was organized but three appeals have been made and in each case the Board was sustained. During the summer of 1900 the Territorial rights on the Grey Bull river were adjudicated. There were 236 of these claims, some of them dating back over 20 years. The adjudication was accomplished without a contest and without one appeal from the findings of the Board.

When the determination of rights on a stream has been completed, a certificate is issued by the Board of Control to each lawful appropriator, setting forth the priority and volume of his diversion and describing the land to which the right attaches. The right attaches to these lands and to no other.

The fundamental idea in the establishment of a water right in Wyoming is that public interests are to be first considered, and that it is the business of the Board of Control to guard and protect the interests of all the citizens of the State both present and prospective. The adjudications of the Board are not contests between private interests, but are a ministerial inquiry into the acts by which a citizen seeks to become a partaker in the bounty of the State.

### A NEW PLYMOUTH IN IDAHO.

**N**OW to get the settlers for new districts in the West, especially settlers possessed of character and sufficient capital, is one of the problems of which we have never known too much. The Plymouth Colony of Idaho furnishes some light on this subject, although neither an old nor a great settlement.

The Plymouth effort began with the adjournment of the National Irrigation Congress of 1894, held at Denver in the autumn of that year. A few who had been prominent in this movement conceived the idea of establishing a colony which should illustrate the feasibility of making small farms on the arid lands. Localities in eight States were examined before the site was selected. What was wanted was a tract of fertile soil, watered by a completed irrigation system with abundant supplies, and then a local interest which would be warranted in backing an earnest effort with a promotion fund of reasonable amount.

The right conjunction of favorable conditions was found in the Payette valley, in the southwestern corner of Idaho, near the Oregon boundary. Here was a large tract of the most fertile bench lands, covered with tall sagebrush. The point selected was twelve miles from the Oregon Short Line railroad and the same distance from the nearest town. A few settlers had already located in the valley, but practically it was a wilderness. The Payette river, one of the largest tributaries of the Snake, is a noble perennial stream, having sufficient volume at its lowest stage to irrigate more land than the valley contains. The climate of the locality may be described as the best type of the temperate zone. While the extremes of winter cold and summer heat are very considerable, it is an excellent climate both for men and for crops. It is suited also to the production of the more delicate fruits, such as prunes and peaches.

Having selected the land and secured the necessary promotion fund, the colony leaders went East to enlist settlers. The plan of settlement which had been mapped out had two or three unique features. In the first place, it was desired that the colonists should be quite self-sufficient, and to this end they were urged to diversify their crops so that they might produce the variety of things which they would consume. Exclusive fruit culture was believed to be an evil which would in time bring a harvest of disappointment to those who built their hopes upon it. In the second place, it was thought feasible for many, if not all, the settlers to assemble their homes in a village center, so that they might realize unusual social advantages from the be-

ginning. Finally, business coöperation was provided for by the formation of a company in which all the settlers were to be stockholders. This company was to own the townsite and such simple industries as might be created from time to time.

The colony obtained its first impulse in Boston, where the battle cry, "It is time for a New Plymouth!" was warmly echoed by a number of influential men, of whom Edward Everett Hale was foremost. A public meeting was held and a brief account of it telegraphed to the newspapers throughout the country. Strangely enough, not a single settler was obtained in Boston. But, even more strangely, the Boston meeting resulted in the speedy enlistment of a fine nucleus at Chicago, to which point the campaign was quickly transferred as the result of the manifestation of an unmistakable degree of public interest.

The Chicago work began with a modest meeting at the Grand Pacific Hotel early in March, 1895. These meetings were continued at intervals of one week over a period of nearly two months. The Plymouth Society of Chicago was formed at the first meeting. Its membership gradually increased, until 250 heads of families were enrolled at the end of the brief campaign. It is worth while to note the fact that it was the colony plan, especially the social advantages of moving a number of families at one time and grouping their homes in a village center, that aroused the deepest interest, rather than the advantages of the locality in which the settlement was to be made. Very little was said about profits to be realized by the settlers. Their attention was riveted upon the proposition of making homes where they could work for themselves and achieve an independence in the midst of pleasant surroundings. In a word, most of the things which colony boomers do, the Plymouth promoters left undone; while most of the things colony promoters leave undone, the Plymouth promoters religiously did.

At the seventh meeting, a committee, consisting of five men and two women, was chosen to visit Idaho and report upon the location and colony plan. The society defrayed every cent of the committee's expenses, instructing it to make the trip unaccompanied by the promoters, to travel just as settlers would be expected to do, and to receive none but the most ordinary courtesies while in Idaho. The Society desired an honest report. However, it was found that the location and feasibility of colony plan were all that had been represented, and the report was in the highest degree favorable.

When the committee returned, actual settlers were invited to declare themselves by making a substantial pay-

ment on account of land and colony stock. Forty-four families responded, trustees were chosen, work on the town site ordered to begin, and a few months later the main body of the colonists went forward. They succeeded in making what is perhaps the most notable settlement in Idaho. They have prospered steadily from the beginning and many other settlers have followed them to the Payette valley. The irrigation works and large tracts of land, which originally belonged to an Eastern company, have passed into the hands of these settlers. The original colony plan has been carried out to a large extent, especially its social features. These have been a great blessing to the settlers.

The lesson of the Plymouth effort is that one good way to get settlers is by means of meetings, lectures, and the formation of clubs, and by encouraging investigation by committees composed of intelligent, unprejudiced men and women. Another lesson is that the class of homeseekers is far more interested in getting homes and a living than in glittering promises of enormous profits to be obtained in a few years without much labor. Another prime advantage of the Plymouth plan which should not be overlooked is that settlers like to be moved in groups rather than by single families. Actually, it seems easier to get forty families to move to a new country together than to get one alone

### *A STUDY OF CALIFORNIA IRRIGATION.*

**P**OSSIBLY the most important government document dealing with California issued in recent years is the elaborate forthcoming work from the Bureau of Irrigation Investigations. The studies which form the basis of this work were conducted during the summer of 1900 by a body of eight experts under the management of Elwood Mead. The aim of the investigation was to lay bare the actual operations of existing California water laws. To this end eight typical streams were selected and a well known expert assigned to each. The experts were assisted by employees of the agricultural department in measuring streams, making abstracts of the records of water filings, and collecting judicial decisions.

When the work had been finished, after months of labor, the experts compared results and united in favor of a series of recommendations aiming at the reform of present laws and the abuses growing out of them. The book, handsomely illustrated, is now going through the government press at Washington. Those who desire to obtain it should make early application to their Congressman.

## THE RESORTS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



OFF SANTA BARBARA.

**T**HERE is no country in the world of the population of Southern California, that has so many attractive resorts so easily reached and of such varied character. They are strung along the sea-board like pearls on a silver wire, or nestle in the deep cañons of the Sierras, or cap some of the highest points of the range, offering to the pleasure-seeker every possible altitude and climatic condition. In some incomprehensible manner the oasis of Southern California, one of the garden spots of the earth, between the desert and the deep sea, has become famous as a winter resort, while, in reality, there is no summer climate in any civilized land that compares to it where a comfortable summer outing is the objective. The tourists seem determined to make it the American Riviera. They come in November and leave in May, thus losing

the most perfect months of the year; but the time is probably coming when the resorts of Southern California will have as large a quota of Eastern and European visitors in summer as in winter. There is an embarrassment of riches in deciding where to go in summer. If one



STILL-WATER BOATING AT TERMINAL ISLAND.

is fond of sport it is an easy matter. The Sierras abound in trout streams and game of various kinds. Mt. Lowe and Wilson's Peak look down on gentle streams telling of the living rainbow that lurks in their pools, while farther east, near Strawberry Valley, are lakes stocked with mountain lake trout that offer fine sport in season. The fact that the majority of the inhabitants of Southern California live within eight or ten miles of mountain ranges, the Sierras or the smaller range of which Mt. Santiago is the sentinel, lends an attraction to the sea. Santa Barbara and its attractive islands, Ventura, Santa Monica, with its promenade, its bathing facilities, its beautiful homes, its polo and golf, backed by the Santa Monica range, and perhaps the Newport of this galaxy—Ocean Park. In this new resort we have a charming evidence of the probability that in a few years the entire coast-line will be a summer city. All the sports and pastimes of the Eastern Newport are found here in miniature, with a climate that the real Newport never dreamed of. Following along the beach we find Terminal Island, with its artistic cottages, its miles of electric lights, its fine surf, its yacht-club and fleet of racers, and still-water boating, the popular summer home of many Los Angeles families. Opposite lies Santa Catalina, which recalls Bar Har-



THE SAFEST SURF-BATHING ON THE COAST—TERMINAL ISLAND.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE FAMOUS CATALINA ISLAND RESORTS—AVALON AND THE ISTHMUS.

Ramsey & Stevenson, Photos, Los Angeles.





**LONG BEACH—UNRIVALED FOR BEAUTIFUL "COMBERS" AND HARD WIDE BEACH.**

bor of the East, though the place is unique, a wandering mountain range stranded off shore, where the mouths of cañons are crescent-bays, and where the angler, he of the rod and reel, finds a field that has no equal, as on the entire Southern California mainland coast there is no smooth water for rod fishermen in small boats, but at Santa Catalina and San Clemente one may float on seas of glass and fight the tuna, sea bass and yellowtail in peace and comfort, as here there is a lee from the long seas that come in from the deep.

The game commissioners of the State of Maine estimate the value of the rod-fishing sport to the State at four million dollars. To any one who knows how many people go forth to fish in the



**REDONDO HOTEL AND BEACH.**



L. A. Eng. Co.

CORONADO HOTEL AND CORONADO TENT CITY.

Photos by Ramsey & Stevenson, Los Angeles.



A DAY'S CATCH AT CORONADO.

United States—to Florida, Maine, the Adirondacks and Canada—it is evident that this wonderful fishing ground and its monopoly of the tuna fishing will before many years be one of the greatest magnets in drawing people from the East. The mainland is the Riviera, the “American Italy” of Charles Dudley Warner; the opposite islands constitute the American Madeira. Redondo, with its fine



C. F. HOLDER PLAYING THE RECORD TUNA OF 1899 (183 POUNDS), OFF CATALINA.



L. A. Eng. Co.

NORTH BEACH PAVILION, SANTA MONICA.

Ramsey & Stevenson, Photo.



THE GREATEST SEA BASS (OR JEWFISH) CATCH IN ONE DAY BY ONE PARTY. AT CORONADO.  
(All these fish were on the hooks at the same time.)



THE RECORD TUNA AND OTHERS AT AVALON.

wharf fishing, its hotels and cottages, its slightly location, lies opposite, deservedly a popular and fashionable resort, where cool breezes fan the cheek all summer long. From the sea on summer nights the coast-line for miles is studded with the lights of these charming resorts, which, with their hotels, cottages and haunts of pleasure, would do credit to many places a century old on the Atlantic coast. There is one of the finest beaches in America, giving a hard drive of miles in extent at low tide, reminding one of the famous tracks of Nahant and Fernandino. It is well named Long Beach—the site of a flourishing city by the sea, which in summer is augmented by thousands from the inland cities, who find in the fine surf bathing, the long piers reaching out into the ocean, the yachts that lie in the offing, attractions which bring them back year after year. The recent completion of the Hotel Rivera has removed the only handicap Long Beach has had since the burning of its large tourist hotel some ten years ago. Long Beach reminds one of the towns south of Long Branch, near Asbury Park, New Jersey, one of the most populous summer resorts in America. Here the Chautauqua society meets, and golf, polo and the size of fish are questions not so much discussed as at other points along shore. Between Long Beach and Coronado there are many small resorts and beaches, delightful resting places for the summer lounge—Newport, San Juan Capistrano, Santiago Cañon, Del Mar, and many more leading on to Coronado—which affords both Californians as well as the people near the Mexican line a summer climate, like all the rest, as near perfect as can be imagined. Then the great and perfectly equipped hotel, the pure artesian water, library, museum, surf and hot baths all have their attractiveness. The inland bay for still water boating, and illuminated night floats is also an unrivalled feature. Its tents



MOONLIGHT AT AVALON, CATALINA.



A "TENDERFOOT'S" DISCOVERIES AT TERMINAL ISLAND.

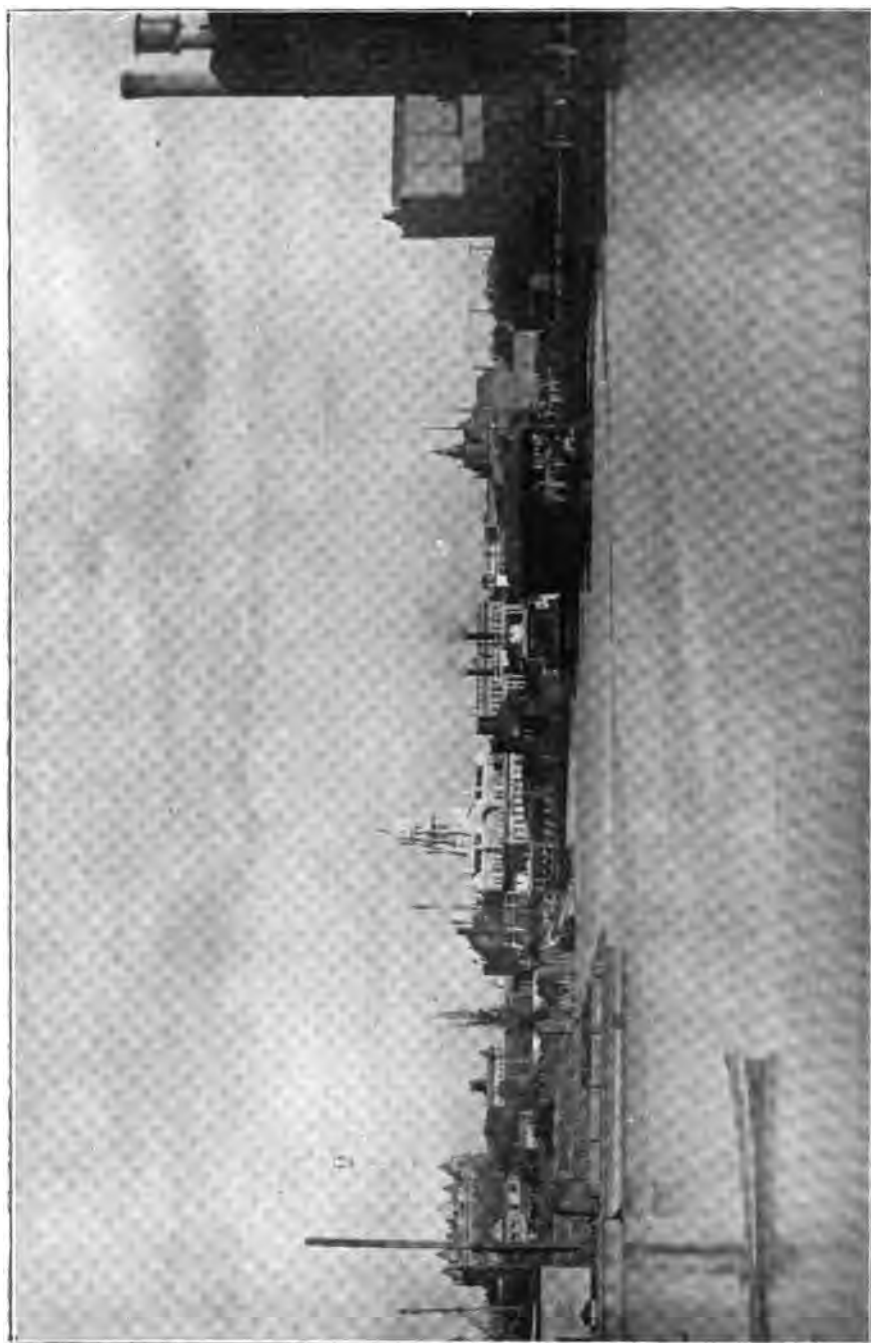


AT STRAWBERRY VALLEY—5250 FEET ABOVE THE OCEAN.

on the long peninsula are already famous as "Tent City"—paved, sewerred, lighted and orderly. Here one can have everything ready to order from furnished tent to spring chicken, or furnish his own equipment of tent, food, etc., and make choice of social games and pastimes or religious services.

The objective of the average citizen who has a vacation before him is sport, and the ocean that breasts the Southern California coast is the finest fishing ground known, for the good reason that it has the game fishes. There is the leaping tuna found only here, ranging from 50 to 250 pounds—the rod record; the black sea bass, ranging up to 375 pounds; the white sea bass from 20 to 70 pounds; the gamy yellowtail from 17 to 50 pounds; the bonita, rock bass, surf fish, albi-core, and many more, affording a range for the rod fisherman—the thorough sportsman—unequaled in the annals of sport. The people of this coast are not obliged to go East or abroad to find summer joys, climatic or otherwise; they are at their own doors, and the doors are wide open all along shore—and from mesa to high sierra.





THE STOCKTON WATER FRONT.



## SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY AND STOCKTON, THE GATEWAY CITY.

BY COLVIN B. BROWN.



THE GRIDLEY MONUMENT.

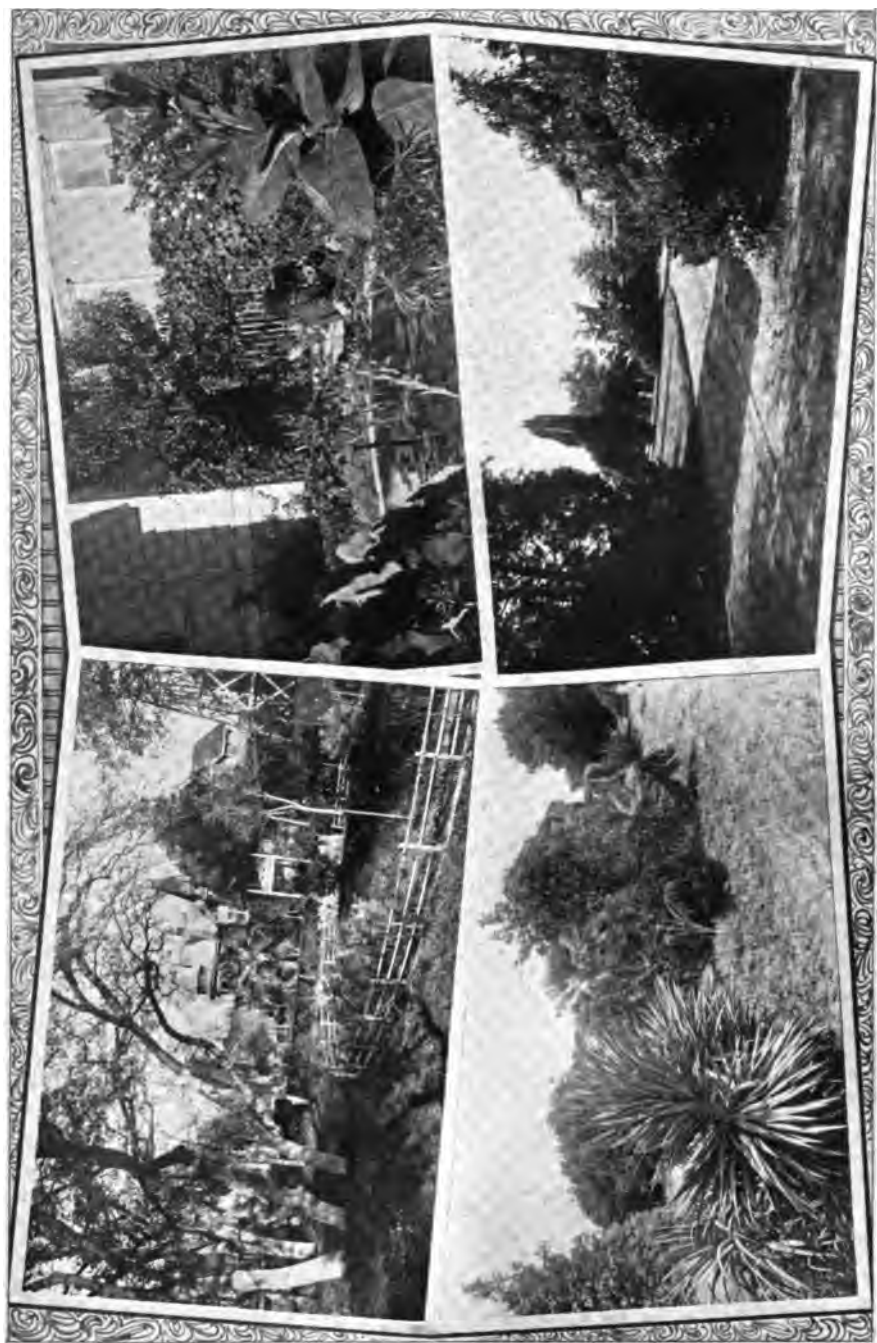
**I**N ages gone, long before the time of man, so goes the record written in the earth's great sepulcher of rock, strange monsters disported themselves in an inland sea where now lie the interior valleys of California. Mountains rose and fell; water courses and glaciers carved the face of nature in rugged peaks and pinnacles, and, in time, were themselves obliterated. Ages followed ages, and sediment heaped on sediment filled up the great basin between parallel mountain ridges, forming a soil so rich and deep that its equal is scarce to be found elsewhere in the world.

In the center of this great basin, where the soil is deepest and richest and where the remains of a prehistoric ocean exist in thousands of acres of reclaimed peat land, lies the county of San Joaquin. Where the sobbing waves arose and fell, and the screaming sea bird winged its noisy flight, now lie miles upon miles of grains and grasses, vines and fruit trees.

Of this rich land there are 912,000 acres, capable of supporting a population as large as that of the most densely populated Western State. The people of San Joaquin are fond of relating instances of what this soil has done and is doing. They tell of an Italian who, in twenty years, has accumulated a bank account of \$60,000 as the result of tilling an acre and a half of ground. If questioned they will admit that the largest part of this was obtained by judicious investment of the annual revenues from the little garden patch; still they hold it up as an example of what

their soil will do. They will tell you that the gardeners down the river are raising 300 sacks of onions to the acre as a regular thing, and all other vegetables in a corresponding proportion. These vegetables are exceptionally early, and hundreds of carloads are sent into the middle West every year, where they command good prices.

Vegetables, however, form but a small part of the agricultural wealth of San Joaquin county. Its great source of agricultural wealth is its wheat. Here is the home of the combined harvester, a machine which the Eastern farmer refuses to believe in until he has



THE KIND OF HOMES THEY MAKE IN STOCKTON.

seen it. His relatives who come West and return to tell him that Californians harvest their grain by means of a machine propelled by steam or drawn by thirty-six horses, and that such a machine has been known to cut, thresh and sack 100 acres of grain in a day, are scoffed at. But this is true, and more. Grain can be cut in the morning, ground into flour in the afternoon, and made into biscuits in the evening. This is possible on account of the dryness of the atmosphere, the grain actually "curing" while still on the stalk.



TRUCK GARDENING NEAR STOCKTON.  
(The two windmills shown irrigate twenty acres).

Photo. by Tibbetts.

Owing to the improved methods of farming on a large scale, San Joaquin county farmers find grain-growing the least onerous of all lines of agriculture. There are but two seasons of labor, namely, seed-time and harvest. The rest of the time the farmer may be a man of leisure. This, coupled with the fact that there is a certain market for his wheat crop and a chance that the price may go up, causes him to engage in this industry when there are others which promise a more profitable return. The result is that half the acreage of the county, or, to be more specific, 500,000 acres, are sown to wheat.

That part of the county which is not planted to grain or vegetables



AN IRRIGATING LATERAL IN SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY.

is set out in fruit trees, vineyards or alfalfa. Last year San Joaquin county had 3,500 acres of vineyard, and hundreds of additional acres have been set out this year. Of all fruit and nut-bearing trees, the almond takes first rank in quantity. The apricot, peach, prune, pear, fig, olive, cherry, orange and lemon follow in the order named, according to the county assessment roll.

The agricultural industry next in importance to grain and fruit growing is dairying. Thousands of acres of land have been planted to alfalfa, and, for the past few years, the annual increase in thoroughbred milk cattle has been very large. It is confidently predicted that this industry will, before many years, be more important than grain growing. Alfalfa grows to its greatest perfection when properly irrigated, and there is a fine irrigation system in San Joaquin county. Experts from the United States Department of Agriculture, who have gone over the field, report that it offers unexcelled opportunities for dairying and the



STACKING HAY BY MACHINERY.

Photo. by Tibbetts.

manufacture of milk products. The people have only of late years begun to appreciate what this means for them. All of the conditions which have made Holland the dairying center of the world exist in this county, and it has none of Holland's disadvantages. In other words, its land and canal taxes are low and it is summer all the year round. It is argued, and with apparent reason, that if the Dutch farmer can produce butter, cheese and condensed milk for the European market, in the face of the highest land and canal tax known, while at the same time being compelled to house and feed his stock six storm-driven months each year, the San Joaquin

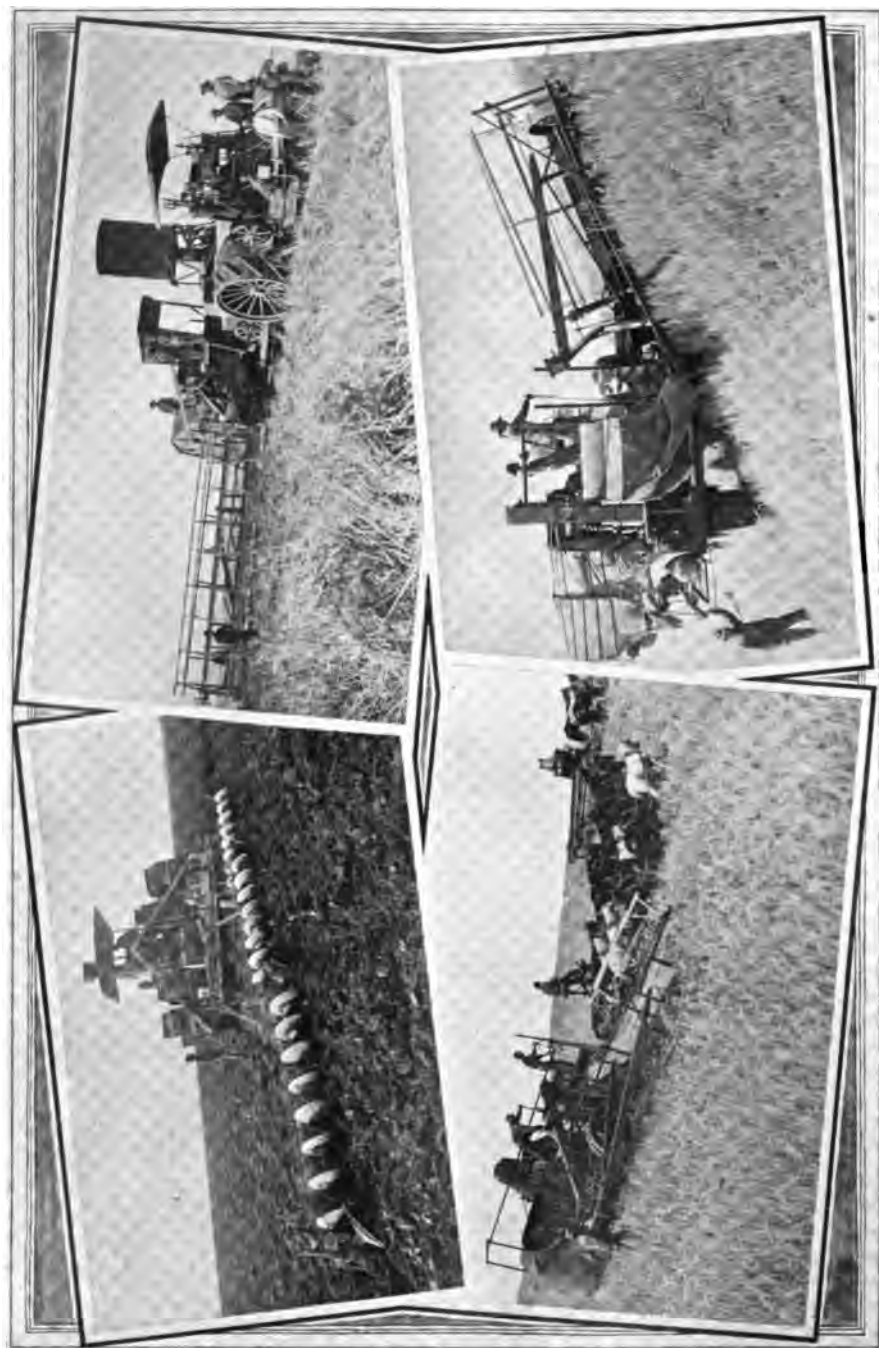


AN "AUTOMOBILE" OF STOCKTON MANUFACTURE.

county farmer has a much better opportunity to make money out of dairying.

Men may plan to put the center of commercial life here there or other where, but the force which for ages has been at work forming the rich alluvial deposits in San Joaquin county has decided the question. Nature has declared that this great district shall bring forth abundantly and that man shall here have a home where he can produce everything necessary for his comfort. Man has read the message and steadily and prosperously the county has grown. The people delight in telling the stranger that Stockton, the seat of government of this county, has always prospered; that during panic years its banks have stood firm and its large business interests have never staggered. This, they say, is due to the absolute reliability of crops, and the fact that there has always been a market for what the farm, the mill and the factory produced.

To the east of San Joaquin county lies that group of mining



HOW THEY PLOW AND HARVEST IN SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY.



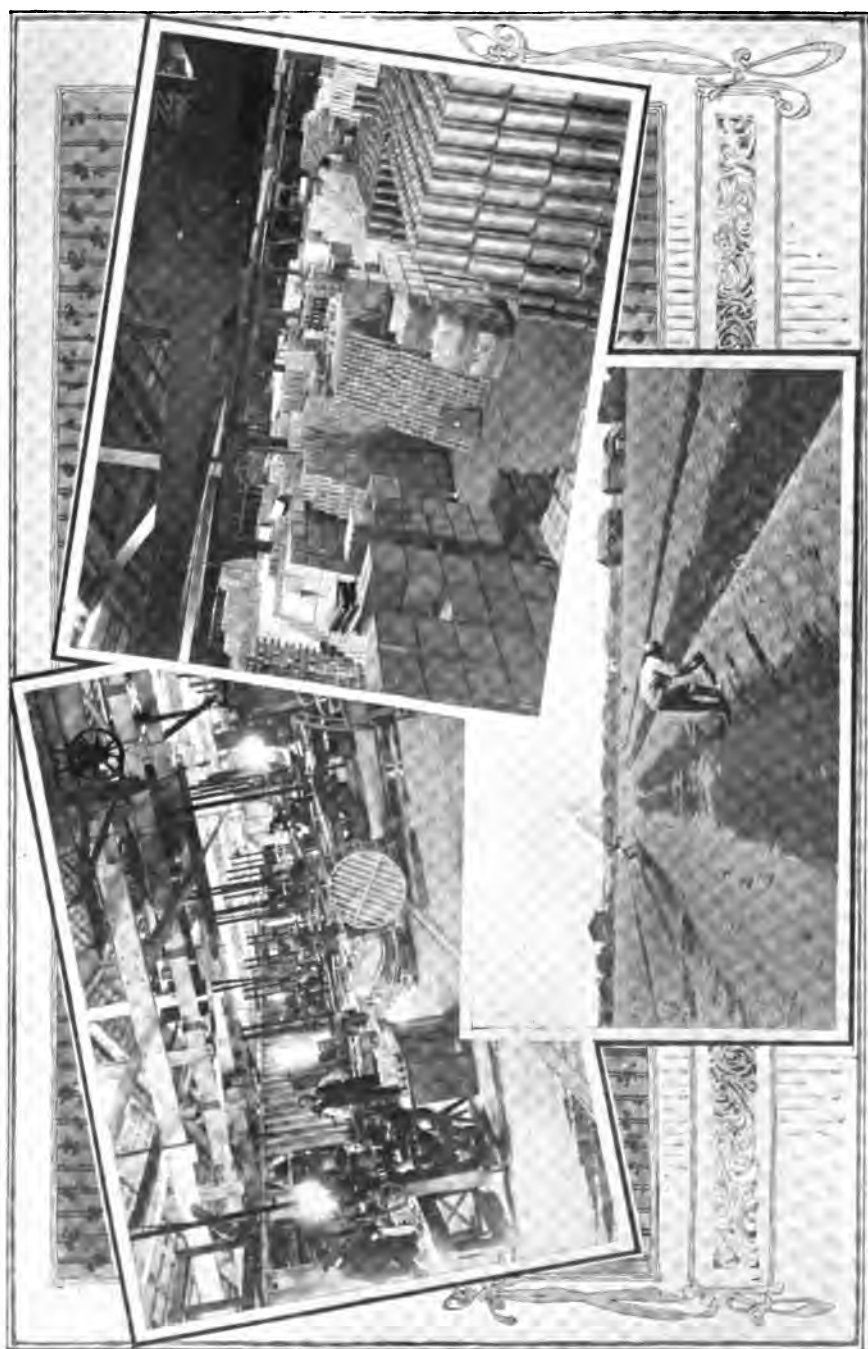
EL PINAL VINEYARD, NEAR STOCKTON. Photo. by McCullagh.

counties which first made California famous. Their mines are wonderfully productive, and new discoveries are of common occurrence. The thousands of people who are engaged in this industry trade with the farmer, the merchant and manufacturer of San Joaquin.



A SAN JOAQUIN PEACH ORCHARD.

Photo. by Tibbetts.



ASPARAGUS IN FIELD AND FACTORY.





SOME PRESENT PRIZE WINNERS.

(One of these cows holds the California record, with 637½ pounds of butter for one year.)



SOME FUTURE ONES.

Photos. by Tibbatts.

The mines in the mountains, and the verdure in the valley, have met to invite the building up of a commercial center on tide water. This is the city of Stockton with its 20,000 people. One-fourth of all the wheat grown in California is here ground into flour. Nearly one hundred factories raise their stacks within sight of the harbor. It is this harbor that has made Stockton the chief manufacturing and grain-shipping center of the interior of the State. Sixteen steamers, twenty-five barges, and a fleet of one hundred sailing vessels carry the products of factory, mill and farm to San Francisco, ten hours distant by water, and two transcontinental railroads get their share of business to other points.

The city, situated as it is at the head of tide-water, is fanned with cool breezes from the Pacific. Never a night in summer that the population of this industrious city does not sleep beneath blankets; never a day or night in winter that the little bulb of quicksilver in the thermometer gets below thirty degrees.

Located on tides that flow to the Orient, Stockton is loading food-stuffs which find their way on ships which plow both the Pacific and the Atlantic. Thousands of carloads of mill-stuffs are shipped each year to points half way distant round the world. Slowly and steadily the city's trade has grown, and its factories are multiplying. In a report made by a committee of transportation agents to the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors on a recent visit of the committee to Stockton, it was shown that boats on the San Joaquin River last year carried 600,000 tons of freight and 75,000 passengers. The splendid waterway connecting Stockton with deep water has given to its people the extremely low freight rate of 65 cents a ton for a 100-mile haul. Another advantage possessed by Stockton is that it is a freight terminal for two transcontinental railways, an advantage possessed by but two other cities in California, namely, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The combination of tide water and transcontinental railroad terminals is shared by but one other city in the State, and that is San Francisco.



TURNING SKIM MILK TO A PROFIT.

Photo. by Tibbetts.



**THE TESLA COAL MINES, ALAMEDA AND SAN JOAQUIN COUNTIES.**

The question of cheap fuel has been solved in the discovery of immense quantities of oil in Kern county at the southern extremity of the San Joaquin Valley. This oil is now laid down in Stockton at a price which makes it cheaper for fuel than coal at \$2.00 a ton. This has invited Eastern capital, and plans have been completed for the building of a large oil refinery and a coke plant. The latter industry came about through the discovery that certain coal deposits contiguous to Stockton made an excellent coke when burned in conjunction with oil.

Natural gas has been struck in Stockton in large quantities, and



IN THE STATE HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

Photo. by Weaver.

is extensively used for lighting, heating and making steam. There are at present fourteen gas wells within the corporate limits, and others are being drilled.

To enumerate the factories in Stockton would take much space, but those especially worthy of mention outside of her flour mills and harvester works are a tannery, woolen mills, briquette factory, glove factory, iron works, a factory for the manufacture of flexible mantels for gas burners, a macaroni factory, wineries and ship yards; most of these are among the largest on the Pacific Coast.

To the southeast of Stockton immense deposits of manganese, used in the manufacture of Bessemer steel, have been discovered and developed by the Tesla Coal Company. This manganese is 58 per cent pure, a purity so high that it easily competes with the Eastern product, and is being shipped across the continent to Eastern steel works in carload lots. Near this manganese are extensive deposits of lime and clay for making Portland cement, and the manufacture of this

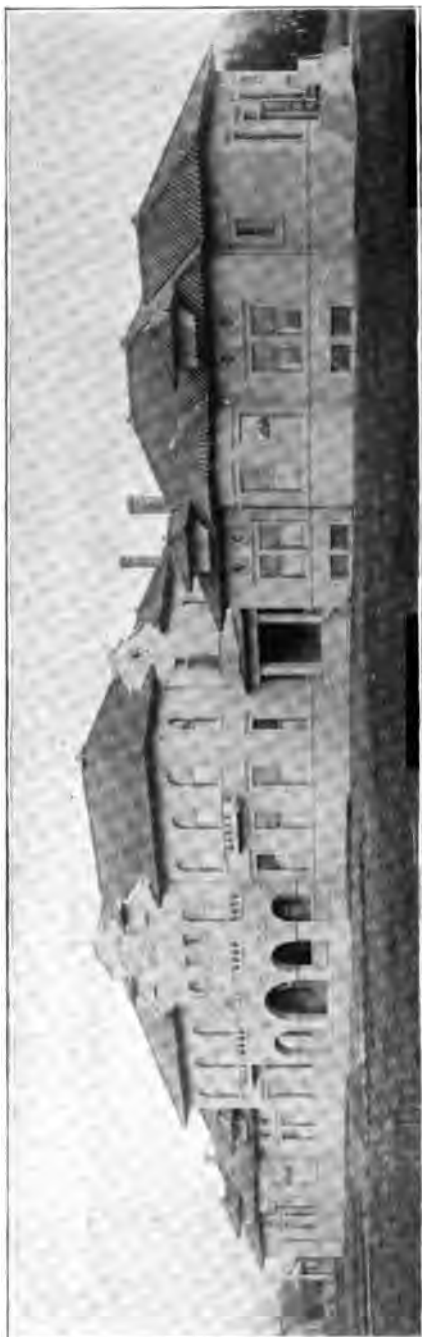


**ON THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER.**

**Photos. by Tibbetts.**



**FIVE IN THE MORNING ON THE STOCKTON WATER FRONT.**



ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.  
(A new and thoroughly modern hospital, in which patients from fifty miles around are cared for).  
Photo. by Spooner.

cement is now going on and promises to add considerably to the wealth of San Joaquin county and the city of Stockton.

A pottery works has been started within the past few months, and the clay from which the ware is being made is pronounced to be one of the best for the purpose found anywhere.

It takes more than factories and business activity to make a city, however. Chasing the dollar is but a part of the game of life. When one is making one's money, it is well if he can be living in a community whose social life and educational advantages are all that they should be. The people of Stockton have much to boast of in this regard. They have not been too busy to lose sight of those things which are essential to the enjoyment of life. They have not neglected to beautify their city. There are miles of well paved streets lined with beautiful shade trees that in midsummer form an almost perfect bower with their interlocking branches. So dense is the shade that a birdseye view of the city makes it look more like a heavy forest of shade trees than the hustling manufacturing and commercial city it is. It is not one or two favored streets that are thus shaded, but every residence street in the city is equally lined with splendid gum, acacia and other shade trees.

Peeping out from the dense foliage, and set like gems in fields of amethyst are the homes of the people. It is doubtful if there is a city of its size anywhere having a larger number of beautiful homes. Take a car-



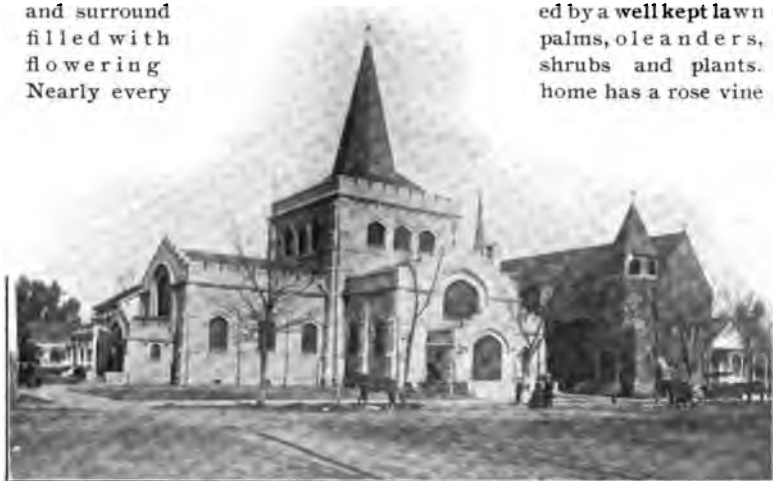
**THE STOCKTON FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.**



**THE COUNTY COURT HOUSE.**

**Photos. by McCullagh.**

riage and drive through ten miles of streets, and it is doubtful if you will be able to tell when you have finished which street impressed you most favorably. Nearly every home is built on architectural lines, prettily painted and surrounded by a well kept lawn filled with flowering palms, oleanders, shrubs and plants. Nearly every home has a rose vine



A STOCKTON CHURCH.



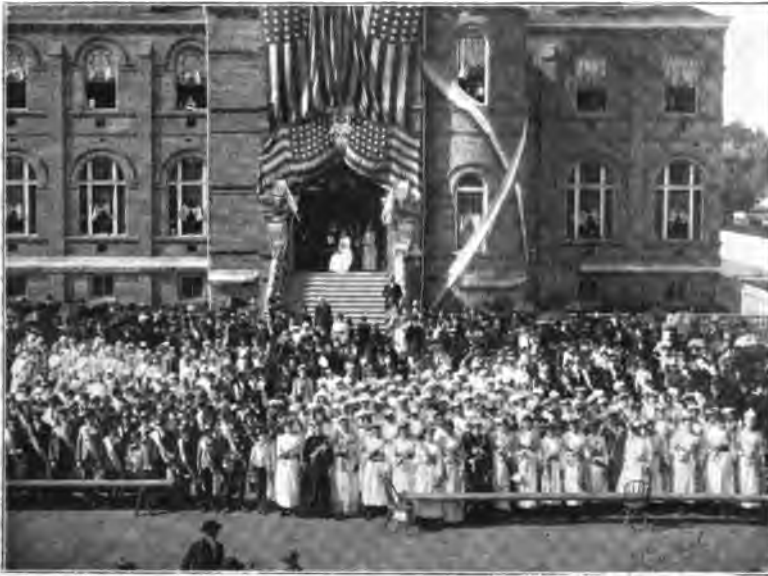
WHERE "CZAR" REED ONCE TAUGHT SCHOOL IN STOCKTON. McCullagh, Photos.

running over the corner of the house, and when these roses are in bloom the sight reminds one of the statement of a famous London



auctioneer, who, fearing he had praised too highly the place he was selling, said: "But, ladies and gentlemen, this beautiful estate has two drawbacks, which I feel I must mention—they are the noise of the nightingale and the litter of the rose leaves."

A city which pays so much attention to the streets and homes must necessarily lack nothing in the architecture of its public buildings, and the equipment of its schools. Stockton has public buildings costing one and a half million dollars. Its court-house is one of the finest in the State and is situated in the very business center of the city. Its public library building is one of the most beautiful bits of architecture of the kind to be found anywhere. It has a State hospital for the insane which is the largest institution of the kind in the



A STOCKTON SCHOOL AND SOME OF THE SCHOLARS. Photo. by McCullagh.

State, and is set in the midst of beautiful grounds. Its St. Joseph's Home is a beautiful hospital for the sick or injured. The government is now building a postoffice to cost \$200,000, and the city recently voted \$150,000 in bonds to build a high school.

Among the many beautiful buildings in Stockton none are more impressive than her churches, nearly every denomination being represented.

The public schools have the reputation of being among the very best in the State. Nowhere are they surpassed. The course of study prepared by the management has been praised in educational centers in Europe as well as in America; the teachers are the best that can

be obtained, and, most important of all, the good results to the pupil are so exceptional as to cause comment upon the part of leading educators.

The city has an electric car system which connects all parts of the residence portion with the business center. It has a water supply which flows from artesian wells, and the water is clear, pure and cold. The streets are lighted with electricity, and there is an excellent sewer system. The purity of the water, the excellence of the drainage system and the cleanliness of the city have given it the low annual death rate of nine per thousand.

As a means of recreation the people have a theater which is modern in every respect, two large picnic groves, three public parks and hot mineral baths. These are all accessible by the street cars, and are much used by the people. The public parks, which are situated in the residence portion of the city, each occupy a single block of land and are highly improved. The hot mineral baths are one of the natural wonders of the city. The water comes from artesian wells at 84° Fahrenheit, and is strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron. It flows into a great outdoor swimming tank 300 feet long and 40 feet wide, built of cement, and into smaller tanks which are roofed over and enclosed. These baths are, in many respects, equal to those in the East and Europe which have become world-renowned.

As an instance of the progressiveness of Stockton reference should be made to the Chamber of Commerce, which has an active paying membership of 600, and is constantly handling big propositions for the good of the community. Through its mediumship the splendid resources of Stockton and San Joaquin county are becoming widely known throughout the East. The Chamber is working on the theory that San Joaquin county contains land, climate and opportunities far better than the average, and that once these can be brought to the attention of the people of the East, the county will be rapidly filled with desirable settlers.



**AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1901**

**Vol. XV, Nos. 2-3**

**A 1000-FOOT FALL  
LIFE IN PANAMA  
A "SLEEPY HOLLOW"**

**Richly  
Illustrated**

1901

"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"

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THE MAGAZINE OF  
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PEABODY MUSEUM.



A LITTLE CHARRA. Photo. by Harris & Gray, Chihuahua.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 15, NOS. 2-3    LOS ANGELES    AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1901

## THE TROBADOUR

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.\*

He sang of olden Spain—the song  
 Came upward from the street below  
 And bore in every way a throng  
 Of golden dreams of long ago ;  
 And all the dead and gone romance  
 Of that old land beyond the sea  
 Came back to capture and entrance  
 My spirit with its witchery.

He sang of olden Spain—there moved  
 Before my gaze the warrior men  
 Of fair Castile, whose prowess proved  
 The downfall of the Saracen ;  
 With swords of steel and souls of fire,  
 Their banners blowing in the wind,  
 Rode onward many a knight and squire  
 Across the mirror of my mind.

He sang of olden Spain—the land  
 With glorious gonfalon unfurled  
 The shadow of whose mailed hand  
 Struck terror into half the world ;

---

Author of *A Round of Rimes*.

Copyright 1901 by Land of Sunshine Pub. Co.

The magic of whose name was known  
To strange, wild peoples over seas,  
The echo of whose fame was blown  
In all men's ears by every breeze.

He sang of Spain, of Spain the crowned,  
Of Spain the faithful, Spain the just—  
Long, long before the lands she found  
Had trailed her banner in the dust;  
While yet to ancient teachings true  
She filled the nations' highest seat,  
Long, long before her empire knew  
The dust and ashes of defeat.

He sang of olden Spain—I heard  
A fountain musically fall,  
A wand'ring wind went by and stirred  
A rose-tree trained against a wall;  
A tinkling lute with voices blent  
Went o'er and o'er a lover's rime,  
The while a convent belfry sent  
Across the land the vesper chime.

He sang of olden Spain and ceased.  
My dreaming ended there and then,  
My spirit from its spell released  
Came back to consciousness again.  
The present commonplace and plain  
Effaced the splendor and romance  
Evoked by that Castilian strain  
A strolling singer sang by chance.

Cambridge, Mass.





## IN PANAMA.

BY TRACY ROBINSON.



THIRTY-FOUR years ago certain foreign residents of Colon held a meeting to protest against the laxity of municipal administration. They invited the governor of the State of Panama to be present. He was a dignified gentleman of the better class, and his gravity sat well upon his stout person and long beard streaked with gray.

The meeting expressed itself rather freely. It said, among other things, that gambling, drinking, and homicide often went hand

in that town, and that the "joints" where those arts were practised were altogether too numerous and too wide open for the social and religious needs of the place.

Its name had only recently been changed, by order of the Colombian government, from Aspinwall (after W. H. Aspinwall, of New York) to Colon in honor of Columbus, and was still widely written Colon-Aspinwall; but the change had not perceptibly increased the population, nor rectified morals, nor given purity to the malarial atmosphere.

After the expenditure of a considerable amount of wisdom, for so small a number of obscure non-citizens of the Colombian Republic, there was a lull.

Governor Olarte, who had said never a word, arose in his general's uniform, and looked around with an air of mingled pity and hauteur.

"Gentlemen," he asked, "have you finished?"

We had.

"Then permit me to say that for all who do not like this country the door of emigration is always wide open. Good morning, gentlemen." And he took his leave.

The incident shows how far the noble sentiment of "Colombia for Colombians" was carried, and how little was done to encourage immigration, without which a new country can never prosper. We had left our homes with the pleasing idea that we were going to a free country, with a government fashioned after that of the United States. We found ourselves in a community where free speech was not altogether tolerated, least of all in aliens, and where even at the present day, especially in time of revolution, the censorship of the press amounts to virtual strangulation.

Both before and after the final break with the proud and powerful *tierra madre* beyond the Atlantic, the Isthmus of Panama had lain in a state of almost complete obscurity



BRINGING BANANAS TO MARKET, CHAGRES RIVER AT GATUN.

and isolation ; but after the discovery of gold in California it became the gateway to El Dorado—at first a very congested gateway. Even before the completion of the Panama railroad, in January, 1855, the mighty thrill and impulse of modern progress had been felt. Signs of improvement continued to manifest themselves while the great rush of travel by the Isthmian transit went on, until it amounted to nearly seventy thousand passengers in



A BACK STREET, COLON.

1868—in which year the earnings of the little forty-six mile road were four millions of gold dollars. But with the opening of the Overland route, in 1869, came a great falling-off in travel via Panama, with a consequent decline of Isthmian prosperity and enterprise. In 1880, when Ferdinand de Lesseps made his meteoric appearance, there was a perfect frenzy of excited hopes, but the temporary revival was followed by still greater prostration and apathy on the part of natives and foreigners.

Yet life at Panama since the days of the Argonauts has been far from dull for the cosmopolitan colony drawn thither by charms of tropical climate or teeming natural wealth. Jean Ingelow says that

“ Life goes best with those who take it best,”



NATIVE WOMEN, DEPARTMENT OF PANAMÁ, REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

and forty years' residence on the Isthmus gives me leave to say that all classes of the native population are pleasant to live with, provided one has consideration for others and an ordinary endowment of politeness and tact. An American consul was on one occasion much offended because his hat was removed by a policeman in the street, as a religious procession was passing, and everyone else stood reverently uncovered ; but he failed, as he deserved, to make an international question of the affair.

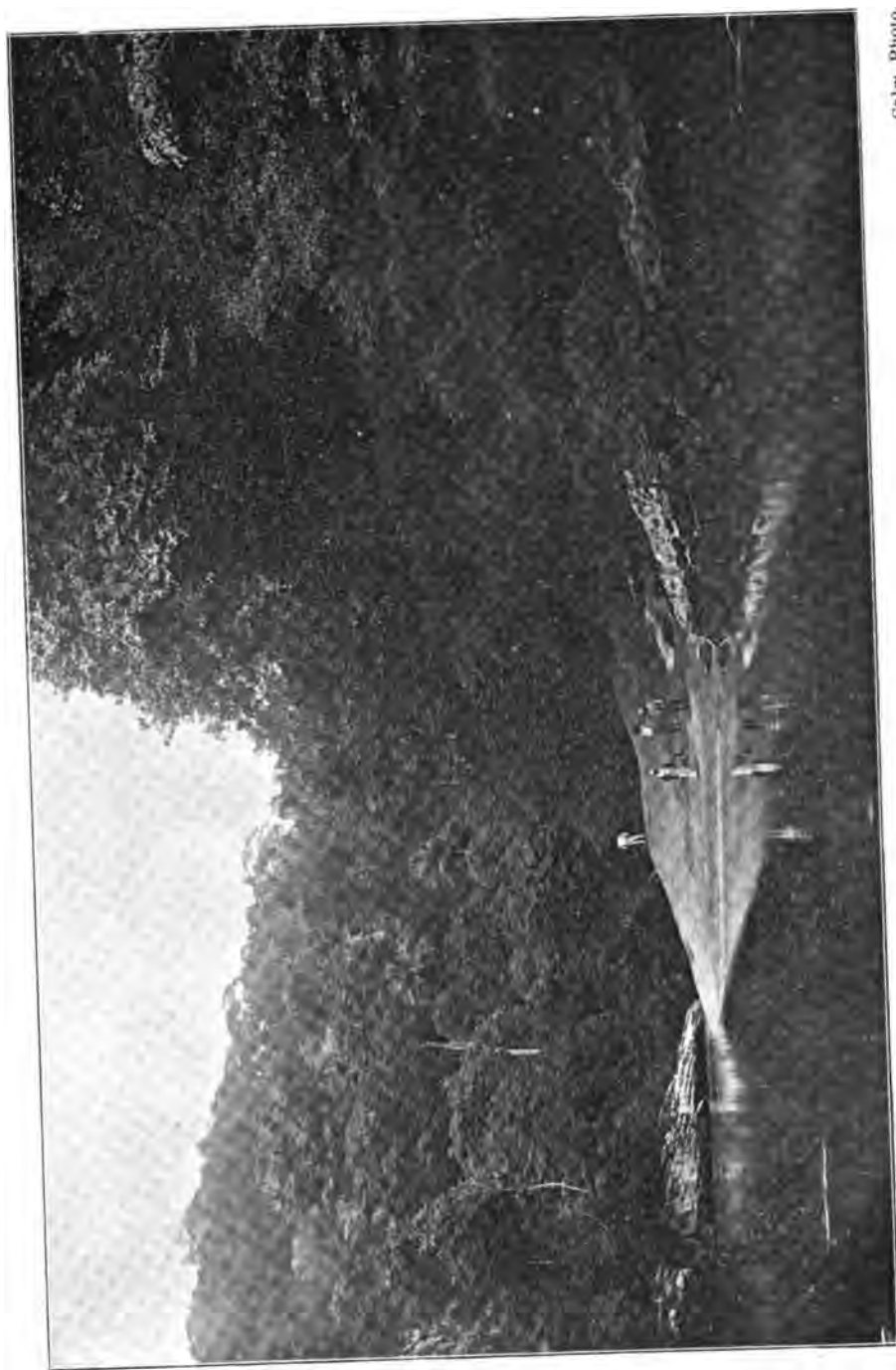
The situation was nearly the same at Bogotá, the national capital, when a minister-resident of the United



ENTRANCE TO THE FRENCH HOSPITAL, PANAMÁ.

States and his colleague of Germany sat during a *Te Deum* in the cathedral, with their hats on. They felt insulted when ordered to do what no gentleman would have failed to do. They advertised themselves as boors.

The Isthmian climate has been decried as deadly ; and 80° Fahrenheit through the year may seem a trifle warm to the uninitiated ; but all Californians who crossed the Isthmus in old times will remember the superb situation of the present city of Panama, insuring cool sea breezes and a sanitation that could easily be made perfect. I say present city, for Panama Viejo, or the old city, was built a few miles away, upon a low malarial site, where the inhabitants of the *campo santo* soon outnumbered those of the

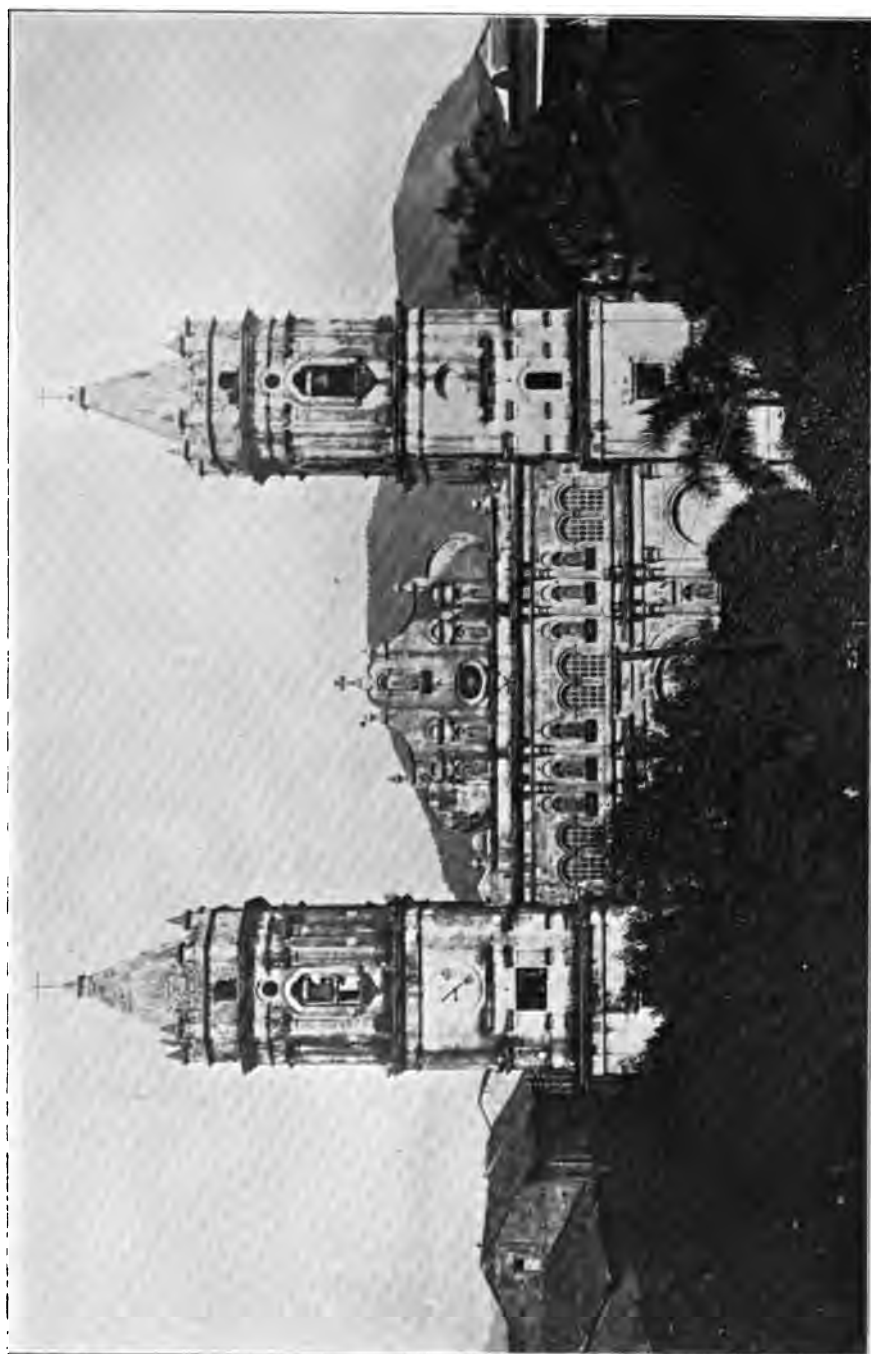


Calm, Photo.

GORGE OF SALAMANCA. "PIQUENI."



A PANAMEÑA.



CATHEDRAL OF PANAMÁ, WITH THE PLAZA GARDEN IN FRONT, AND ANCON, 700 FEET HIGH, BEHIND.



town itself. It was the first city founded by Europeans on the American continent, and increased in wealth and power until it was destroyed by Morgan and his buccaneers.

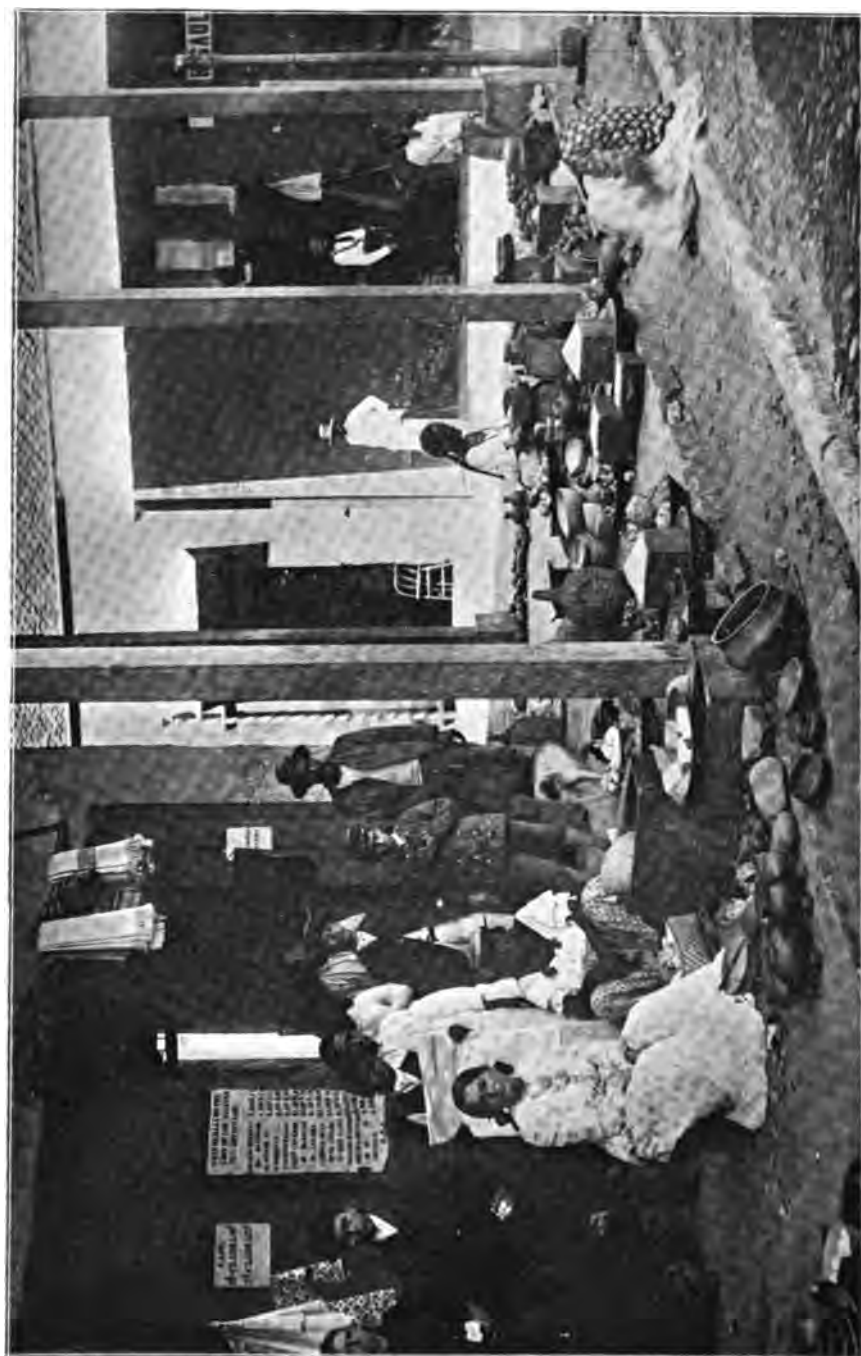
As there are no swamps near the present city, there is no excuse for malaria. The hill Ancon, seven hundred feet high, an offshoot from the Lesser Andes that form the Isthmus, extends a rocky foot well out into the bay. Upon this, with tides ebbing and flowing on three sides, ready to carry away any refuse that is or ought to be tossed over the famous old sea-walls, the city stands. In ancient days, it is said, the King of Spain inquired if those costly walls were built of silver. Some of them are forty feet high and sixty feet in width, and until a few years ago they entirely surrounded the city. On the land side they have been removed, but on the sea-front they remain as of old, and the sentry towers at their angles, with port-holes and picturesque domes, are interesting relics of the Spanish régime. The esplanade fronting the sea is a great resort at sunset and on moonlight nights.

The rainfall is sufficient to wash the streets, which are paved with cobble-stones after the antique fashion, and graded to give a rapid run-down to the water. After an orthodox tropical shower the city looks like a small boy with his face scrubbed clean for school.

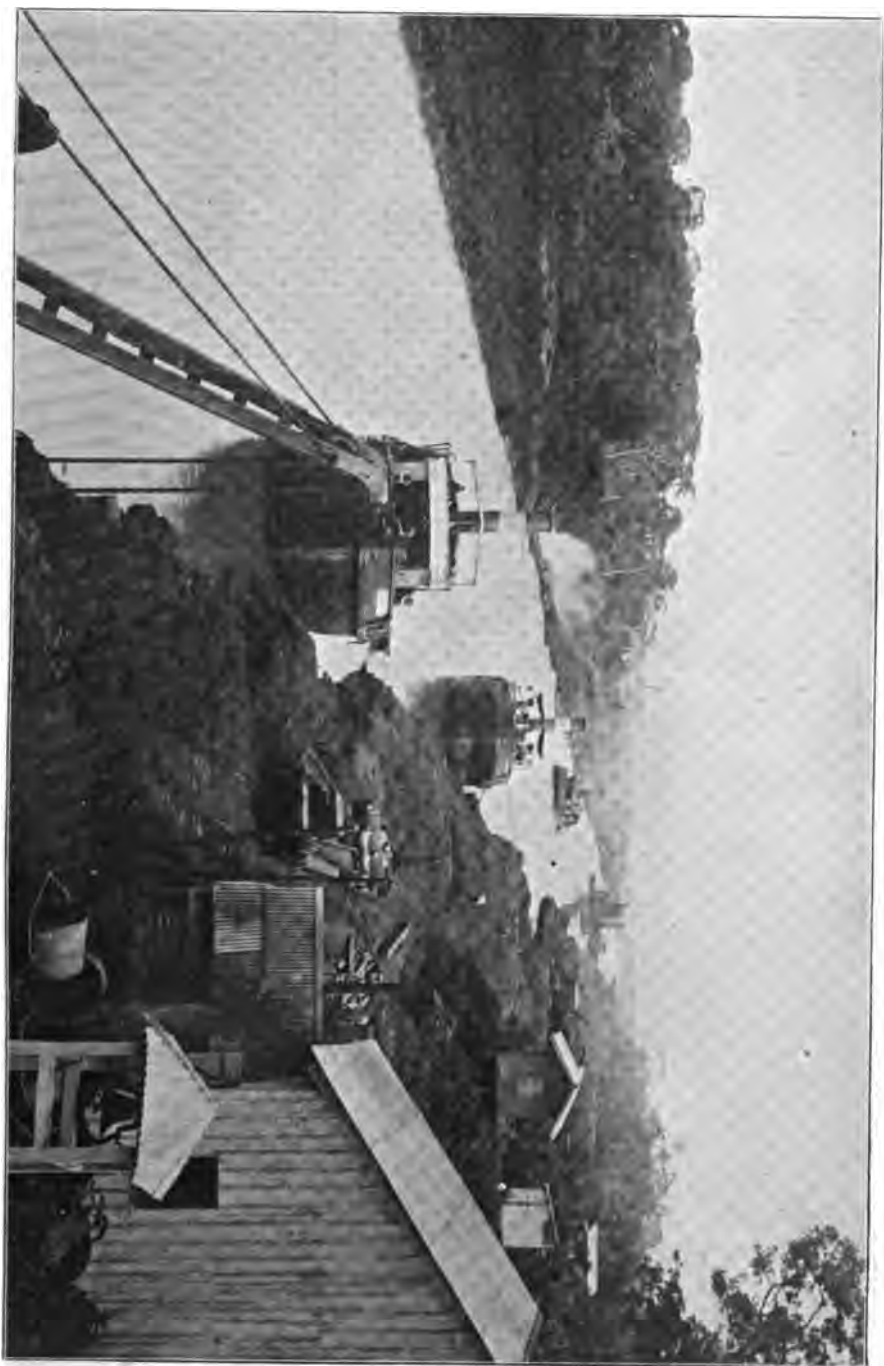
There is perhaps nothing on earth more wonder-lovely than Panama Bay, with its evergreen islands—Taboga, Taboguilla, Uravia, Flamenco, Perico, Naos, little Culebra, and numerous other islets rising beautifully rounded from the purple waves, enclosed by high, wide shores curved in horseshoe shape, and melting away into the glamour of hazy distances.

The Panama cathedral, built as late as 1760, is both imposing and graceful. It bears the Saviour and twelve apostles in niches on its façade, and it was long supposed that the figures were in bronze; but one night, in 1882, there was a bit of earthquake, when one of them was shaken down, and was discovered to be of bronzed wood. When the cathedral towers were built, pearl shells from the Pearl Islands in Panama Bay were imbedded in the mortar of their peaked summits in such a manner that the rays of the rising and setting sun were reflected with splendor; but long exposure to the elements has changed their brilliancy to a dull white, without lustre.

San Felipe, another interesting church, has 1688 carved on a mural tablet; and the ruins of Santo Domingo are still older. In the latter is a remarkable arch, so nearly flat that tradition says it fell twice when its support was



A MARKET IN PANAMA.



PANAMA CANAL, NEAR COLON.



WASH-WOMEN NEAR PANAMÁ.

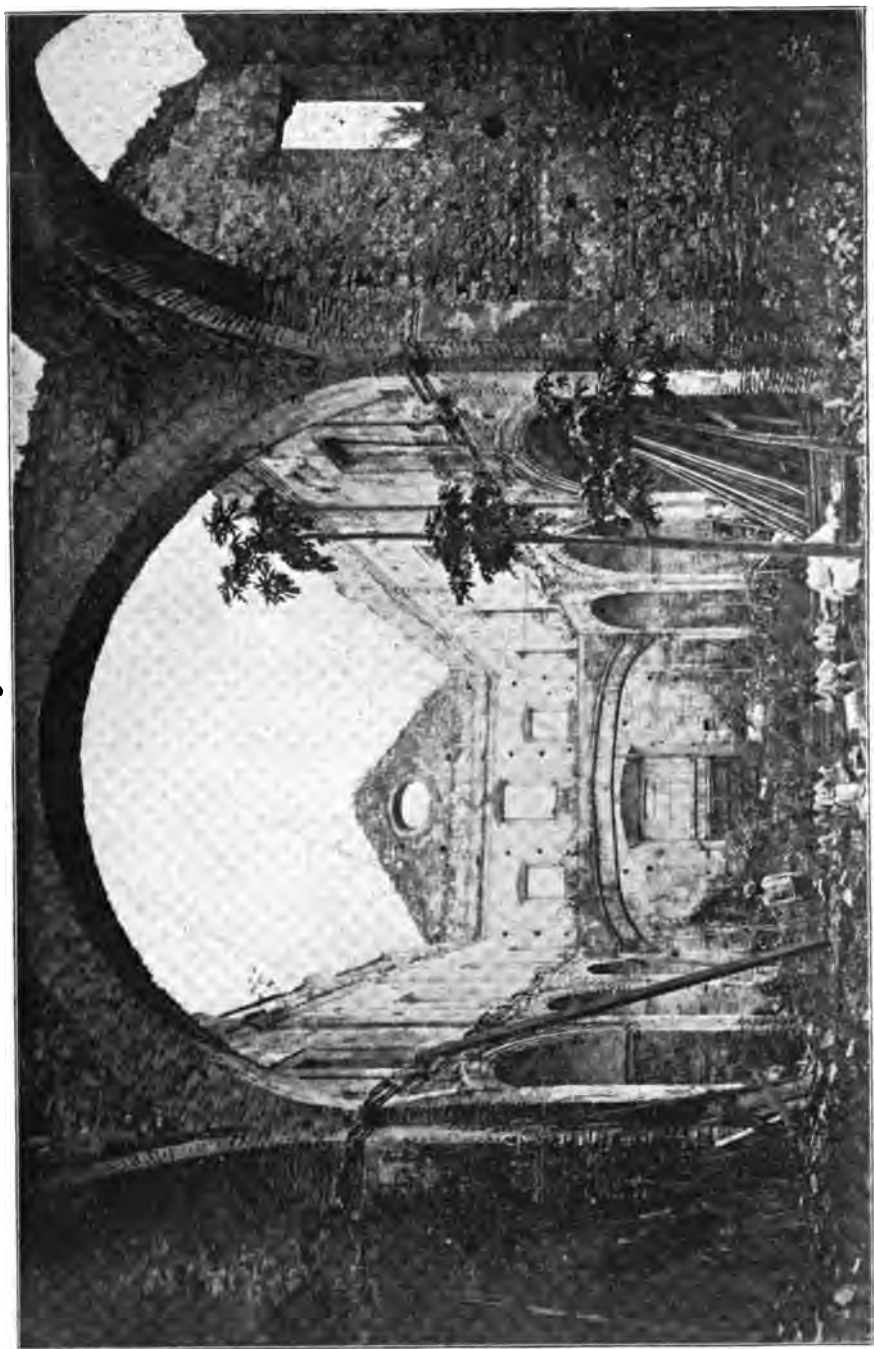
taken away. The bold architect then vowed to stand beneath it the next time, under the protection of the Virgin; and, sure enough, the arch is still standing to show how great is the power of faith!

The educated class of Panama compares favorably with the same class elsewhere. Many have been sent to Europe and the United States for their education, and have had advantages of travel as well as of training. The home schools for the less fortunate are excellent. A quarter of a century ago Miss Mary McCord, from Pennsylvania, established a girls' seminary by the great sea-wall overlooking the "Isles of Eden" of the bay. Here half the young Panama matrons of today received thorough instruction, and they are often heard to speak with reverent esteem and affection the name of this perfect teacher.

Among the prominent natives of *hidalgo* blood who have devoted themselves with zeal to the schools and other public utilities, I may mention the late Don Manuel Hurtado; also Doctors Justo and Pablo Arosemena; the brothers Sosa, the younger of whom, Don Pedro J., an engineer of distinguished ability, was recently lost with his son at sea; the Herrera, the Arias, the Fabrega, the Diez, the Posada, the Diaz, the Obarrio and the Arango families, all well known names in Hispano-colonial annals. The progenitor of the Arosemenas was Don Mariano, a man of force and of high intellectual endowments. He was one of the band of patriots who in 1821 declared Panama independent of Spain. His death, at an advanced age, a few years ago, was caused by a singular accident. Accustomed to rise early, he opened a window, and it is supposed he was leaning out to enjoy the balmy beauty of the dawn, when he lost his balance and fell forward into the street, many feet below. He was discovered in a dying condition.

The phrase "Land of Mañana" so often applied to tropical America may, perhaps, have a new meaning before the century is old; for it seems fairly certain that the belt of palms will have its voice in the future councils of mankind. Meanwhile, one who loves nature and beauty for their own sake, and is not in the fierce race for wealth, nor cares to shine in politics or society, may find in the tropics abundant opportunities for leading the studious life, with the enlightened "content surpassing wealth" that Shelley sang, and the ease for which all men long.

Hollywood, Cal.



RUINS OF SANTA DOMINGO CHURCH, PANAMA.

## A SOUTHWESTERN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

BY ANNA CAROLINE FIELD

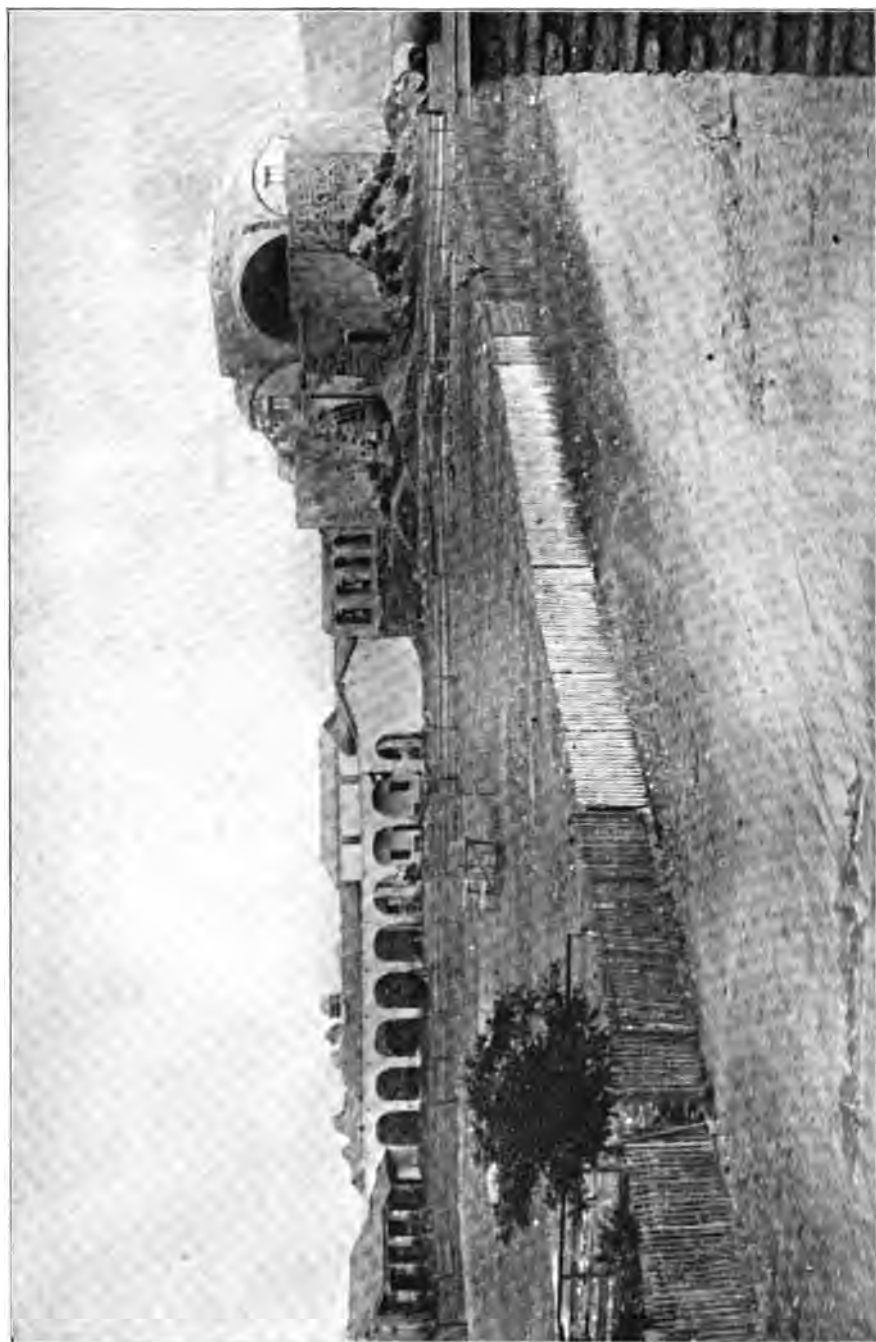


EARLY sixty years ago, Richard H. Dana, sailing along the eastern shores of the Pacific, came to what in his inexperience he called "the only romantic spot on the California Coast." Not far from a wild, rocky point, which is still called Dana's Landing, from the top of a perpendicular cliff almost five hundred feet in height, the adventurous college boy, looking inland, saw, gleaming white in the sun of that warm April afternoon, "the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, standing in a small hollow." He makes no other mention of the mission and seems not to have visited it. Following the rocky, cliff-formed coast a mile or two south, one comes to a smooth wide beach, and, a little further on, a break in the high cliffs which rise abruptly on each side. Here the valley is little higher than the beach, and in winter green as emerald.

The road from this spot to Capistrano winds through these meadows and over the foothills. It is smooth and hard, and when we passed over it, early in February, the soft round swells and curved hollows of the hills were as green as the cold grass-countries of the North in June.

On our way, we had the good fortune to witness one of the peculiar customs of the Southwest, the branding of horses. The road passed close to a corral in which were fifty or sixty of these animals. Outside, a swarthy, red-shirted Mexican was heating the branding-iron in a bit of brush fire. Near by on horseback sat the Don who was superintending the branding. Inside the corral were the horses and colts and several mounted Mexicans with coiled reatas. The grace, dexterity and rapidity with which they

Since this writer's visit to San Juan Capistrano, some years ago, the Landmarks Club (an incorporated society for the preservation of the missions and other historic landmarks of Southern California) has secured a long lease on this noble ruin, and expended some \$1500 in making the most urgent repairs. New roof structures have been substituted for the broken old ones and covered with the original red tiles; some 400 feet of the cloisters have been re-roofed (with asphalt, as originally); the remnant of the great stone temple has been buttressed and protected; a vast amount of debris has been removed, and many other means have been employed for the preservation of this fine monument. Many further repairs will be made as the money is secured; but meantime the two most important buildings have been so protected that they will last another century in about their present condition.—ED.



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION, FROM THE SOUTH.





THE OLD OLIVE MILL.

Photo. by Linsley

pursued and caught one of these beasts and then lassoed the feet is indescribable. This done, the animal was thrown down on its side and branded with the owner's mark.

We braved a cloud of smoke and dust for the novel sight—dust and smoke to which both men and beasts seemed strictly indifferent. There was a certain picturesqueness in the scene, although it was rather monotonous in color, the general hue of dust being but sparingly relieved by a dull red shirt, a bright neckcloth and the glittering eyes and white teeth of the dark horsemen.



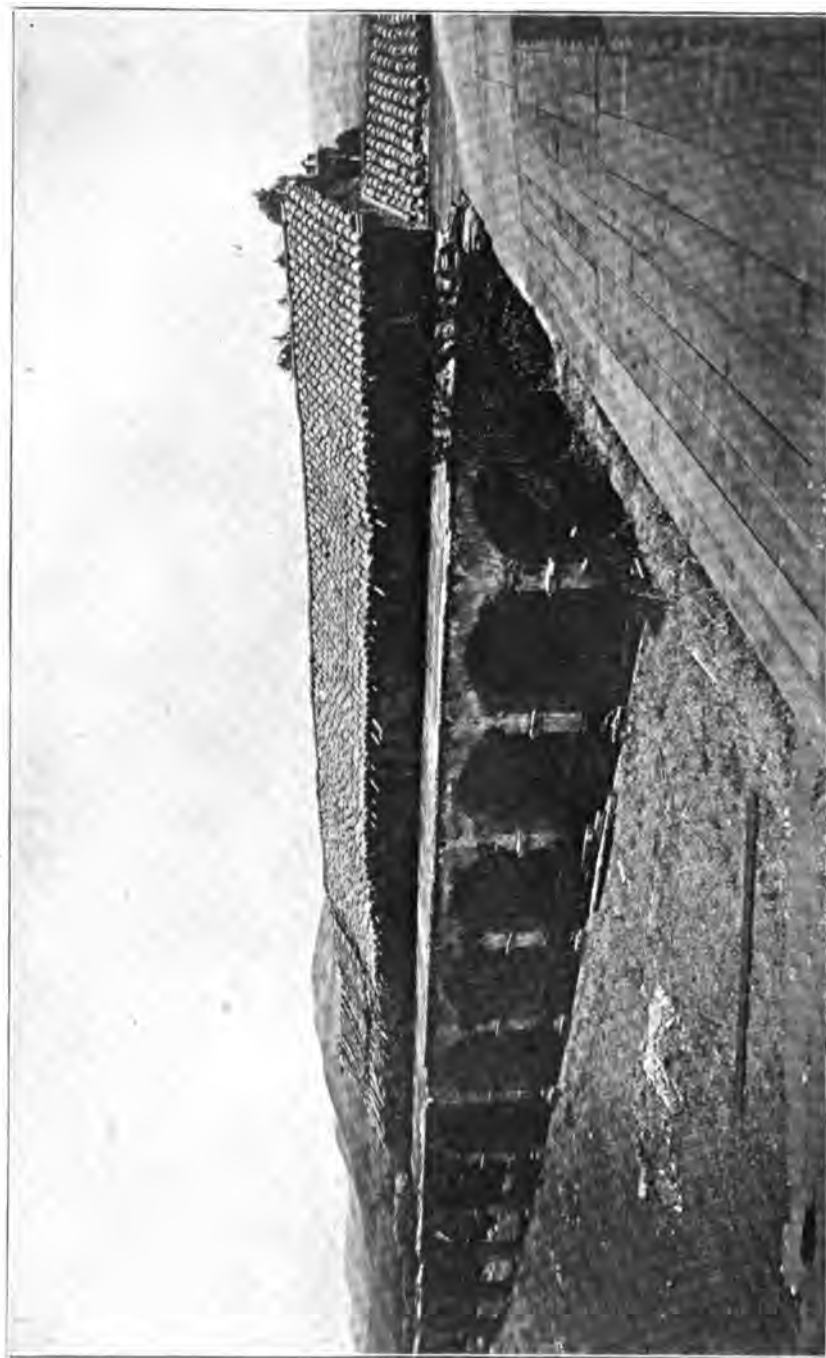
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—MISSION BUILDINGS FROM DOME OF STONE CHURCH.  
(All these roofs, except the nearest, are the work of the Landmarks Club.)

Photo. by C. F. L.



**THE FRONT CLOISTERS AND PRESENT CHAPEL.**  
(Re-roofed by the Landmarks Club.)

**Photo. by C. F. L.**



**THE ORIGINAL CHURCH BEFORE REPAIRS.**  
(Cloisters Sheeted for Re-roofing by Landmarks Club.)

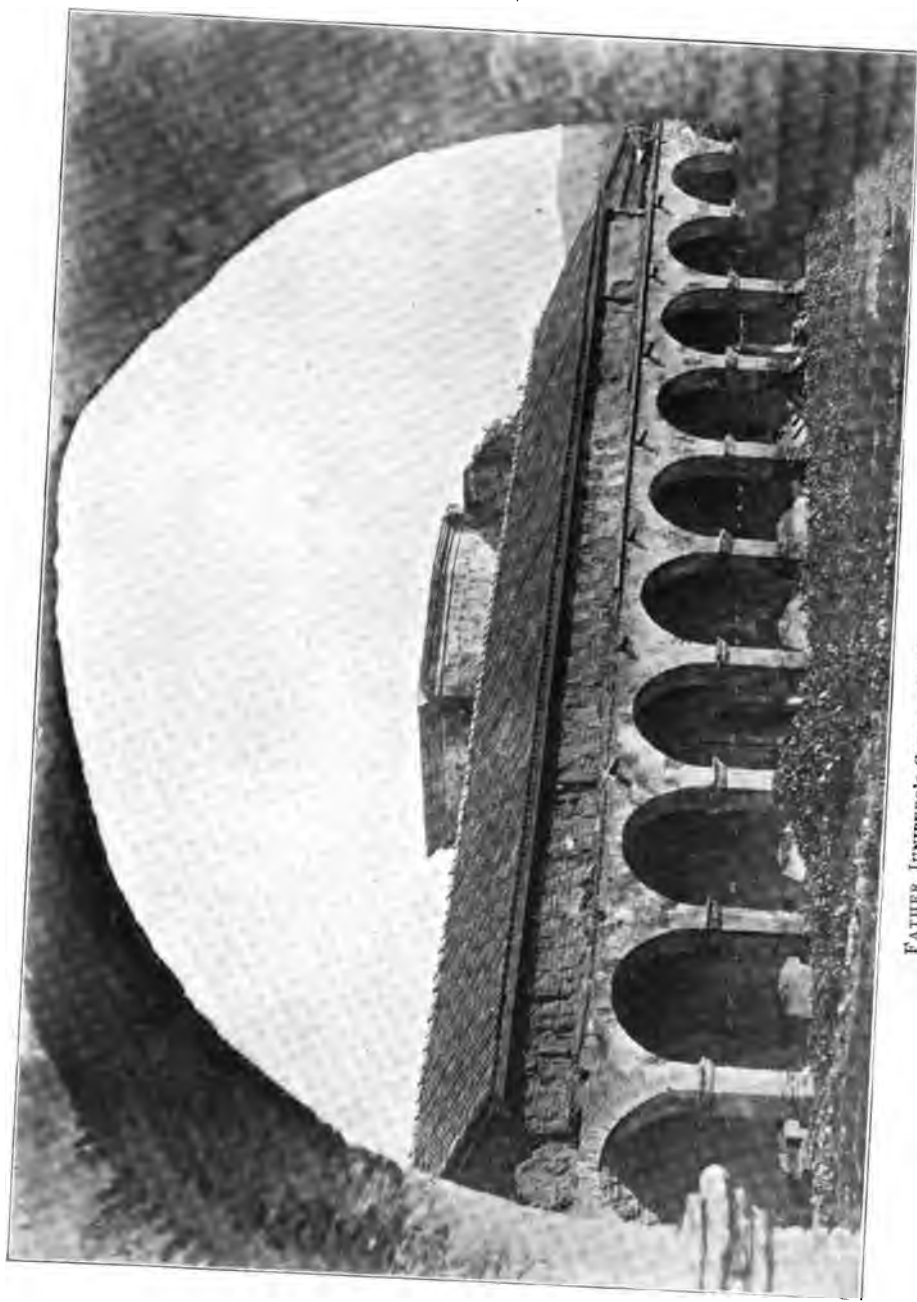
Photo. by C. F. L.

When the branding was finished the horses were allowed to pass out of the corral. Trotting rapidly across the green meadows they disappeared between the foothills.

Later in the day, from a window of the little hotel in Capistrano, I saw the horsemen again. One after another they straggled into sight on the sunny, deserted street and disappeared within the billiard saloon opposite. The most conspicuous one was tall and slender. His face, dusty garb, haughty carriage and imperious gestures suggested a curious mixture of beggar on horseback and prince in disguise. One is sometimes curious to know how persons live who appear to be eternally in the saddle and have no visible means of support. I was told that they work for a month for twenty-five dollars and then rest and enjoy themselves while it lasts; and twenty-five dollars will go a long way for frioles, garlic, chiles and melons.

Before reaching Capistrano, from the top of a high hill, it looked like a Sleepy Hollow of the Pacific Coast. The sharp outlines of the snow-white columns, dust-colored tower, and rust-red tiles of the old mission church were softened a little by the haze of that delicious summer-like day. It stands slightly raised above the "hollow" of which Dana speaks, and the little Mexican hamlet of tile-roofed adobes surrounds the dusty plaza at its base. It seems impossible that a place so foreign and remote and sleepy can be within the limits of a land so practical and prosaic as the United States. It is encircled by hills and mountains which rise, tier beyond tier, around it—tender spring verdure at first, further away deepening to sapphire, in the light, with delicately penciled shadows, and softening to dreamiest azure and silver where the far, snowy peaks of San Antonio, San Bernardino and Cucamonga shine in the sun. It is a picture touched with the pathos and romance of the past, the witchery of mountain distance, and the charm of a pastoral foreground gilded by the magical sun of the South. Across the road from the Mission is a neat little modern school-house, and on the other side of it runs the track of the Santa Fé railroad. Far from detracting from the interest of the historical spot, they add to it by suggestion and contrast; they are types of the rushing, practical present, as that is of the stately, meditative past.

The Mission of San Juan Capistrano was established November 1, 1776, in the reign of Carlos Third, King of Spain, in memory of a good and holy Italian. Padre Fray Junípero Serra, a Franciscan friar, Missionary President of Upper California, the first great citizen of this great State, was its founder. Padre Gorgonio, the first friar in



FATHER JUNIPERO'S CHURCH (1776) FROM THE PATIO.  
(Reroofed by the Landmarks Club).

Photo. by C. F. L.

charge, made the original plan of the church, which was in the form of the Roman cross. Half a mile southeast of the Mission in a green, fertile hollow is what is left of the old Mission orchards. This also was planted in the form of the cross. It originally contained a great variety of temperate and tropical fruits. With the exception of a few enormous pear trees, nothing remains but the olives. They are tall, wide-spreading and gnarled, and still bear good crops of berries.

The huge stone church was dedicated on the eighth of September, 1806, nearly thirty years from the time of its commencement. December 8, 1812, during the celebration of the Feast of La Purisima, it was partially demolished by an earthquake, and thirty-six persons were buried beneath the ruins.

Enough of the dome remains to show the beautiful Roman arches and to give a hint of its original height and size.\* To the left of it is the campanile, a row of four open arches, where hang the Spanish bells, encircled with inscriptions and green with verdigris. The pretty, young, soft-voiced wife of the Mexican guide, who lived somewhere in the rambling old ruins, showed us the interior, which makes a charming picture.

A tall shrub with drooping yellow flower (the "Buena Moza") grows in the angle of the high dark wall, and a bit of wild vine trails across the top of the arches. Beyond them is a glimpse of verdant foothills and a sky as blue and deep as ever arched over the sunny land whence the old bells were brought. Beyond the campanile, and approached through a lofty Roman arched cloister, are the long, narrow, red-tiled buildings enclosing one side of the great quadrangle. They contained the Mission granaries, workshops and residences. Around the north, south and east sides of the quadrangle, or courtyard, runs the cloister, supported by thirty-eight tall white pillars. Originally there must have been fifty. They support Roman arches, and are of tile-brick, covered with stucco. The space from pillar to pillar is ten feet, which gives one an idea of the great extent of the place.

The original church, founded by Father Junípero, is entered from the quadrangle. Several years ago the roof fell in.† Up to that time the services of the Roman Catholic Church were still held there. The priest's apartment, near the chapel, with its comfortable tile-brick floor and plain appointments, and its closet containing the

\* It could not be duplicated today under \$100,000.—Ed.

† This building has since been re-roofed, with the original tiles, by the Landmarks Club.



IN THE INNER CLOISTERS.

Photo. by C. F. L.





**DOME OF THE STONE CHURCH.**  
(Showing protection of crumbling columns by the Landmarks Club.)

sacred vessels of the church, brings to mind the bedroom of the good Bishop in *Les Miserables*. We were permitted to turn over the leaves of the church records. The entries are in Spanish. Only the older ones interested us. Some are in a coarse and heavy hand, but much of the writing is delicate and beautiful, and faded to a pale brown.

The quadrangle was used for games and other recreations, among which the great national amusement of the bull-fight ranked first. Its surface, worn so bare in those old days, is green now with breast-high weeds; the columns were battered, and the place was silent with the pathetic quiet of desolation.

The buildings were in so many stages of dilapidation that it was easy to trace out the manner of construction; and one cannot fail to mark the wide purpose, patience, fertility of resource, and perseverance against manifold difficulties that the work expresses. In places stone was used, in others burnt brick, in others sun-dried adobe. Overhead, through the broken roof with the bit of bright blue sky beyond, were seen the carisos or cane, used in place of laths. The great gate at the entrance of the quadrangle swung on clumsy wooden pins fitted into large wooden sockets.

In their mute eloquence these old walls inevitably remind us of the profound faith and piety of those Franciscan padres, and of other sterner qualities handed down to them, possibly, from that old historic time when to be a Spaniard was to be energetic, resolute and fearless. Perhaps it is not mere fancy that something more than common sunlight seems reflected from the crumbling walls, a gleam of the ancient glory of Old Spain in its most brilliant days.

Orange, Cal.





A matter of some consequence in and to Western Letters is the recent organization of the publishing business of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and the calling of Mr. Francis Granger Browne to the head of that department. McClurg's is not only the foremost publishing house west of New York; it is the greatest bookstore in the world; and with its age, wealth and connections should be—and may become—as prominent in the forthputting of books as it now is in the handling of them. Such was the dream of the veteran head of the house, the late Gen. A. C. McClurg; and it was his dying injunction that Mr. Browne should be secured to direct the publishing department. There is every reason to believe that the event will justify the wisdom of his choice.

Mr. Browne—who is the eldest son of Francis Fisher Browne, that rare American who has made *The Dial* a name to conjure with—was born in Chicago, July 2, 1868, was instructed in the Chicago schools, and educated in *The Dial*. He began at 12 to assist his father in literary work, and later worked on the paper. In 1888 he took the “business end” of *The Dial*, and in 1892, when the paper was incorporated independent of McClurg & Co., and was made a semi-monthly, he became full business manager. In this very uncommon school of high



FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE.



**LA CASCADA BASASIACHIC, MEXICO.**

standards in business and literature, Mr. Browne has been an uncommon pupil, as those know who keep track of what Mr. Whittier called "the best purely literary journal in America." He has mastered, by practical touch, the literary, mechanical and business sides of publishing, and has acquired, for a man of 33, a wide acquaintance with publishers and authors. In assuming full management of the publishing department of this great house, Mr. Browne is formulating a broad and progressive policy from which it is not unreasonable to expect large results. He looks especially to make A. C. McClurg & Co. an outlet for Western books and a rallying-point for Western literature.

## THE WATERFALL OF BASASIACHIC.

BY SALOME CECIL.



MEXICO has several waterfalls that are familiar to tourists, notably those of Juanacatlan and Orizaba. They are Meccas for travelers, who marvel at their beauty, and little dream that in the vast solitude of the Sierra Madre are falls of greater height that are unknown save to the Indians and a few adventurous prospectors and hunters. Many of these falls exist only during the rainy season, at which time mountain travel is generally tabooed.

The highest waterfall in the world, geography tells us, is the Cerosola Cascade, in the Alps, having a fall of 2,400 feet; that of Arvey, in Savoy, is 1,100 feet, and the falls of Yosemite Valley range from 700 to 1,000 feet. But higher yet, in my opinion, is the waterfall in the San Cuayatan Cañon, in the State of Durango, Mexico. It was discovered by some prospectors, ten years ago, in the great barranca district which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine, Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With great difficulty the party pushed on, and up and down the mighty chasms until they beheld the superb fall that is at least 3,000 feet high. It was at the close of the rainy season, in September, and the San Cuayatan arroyo was a raging torrent, the volume of water that flowed over the granite bluff was enormous, the roar deafening. Noticing some traces of a former trail, merely steps cut in the wall of the cañon, the prospectors returned a month later, and with ropes and pulley one of the party was lowered into the seemingly inaccessible depths. He found traces of an old arrastra and a tunnel several hundred feet below the fall. The works had been abandoned for perhaps a hundred years, but access to

the tunnel was still possible, owing to the hard granite walls that had withstood the elements. A small streak of almost pure native silver was found on one of the walls of a vein that was wide and rich in silver. Some of the silver that was detached with a machete was so soft that it could be rolled up like a copper plate. In places it was ten inches wide and thick as a man's hand. Subsequent investigation proved that the vein could be worked only three months during the year, the summer and winter rains flooding the tunnel with water. The difficulties were too great to be overcome, and the old mine was not worked.

Tradition locates the famous lost mine, Naranjal, in the San Cuayatan Cañon. Ancient documents believed to be of undoubted authenticity state that this mine was worked by Spaniards in 1712; that it was situated in a remote cañon, surrounded by orange groves, and that the approach from Durango was from the west, through the barranca district, of which even the Indians are ignorant today. During the winter rains vast quantities of ripe oranges are borne down by the San Cuayatan arroyo, thus lending credence to the tradition that the lost mine is to the north of the fall. Owing to the fact that the fall is unapproachable except from one direction, no photograph of it has ever been secured. In viewing the fall, I could only stand within two feet of where it leaps through the trench cut in the granite bed and look down upon the waters that break into spray long before reaching the cañon below. A rope let down one of the walls, sixty feet from the fall, to which point an Indian crept at the risk of his life, was 3,100 feet long. The Indian said he saw it touch the water, and in proof showed us that the rope to which a stone was tied was wet; therefore we could authoritatively state that the fall is over 3,000 high. To obtain a full view of the fall and take a photograph would require either a balloon or a cable across the great chasm, and a Blondin to reach the center and "push the button."

On Rio Candemañia, in Western Chihuahua, is one of the most beautiful waterfalls in the world, called by the natives La Cascada de Basasiachic. The sheer descent of the water is 1,002 feet from the point where the river flows through a granite trough on the mesa to the cañon below. It is a weary three hours' ride from the main trail to Pinos Altos to Basasiachic, over tortuous trails; but all the discomforts and dangers one has passed are forgotten at the first glimpse of the glorious fall. The waters tumble pell-mell down the great barranca, a seething mass of spray long before they reach the rocky bed, where they unite and flow westward to join Rio de Cedros, and form Rio Mayo.

The spray is white as driven snow, and when the early morning sun strikes the myriads of glistening drops a brilliant rainbow arches the chasm, slowly fading away as if loath to destroy so splendid a picture of color and light. The view of the fall during the rainy season is far more beautiful than after the river has been reduced to its normal proportions, at which time only is it possible to take a satisfactory photograph. After a heavy rain the volume of water dashing down the chasm is enormously increased, the spray is thrown in every direction and the approach is extremely dangerous. With great difficulty one may descend the cañon and gain a view of the fall a thousand feet below the point where it reaches the river bed, but a guide and plenty of ropes are necessary. Our guides were some Tarahumar Indians, who were going to the mining camps to sell apples.

The practical-minded miners of this section of Chihuahua contemplate utilizing the great water-power afforded by the Cascada de Basasiachic to run their reduction works, many miles distant. It is estimated that sufficient electric power could be made available to light all the towns and run all the reduction works within a radius of a hundred miles. When man utilizes the forces of nature for business purposes he usually destroys all their beauty and romantic interest. But the glories of Basasiachic can never be destroyed by man, for it is not practicable to divert its waters for irrigation purposes, there being literally not a flat spot a yard square in that section; and to utilize the power for electrical purposes would not in the least interfere with its grandeur and superb beauty.

City of Mexico.

## JOSEPH LE CONTE.

BY E. C. TOMPKINS.

(Died July 6, 1901, in a tent in Yo Semite Valley.)



OVER and Master gone; the unmeasured height  
That walls the grandeur of Yo Semite  
From flower-banked Merced to zenith stars,  
Is lifted not  
So far against the limit line that bars  
The sight of man from heaven's mystery,  
So near the wide empyrean of light,  
As noble Thought  
Exalted him—the life's immortal part—

Unto the Spirit Infinite;  
Yet held him by a loving human heart  
Close to the human world to bless his kind  
With savant lore and philosophic wit,  
Fruit of a fearless and unfettered mind.

Sweet thus to die; companioned by the trees  
And rocks that signed him welcome when he came;

The lone Sequoias chanted symphonies  
 Of ages past;  
 The birds sang clear, the breezes waft his name,  
 The steeps hung out their broidered tapestries,  
 And on the last  
 Fair morning when the unexpected guest  
 Took glorious guerdon for his silent quest,  
 The warming sun gave to the Vale of Peace  
 A softer glow;  
 The summit rills leaped down in glad release  
 To the green world below,  
 And sentient nature seemed to feel and know!

He saw and loved it all but yesterday,  
 And now with morning marching on to noon  
 When men were waiting him the tryst to keep  
 To guide the cautious step th' infrequent way,  
 He pledged himself—"I shall be better soon"—  
 And fell asleep  
 So quietly, the watcher, keen with doubt  
 And pale with dread,  
 Knew not when One came in and two went out . . .  
 And he was dead!

High honor had he; God's own labor laid  
 The walls of his death chamber, and o'erhead  
 Set the blue arch with blended light and shade,  
 Spread the soft carpet for his tired feet  
 And filled the fragrant air  
 With healing for the senses, heavenly sweet.

The solemn beauty of Yo Semite  
 Shall be more fair,  
 More sacred to the awe-held traveler's tread,  
 For this fond memory;  
 And by him living, by him grandly dead,  
 The questing soul his steady light shall see  
 And so be Godward led!

San Francisco.

## MARK TWAIN AND THE FIRST NEVADA LEGISLATURE.

BY MARK LEE LUTHER.

**I**T is a singular and withal a picturesque thing that the story of a silver lode should embody the history of a commonwealth. Battle-born, as its orators were fond of styling it, Nevada's rise was meteoric. From a quiet isolated province of the Mormon theocracy it sprang, with the discovery of its marvelous silver deposits, as by magic growth to a life pulsing with intense energy, and passed rapidly from anarchy to territorial order and from territorialism to statehood, pouring out its wealth for the defense of the imperilled Union with all the ardor of the eldest in the sisterhood of States. Such were the stirring beginnings of the Nevada which now, by the irony of time, has come to be characterized as one of the rotten boroughs of American politics.



It was the fortune of my father, Ira M. Luther, to play some part in the founding of this in many ways unique community. A 'Forty-Niner and one of the emigrating Californians who wrested from Utah the valleys of Carson County, as Nevada was then called, he was chosen to represent the oldest of its settlements in the upper body of its first legislature, and as the chairman of the standing committee, in some degree influenced the legislation which made vital the dry bones of the governmental "Organic Act." To this first legislature it has haply been given to figure in literature, and that not enviably; for, as the stalking-horse of the humor of the distinguished author of *Roughing It*, its name has become a thing to broaden the mouth of his readers in derisive smiles. That Mr. Clemens's whimsical portrait is unjust, a careful examination of miscellaneous data relating to early Nevada preserved by my father, has convinced me.

Of the bizarre pre-territorial epoch, the earliest printed newspaper of Nevada probably mirrors a faithful presentment; and as I write, a mildewed, tattered copy of the *Territorial Enterprise* lies before me. At this tentative stage of its existence the *Enterprise* was but a twenty-column weekly, yet its schedule of terms ranged from five dollars a year to twenty-five cents a single copy, either "invariably in advance." What the subscriber obtained for this sum, which would suffice for a high-grade modern magazine, was briefly this: Page one, by way of recent intelligence, prints a generous extract from the "Ulster County Gazette" of December, 1799, entitled "Washington Entombed," which is preceded by an ode upon that lamentable occurrence taken from the same fresh and timely source. Two and a half columns devoted to a borrowed and unaccredited account of running the gauntlet in Bohemia, and a handful of "exchange" anecdotes and jests pad the remaining space. Page two sets forth the editorial opinions, the correspondence, and the so-called "telegraphic news;" while the balance of the paper is given over to advertisements. The editorials are of purely local interest, and the heavily-leaded "telegraphic" column contains absolutely no Eastern news, save the merest scrap by way of California relating to the Franco-Austrian war; the bulk concerns the mining operations of East Fork Diggings, Honey Lake Valley, Susan River, Gold Cañon, and the like. The social and personal notices, however, offer better value for the purchase price. One example, taking its inspiration from a gift to the editor, adequately sounds the prevailing note.

"SPIRITUAL—An old friend of ours, H. Jacobs, of the firm of Solomon Weill & Co., Mottsville, has presented us with a complimentary flask of old Sazerac. Jake, you're a trump."

It is in the advertisements perhaps, that pre-territorial Nevada is best reflected. Liquors, playing-cards, powder, shot and guns are conspicuous among them, and the jewelers one and all would seem to have been gunsmiths too. The infinite variety of a storekeeper's stock in trade is amusingly shown in the doggerel advertisement of the firm of the donor of "old Sazerac." The advertiser

"Returns his thanks for favors shown by those who come to trade,  
He's got, he thinks, the cheapest store where the best of bargains  
made;  
There's hats and caps, and pantaloons and shirts, with boots and  
shoes,  
And laces, silks and calicoes—come ladies all and choose.  
His tea and coffee, sugar, rice, his pepper, salt and plates,  
His shot and powder, caps and lead, he sells at lowest rates;  
His brandy, whiskey, gin and wine, are very hard to beat,  
He'll sell it by the gallon cheap, or by the single treat.  
In short, he always keeps the best of everything to sell,  
And calls upon all citizens, who in the valley dwell,  
To come and look upon his goods; he'll sell them very low;  
Come one, come all, and see the goods of Solomon Weill & Co."

But "the valley" thought not solely of the body; and that its mental hunger might not go unappeased a bookseller, in exploiting a well known sensational periodical of the East, counsels that "everybody should read" the "beautiful" stories entitled "Bion the Wanderer, or, The Faithless Guardian," "The Pioneer Patriot, or, The Maid of the War Path," "The Bride of an Evening," "Blanche Bertrand, or, the Perils of the Border," "Glendower, or The North Sea Rover," "The Lost Treasure, or The Champion of Castile," and "Alaric, or The Tyrant's Vault."

Such was the *Enterprise*; and presumably of some such fashion was Nevada when that newspaper's future city editor and Nevada's satirist, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, made his advent in the wake of the territorial government. With what he saw there every reader of *Roughing It* is familiar, and "the world and his wife" still shake their sides over the telling of it—and with reason. That this book is something more than a humorous narrative, however, its author specifically claims, and it is with the work in its character of pseudo-history that the present writer would make bold to differ, touching certain of its statements. With the ousting of the Mormons, the pre-Twain and pre-territorial Nevada had been left without courts of law; lynching was not of infrequent occurrence and a rude makeshift for justice was administered by the miners' code which meted out punishments varying from hanging for

murder to ear-cropping for cattle-stealing. In a word, society was chaotic, and the problem confronting President Lincoln's newly appointed governor, James W. Nye, and the legislators-elect of a country which was devoid of legislation, was serious to a degree. As Mr. Clemens saw it, history ran in this guise :

"There is something solemnly funny," he says in *Roughing It*, "about the struggles of a new-born Territorial government to get a start in this world. Ours had a trying time of it. The Organic Act and the 'instructions' from the State Department commanded that a legislature be elected at such-and-such a date. It was easy to get legislators, even at three dollars a day, although board was four dollars and fifty cents, for distinction had its charm in Nevada as well as elsewhere, and there were plenty of patriotic souls out of employment; but to get a legislative hall for them to meet in was another matter altogether. Carson blandly declined to give room rent-free or let one to the government on credit. But when Curry heard of the difficulty, he came forward, solitary and alone, and shouldered the Ship of State over the bar and got her afloat again. I refer to 'Curry—OLD Curry—Old ABE Curry.' But for him the legislature would have been obliged to sit in the desert. He offered his large stone building just outside the capitol limits, rent-free, and it was gladly accepted. Then he built a horse-railroad from town to the capitol and carried the legislators gratis. He also furnished pine benches and chairs for the legislature, and covered the floor with clean sawdust by way of carpet and spittoon combined. A canvas partition to separate the Senate from the House of Representatives was put up by the Secretary. . . . That was a fine collection of sovereigns, that first Nevada legislature. They levied taxes to the amount of thirty or forty thousand dollars and ordered expenditures to the extent of about a million. Yet they had their little periodical explosions of economy like all other bodies of the kind. A member proposed to save three dollars a day to the nation by dispensing with the chaplain. And yet that short-sighted man needed the chaplain more than any other member, perhaps, for he generally sat with his feet on his desk, eating raw turnips, during the morning prayer."

Did not Mr. Clemens have his moments of seriousness, and had I not been assured by him that this amusing description of the first Nevada legislature is "absolutely correct," it would obviously approach the fatuous to take up the cudgels of adverse criticism, point out errors of fact, and endeavor to justify men who need no justification save their works. One cannot but conclude that the lapse of years has dulled Mr. Clemens's recollection of the Nevada of this then undistinguished youth. Other actors in the scenes he has depicted have other memories, not tinged with the glow of humor, perhaps, but possibly quite as faithful to what Nevada really was. United States Senator Wm. M. Stewart, for example, while readily granting that the author of *Roughing It* did not lack "a basis of facts upon which to build his exaggerated stories," characterizes the account as a "burlesque" which "must be taken with a great deal of allowance." Himself a mem-

ber of the first legislature, Senator Stewart became the dominant influence of Nevada politics, the chief shaper of the young Commonwealth's destinies, and its first chosen Federal Senator. His statement, therefore, is not without weight. I cite his own matter-of-fact description to me :

"The legislature met in Curry's hall where the State prison now is. The Council was situated in one end of the long building and the Assembly in the other. A large staircase went up the center, which divided the hall into two parts. The building was decidedly substantial in every respect."

In this connection it is pertinent to note that the House Journals show that the members' chairs were furnished them by two public-spirited women of Carson City ; a trifling detail, but not without interest in an analysis of the "absolutely correct."

The passage of "Roughing It," just quoted, is followed by a paragraph containing a most palpable blunder.

"The legislature sat sixty days and passed private toll-road franchises all the time. When they adjourned it was estimated that every citizen owned about three franchises, and it was believed that unless Congress gave the Territory another degree of longitude there would not be room enough to accommodate the toll-roads. The ends of them were hanging over the boundary line everywhere like a fringe. The fact is, the freighting business had grown to such important proportions there was nearly as much excitement over suddenly acquired toll-road fortunes as over the wonderful silver mines."

No one will be disposed to cavil at the humor of this piece of writing ; it bears the mint-stamp of the coinage which we all hope will for many years be unlimited and free. But it is not history. The most cursory perusal of the Laws of the Territory of Nevada for the session in question will disclose that the entire number of toll-roads which this reckless body of lawmakers permitted so to befringe the boundary was precisely *six*. The succeeding session did more to merit the gibe. Upwards of a score of these franchises were then granted, and scrutiny of the authorized rates of one of them makes it transparently clear why a toll-road was a bit of property which no enterprising citizen should be without. The possessor of one bonanza, a fairly typical case, had the legal right to charge and collect tollage at these princely rates :

"Wagon and one span of horses, two dollars and fifty cents.

"Wagon and one yoke of cattle, two dollars and fifty cents.

"Each additional animal, fifty cents.

"Buggy and two horses, two dollars and fifty cents.

"Man on horseback, fifty cents.

"Each pack animal, twenty-five cents.

"Each loose animal, fifteen cents."

All said, the toll-road nuisance is perforce a necessary one in the development of wild and unsettled lands; and Nevada's course, as a well known historian has remarked, was simply of a piece with that pursued by other Territories.

Yet it is not so much by reason of historical inaccuracy in matters of fact that the author of *Roughing It*—so nobly scrupulous of personal honor himself—does injustice to the members of Nevada's first legislature; the offence lies rather in the implication of selfish incompetence. A rapid survey of something of the work accomplished by these men is sufficient answer. Among the hundred and more enactments during those sixty days which Mr. Clemens would have us believe were given over to the passing of "private toll-roads franchises all the time," are to be found laws regulating bills of exchange and promissory notes, crimes and punishments, and the important question of marriage and divorce; laws adopting the Common Law, specifying the qualifications of attorneys and councillors, defining the time of commencing civil actions, establishing a seminary of learning in Carson City, and inaugurating a common-school system for the Territory; laws securing mechanics' liens, fixing the age of majority, prohibiting gambling, and providing for the better observance of the Lord's day; laws concerning the taking of the census, the preservation of the purity of the ballot, and the care of the public records; laws authorizing the survey of the California boundary line, locating the permanent seat of government, mapping out the judicial districts, and determining the terms of court; and, not least, laws granting the Central Pacific Railroad the right to construct its line from border to border, and appropriating revenue for "the support of the government of the United States."

To the testimony of this legislation may be added the words of Governor Nye, who, as an Eastern man and a stranger, hesitated in his address to the first legislature to take the initiative in regard to needful legislation, but expressed his gratification that its responsibilities rested upon "a body of men so competent to their charge." That his judgment of men was not at fault the work of the first Nevada legislature bears witness, and in characterizing that work as "discreet and moral," the historian of the Pacific States fittingly adds that "it would have been well could they have kept society up to their standard."

## THE DREAM-CHILD OF THE MESA.

### A PUEBLO STORY.

BY LAWRENCE BARTLETT.



"YOU are so interested in ruins, señor, in the graves of the old men," laughed Marcelino, one of the chief citizens of the white adobe city that gleams beside a far Western river; Marcelino the lifeless, the cheerful, the best of all comrades for an hour beside the winter fire or for a burning summer's journey across the desert; Marcelino of the proud head, the snapping eyes, the keen tongue, whose big frame was thin from the very vivaciousness of the man. He sat on his blanket beside the crackling cedar fire of the *fogon* on a fall night, with his white visitor beside him and his toddling daughter asleep in his arms.

He poked a brand back into the fire with his moccasined foot, and the shadows leaped up anew among the hewn ceiling-beams of the little adobe.

"But the ruins upon the mesa yonder are interesting," he went on. "There stood this town countless years ago, they say. Why was it abandoned?"—a smile crept over the strong face—"you will never be happy till you know, I suppose. Rattlesnakes, señor—so say the old men. It is only the old men who know the stories of things any more—the youths are taken away to your white schools and miss all the winter story-telling. Thus they know nothing. Ay! you meddlers," he finished meaningly; but he was good natured, for he knew it was a friend to whom he spoke. Then he continued, after accepting some cigarette tobacco, "They climbed the black mesa in fearful numbers, the venomous snakes, so that great distress fell upon the village, and the chief men counceled together in the *estufa*—there where you saw the round ruin inside of the corner where the two lines of houses join thus" (he traced an "L" upon the dirt floor) to plan to fight the new enemy. But it was no use, señor—up came the snakes thicker and thicker over the ragged black top of the village rock, and as the good women of the pueblo ground blue corn on the metates in the little houses way up there, behind the sewed-together rabbit skins which were doors in those far days, señor, the serpents would slip within and bite them upon the bare arms even as they worked, for you know how the woman's hair falls forward over her face as she grinds, so that she cannot see. You understand, then the rattlesnakes were not as now, hurting only when hurt; they were as an enemy upon the trail.

"So to the sound of much weeping the people of the mesa pueblo gathered against the setting sun and went down from the great rock forever, moving first across the river, and then to this town of our own—at least it is thus according to the old men. There, you have it now, señor—but you are a good man for a white one, and my friend. That is the truth of it as I have heard it—but there is more, my friend. I had a dream." Marcelino leaned forward to choose a coal from the fire, and lighted the corn-husk cigarette he had deftly rolled as he held the child in his arms. A dream from Marcelino? Who would have suspected him of dreaming! The lively, practical Marcelino, who, one would think, slept too sound each night after the day's hard work in the fields or on the hunt ever to find room for dreams!

There was silence for a time, while he gazed at his daughter's little queue of light auburn hair bound with a red woven band. The child's light hair was a constant wonder to the stranger, though such

hair is sometimes seen in the white cities. The father took his time about continuing.

"A dream of two times, of Now and Then," he began after he had smoked the whole cigarette in silence. "I had been hunting up the river one day in the late summer, and making for the pueblo toward evening, I climbed the black mesa the better to view the edge of the sky to see if there might be early rains upon the way. And sitting on the ruins of the little houses, looking far out over the broad corn-fields of my people, and the little orchards, and beyond them the white town and the sacred cross of the church, and the river, and beyond all the big mountains, I passed into sleep. You know the look from up there, señor—it makes the eyes shut, the better to see it all. Perhaps I also was tired from the hunt.

"And sleeping, I dreamed the forgotten town was alive, and I was a stranger in it; and women ground on their metates in the little houses while the young men sang, and maidens went to and fro bearing jars of water up from the river, and men sewed *zapatots* with bone awls and sat chipping arrow points from stone. And they were all such strange looking people, my friend, the men more serious of face than now—for they were the ancients. And the sound of water was in my ears, for it seemed the river, now so shrunken and withdrawn, swirled about the mesa on both sides. Ah, what fortunate days! If the good river would but grow so fat again, the corn plants, would never more need to hang their heads for shame at the withered grains they have to offer. But our river is old, and like old men, it grows thin and weak with age.

"But as I stared about, as strangers will when they came into a new pueblo, wailing filled the town and the old men came up out of the *estufa* bearing the precious signs and relics, and gathering together all the people, they went down over the edge and passed out upon the river in little barks, some bearing the swollen bodies of the dead and dying who had been bitten by the snakes.

"I watched them, straining my eyes, to see where they went, that I might know whether they were my people as our old men say; but in the glare that lay upon the water from the low-hung sun, they drifted beyond the power of my vision.

"Then suddenly I heard a cry out on the edge of the cliff, and against the big fire in the west, with arms held out, and hair colored as red gold from the color of the sun, I beheld a little girl, who called faintly, 'tata, tata!' [Father! Father!] She had been left behind, my friend, and fearing she would fall from the cliff, I thought I started toward her; but the only move I made was to open my eyes. In front of me sat a little rabbit, his pink nose moving as he considered my face, and his ears very long in the twilight. It is the tiny soft rabbits that the little children love so much, señor—they were made especially for babies. No other living thing was upon the mesa with me; and puzzling, I descended toward home. When I arrived at my door along in the night, I found this little girl in my house, and she was but newly come."

Marcelino brushed his big brown hand over the sleeping child's head.

"And her hair, señor, is of red gold, and I always rescue her thus into my arms at twilight, and in her sleep she often puts out her arms and calls—ah! listen!"

The child moved in her sleep, and putting her bare arms up around Marcelino's neck, called softly, "tata, tata!"

Marcelino pulled his red blanket up so as to shield her from the draught of the door. The firelight had not the strength to reach up to the ceiling now, but played upon the upturned face of the child, and upon the strong profile of the father's face as he looked down.

"You see she is a precious child, my friend, come from a long time ago. Ah! what things she might tell—no, señor?—this Mesa Child! She is so serious, like the ancients." The father's arms tightened about his wee daughter, and he rocked her gently to and fro, asking softly, "Where are the Mesa Folk, little one? Are you lonely?"

"But yours is a different religion, my friend," said Marcelino, coming up smiling from his reverie. "You are not lost in the desert as we are, and so a dream-child will never be born to you. But you do not think she will fall over the cliff to her people, some twilight?—Never!"

Los Angeles.

## GEOGRAPHICAL PECULIARITIES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY THEODORE H. NITTELL.\*



**N** a geographical point of view California presents more numerous and more marked peculiarities than any other State of the Union. Before the acquisition of Alaska it was in the latitudinal center of the United States, being about as far north of the parallel of Key West as south of the parallel of the Lake of the Woods; and since the acquisition of Alaska it has been and is now in the longitudinal center, being about as far east of the meridian of Behring's Island as west of the meridian of New Brunswick. It follows, therefore, that though until recently on the extreme western verge of the United States and hitherto generally regarded and spoken of as the Occident and remote Far-West, it is in fact central.

It is not only central longitudinally, but it is central in another and more important respect. There is as much ocean frontage belonging to the United States west of California as there is east of California—that is to say, the Oregon, Washington and Alaskan sea-board is as extensive as that from Maine around Florida to Texas. The Atlantic coast as yet excels in population, productiveness and commerce, but the Pacific coast excels in youth, capabilities and prospects for the future.

Leaving out of consideration the Atlantic and looking only at the Pacific coast of North America, we find that California is in the latitudinal center between Panama on the south and Point Barrow on the north, or between the heat of Darien and the cold of Behring's Straits. There is also about the same length of ocean frontage from Crescent City to Icy Cape as from San Diego to Point Malo. The exact manner in which the land of North America was formed may be doubtful; but it would almost seem, upon

\*The historian of California.



looking at the map, as if in the elevation of the continent the western coast had been bulged out into the Pacific, and that California, as if to make it the commercial center of traffic with Asia, had been pushed furthest forward in the great continental curve. If it be true, as we are taught, that "Westward the course of empire takes its way," there is reason to believe that the commerce of the Pacific will one day equal if not exceed that of the Atlantic, and when that day comes the unequalled maritime position and value of California will be recognized and appreciated.

In reference also to the prevailing winds and currents between North America and Asia, California occupies a central position. The almost constant breezes come down across the northern seas upon our northwest coast, while the regular northeast trades, that serve to temper the heats of equatorial Polynesia, skirt our southern borders. Again, the current of the Kuro Siwo or Gulf Stream of the North Pacific, as it sweeps down from the Aleutian Islands, follows the same general course as the winds, striking the coast of California from the northwest and then veering off to the southwest and helping to form the great equatorial current that flows under the Tropic of Cancer ever towards the west. Under a skilful pilot the ship that sails from California to China goes out in a southwesterly direction and takes advantage of the southern winds and currents that waft it towards the setting sun, while the same ship in returning from China makes for the north and comes in like a racer on the northern winds and currents that drive it along from the northwest. The early Spanish navigators, who may be said to have laid out the first roadways across the Pacific, soon learned the main facts in regard to these prevailing winds and currents and the manner of their impingement upon the North American continent, and it was in their knowledge of these facts that we find the reason why the famous old Spanish galleons in their trade with the Orient, on their outward voyages ran almost directly west from Acapulco to the Philippine Islands, but, in returning with their treasures of silks and spices and sweet-smelling gums, always sought a northern latitude and came down with full sails within sight of the coast of California.

Connected also with these winds and currents, which have much the same tempering and equalizing effects upon the west coast of North America that the westerly winds and the Gulf Stream have upon the west coast of Europe, are the extraordinary curves of the isothermal lines which distinguish California from all the other States, make it

possible to grow oranges at Chico as well as at Los Angeles, and cause us to reckon our degrees of temperature rather by longitude than by latitude. In the same connection must likewise be counted our remarkable rain storms and the position we occupy between the too-large precipitation of Oregon and the too-small precipitation of Arizona. To an ordinary observer it is exceedingly interesting, and to a meteorologist it would seem that nothing could be more fascinating, than the study of the manner in which the great atmospheric swirls, hundreds of miles in extent, sweep in from the North Pacific, and, according as they pass eastward over British Columbia or veer to the southward, give us dry weather or furnish us with copious and invigorating rains.

When we come to consider the topography of the different parts of California as related to one another, we find still more remarkable features. In general shape the State may be roughly compared to one fellow of a wagon-wheel, with its convex or outward rim towards the ocean. Most of its inward rim, with the exception of the lava-beds in the northeast and the sand deserts in the southeast, is formed by the high, snow-crowned crests of the Sierra Nevada. West of these and between them and the Coast Range of mountains are the extensive interior valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, with their two great rivers, one from the north and the other from the south, and each supplied and reinforced by numerous snow-fed tributaries that come tumbling down from the Sierra all the way from Shasta to the Tejon. All the west slope of the Sierra, five hundred miles in length, through which these reinforcing streams flow, contains more or less auriferous earth; and every one of the streams, whether it swells the floods of the Sacramento or the San Joaquin, rolls down a rich tribute of golden grains.

In the middle of the outer rim of the fellow above referred to, or in the center of the great continental curve that protrudes most into the ocean, and almost exactly equidistant from Crescent City on the north and San Diego on the south, and from the Modoc lava-beds on the northeast and the Colorado deserts on the southeast, is the Bay of San Francisco. This is the center and mouth, so to speak, of perhaps the most symmetrical and interesting natural drainage system on the face of the globe. The entire western slope of the Sierra Nevada, which is much the widest and deepest slope and the only one upon which any amount of rain or snow is precipitated, drains down to the confluence of the two great rivers on the east of Monte Diablo and thence through Suisun, San Pablo and San

Francisco Bays and by way of the Golden Gate into the ocean. Every one who examines a relief-map of California cannot help noticing with more than ordinary interest its magnificent interior valleys, each several hundred miles long, looking as if they had been scooped out and leveled off between the Sierra on the one side and the Coast Range on the other, and the course of the combined river drainage around the northern base of Monte Diablo, through the Straits of Carquinez and around the southern base of Tamalpais into the Pacific.

In addition to the main drainage from the Sierran streams, which pours into the head of Suisun Bay, are the subordinate currents from the slopes of the Coast Range and its spurs, which thread the valleys of Suisun, Napa and Sonoma on the north and those of Livermore, Santa Clara and San Mateo on the south. All these drain directly into the Bay, and increase the volume of waters that find their exit through the Golden Gate; and curiously enough the extent of territory drained and the amount of drainage are about the same north of the Bay as they are south of the Bay, just as the extent of the Sacramento Valley and the water drained from it are about the same as those of the San Joaquin Valley. And what is still more remarkable is that on each side of the Bay, and substantially equidistant from it, are secondary channels of drainage, nearly equal in extent of territory drained and amount of drainage, the one to the north being that of Russian river, which flows down from the northwest towards the the Bay, but before reaching it suddenly turns west and empties into the ocean in Sonoma county, and the other to the south being that of the Salinas river, which flows up from the southeast towards the Bay, but before reaching it suddenly turns west and empties into the ocean in Monterey county.

Still further north than Russian river are the Gualala, Eel and Klamath rivers, while south of the Salinas are the Santa Rosa, Santa Clara and San Gabriel, and, as if to make up for the preponderance in size of the Eel and Klamath on the north, we border on the Colorado on the south. So of our mountains, there seems to be a balancing between the north and the south. In other words, the rough ridgy country in the northwest corner of the State is paralleled by the rough ridgy country in the southwest corner. Mount Shasta north has its counterpart in Mount San Bernardino south. Cape Mendocino north finds its apposite in Point Concepcion south. Humboldt and Bodega Bays north have their correspondents in San Diego and Monterey Bays south. And so with respect to nearly every

great physical feature of our State, there is an astonishing symmetry between the two parts. There was the same kind of symmetry in the early mining days between what were known as the northern mines, which were supplied from Sacramento, and the southern mines, which were supplied from Stockton. There is the same kind of symmetry today between the cinnabar mines north and the cinnabar mines south; between the Trinity mines north and the San Bernardino mines south; between the mines of any metal worked north of the Bay and of the same metal worked south of the Bay. There is the same kind of symmetry also between the fields and orchards and gardens of the north and the fields and orchards and gardens of the south, differing not in extent or beauty or value, but only in variety of products. There is the same kind of symmetry between the people of the two regions, their intelligence, their activity and their worth, each being the complement of the other, and evidently calculated to remain united, to hold together, to supplement and support each other, and to constitute, at least while the physical features of the country remain as they are, one undivided and indivisible State.

San Francisco, Cal.

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## MIDSUMMER SONG.

BY HILTON R. GREER.

When wan Midsummer holds the land  
Close-clasped within her magic hand,  
A mellow haze enwraps the ways  
Where, placid-browed, the mountains stand.

The bounding brooks that laughed with Spring,  
By pebbly banks no longer sing;  
No more rejoice, but sink their voice  
To dull and drowsy murmuring.

From hedge to hedge the eye can trace  
The silken filaments of lace  
By spiders spun ere yet the sun  
Had glimmered o'er the morning ways.

Oppressive silences enfold  
The songless wood and sleeping wold  
When Noonday spills upon the hills  
Her lavish largesses of gold.

And yet, though hushed the song of streams,  
Most gracious is my lot, meseems,  
For joyous still by copse or hill  
I wander, comraded with dreams.

Pittsburg, Texas.



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As another rainy season approaches, with its menace to the unprotected adobe walls of the old Missions, the Club again urges all members to pay their dues, and all who have not been members to become so. It is of the utmost importance to do further protective work at Capistrano, San Fernando and San Diego, and to begin the conservation of Pala before this winter's rains set in. The Club has already expended some \$3,500 in expert repairs at the three first named Missions; but this is only a beginning. The article on another page gives some idea of what has been done at Capistrano. All work is done by experts and is historically correct; and all moneys received go net to the cause. Membership is \$1 per year; life membership is \$25; and several larger donations have been received. The Missions are the noblest architectural remains in the United States; and it would be a lasting disgrace to permit them to disappear.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$3,839.96. Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoissett, Mass., \$20 (making \$50 in all from her.) \$1 each: Mrs. J. L. Hall, Dr. J. A. Munk, Miss M. M. Fette, Los Angeles.





Were not the Westerner incorrigibly modest, it would never do for him to revisit the pale glimpses of the East. Conformed, now, to horizons he does *not* dent with his elbows every time he turns around; shriven of provincialism by travel and comparison; fond of the people who still stay where they happened, while he lives where he likes; living next door to Nature and just across the street from the only Better Country that the heart of man hath conceived—by all this he is peculiarly surefooted and of well-seasoned head, warranted not to swell. He can view with good-natured pity, and no notion of arrogance, the stuffed-doll “life” of his unremoved contemporaries. It does not make him vain that “we do these things rather better”—for he *expects* travel, elbow-room, climate and other evolutionary forces of the first magnitude to have some effect. He remembers what they have done for him, and that he did not invent them.

Otherwise he would be insufferable after a return to the old conditions in which he was once contented. He would be insolently puffed up over the mere fact that 90 per cent. of his countrymen dwell in a climate he would not give his neighbor's yellow dog—forgetful that while he now knows better than to live in such weather, it is largely by accident that he learned better. He would “view with sneerness” the sweltering hordes that hive in the vast madhouses of Chicago and New York. He would scoff at their slowness in “modern improvements,” and compare them odiously with the better furnitures of his own frontier, of which the Easterner thinks as a rude desert. He would swell his chest over his marked advantages in transit, in hygiene, in domestic economy, in food, in everything that makes for health and comfort and life. But having learned some-

thing, he merely takes the East as a joke, loves the people who are lovable, doesn't see the others at all, does not pretend that he gave God the idea of making a Real Country, and says no more of his luck than seems needful for the spiritual and temporal well-being of such as deserve a better fate than the East.

For two months, now, the Lion has been meandering through the Hotbeds of Civilization with a disinheriting eye, perpetual pores, and less profanity (he trusts) than anyone ever before shed on the like provocation. And, being still in melted mood, he does not feel competent to tell just how the Old Thing looks. But there are a few mild reflections which may serve until he shall come where the thermometer needs no fire-escape.

All across Kansas, Missouri, Illinois and Indiana he saw the fields parched and shriveled—beside vast, muddy rivers, whose volume would have insured a crop to every acre in the Middle West. Half a corn crop, potatoes burned up, stock lean for want of pasture. And do you fancy he saw a hand lifted to put two and two together—the starveling crop and the life-giving water? Not so much as a bucket drawn from the river to give to drink to the thirsty fields. Not so much as a Mexican ox-wheel or an Egyptian sweep—not to say a Mormon irrigating ditch. And this in a country which understands itself to be smart! One would fancy that even if these four or five million Americans had never read anything, had never heard that naked fellahs along the Nile 3000 years ago, and tribal Aztecs and New Mexican “savages” a thousand, knew enough to keep their crops from choking to death, the American smartness would have enabled them to invent a plan so simple. But no! The only remedy they had invented was to pray in the churches all over the Middle West that God would please send them some rain. In one case, noted by the newspapers at the time, God sent rain—and it washed away the church.

Yes, there was one other ingenuity. On one train the Lion met and talked with eleven farmers—no two in company—going to the city to sell off their cattle for what they would fetch, as there was nothing to feed them withal.

TANTALUS

BY

CHOICE.

**THE BIGGEST  
GAME OF****CHANCE.**

As a matter of fact, the average Eastern farmer—though he would look with horror on a mere faro-player—is the most conspicuous of gamblers. His life is a dicing with the sky—his year's labor on the turn of the weather. He uses wit and industry, like the gambler, on a "system" to beat the game; but the percentage is against him. And it appears never to have occurred to him to deal his own weather. This seems all right to him; but to a Californian it seems a stupidity beyond words. In the arid Southwest—in Utah and Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California, the land that a few years ago was "the Great American Desert," we have taken farming from the category of three-card monte and made it a science. Freed from destructive storms by the simple device of a long-enough railroad ticket; freed from the drudgery of doing a year's work in half a year (as they must do where the other half isn't fit to work in); relieved of loneliness and big workings, since we can get as much from ten acres as the other man gets from one hundred and sixty; and unworried about the rainfall, since we wet our fields and our whistles when they need it—why, we have made farming the "surest thing" man has ever practiced.

**WEATHER****MADE TO  
DISORDER.**

In these two months astray, the Lion has seen more hot days and nights, has perspired more, has seen more thunderstorms, mosquitos, wilted collars, mud, wrecking winds and discomfort in general, than in seventeen years of California. He has read the accounts of more deaths by sunstroke than ever died in California of any epidemic; and twice as many people were killed by the sun in one day in New York City as have perished by earthquake in the West since history began. Sunstroke, by the way, is absolutely unknown on the Pacific Slope.

The Lion in this trip has personally seen but two people killed by the sun—a man in Chicago and a little girl in New York, who went down on the sidewalk as if struck by a bullet. Also, seven horses. Thousands of horses in the big cities wear big straw hats to save them from a like fate. Fancy telling that to a native Westerner! And one pleasant July day he saw the thermometer stand at 118° on



Dearborn street, Chicago. The official record was 103°—taken at the top of the Auditorium tower, some 250 feet in the air. This was doubtless authentic; but the Lion didn't observe many Chicagoans walking around on a level with that observatory—most of them were using the sidewalks. And New York and Washington were no improvement in comfort or safety.

The Lion saw no better railroad trains than SOME CASUAL COMPARISONS. run in California. He saw no electric street cars so good as the best in Los Angeles. He found the employes of transit systems far less intelligent and far worse mannered than we would tolerate in the West. He found Chicago and New York wretchedly inadequate as to street signs, and numbered in a medieval and ignorant fashion Los Angeles discarded when it was a country town. Incredible as it may seem, these stupendous cities, with over five million people, cling to the old continuous numbering—and sometimes with opposite houses a hundred numbers apart—instead of the system of 100 to the block. He found no handsomer school-buildings; not a seventh as many churches to population in New York as in Los Angeles; no finer drygoods and grocery stores; no better newspapers (nor so many in proportion); less prosperous looking farms and more dilapidated villages; dirty streets, and a clamor like the inferno. As for attractive homes, California is vastly superior to any part of the East. He found Chicago still partly using its well as a cesspool, and New York split up the front with a stenchsome trench for underground transit, and horse-cars still in evidence. Except Washington, which is beautiful and full of trees, the great Eastern cities are worse to live in than they were twenty years ago; noisier, dirtier, darker, more crowded; more deserted in summer by the privileged class who can go somewhere to be comfortable, more crushing to those who cannot. Yet millions of the smartest Americans choose to persist in these bedlams; without room or time to live, cheerfully drinking and breathing the ineffable exhalations of several million other reeking citizens, denying their children their birthright—the Lion has not seen in the whole trip a dozen children with the California

color in their faces—yet really wondering why everyone else doesn't "come to live here." And the Lion's only comfort in the whole trip—aside from the pleasure of his little cub in wonders she hopes never to see again—has been the renewed realization how lovable some people can remain in that environment. Some of the Salt of the Earth are there—here's wishing them in a better shake!

A PECK  
OF  
TROUBLE.

The incompatible Prof. Harry Thurston Peck is the only ally of the discomfited and discredited Seligman strikers to answer back a word to the charges made against them of immoral and unscientific methods in the Ross case. He does not, indeed, pretend to answer what was said in these pages for June as to his own peculiar procedure—which even a clever juggler would find hard to defend—but in his August *Bookman* he does give up about a page to a lordly waving aside of the accusation as "amusing but not serious." Naturally he deems absurd the contention that the attack on Stanford University sprang largely from Eastern provincialism—of which he is no mean example. This need not be discussed now. Insularity—and Prof. Peck's share in it—is a good enough text at any time, and shall have in its time its sermon. But his "defense," being part evasive and part untruth shall have its present attention.

"We understand (and this is the vital point)," says Prof. Peck, "that Mr. Lummis has accepted official favours from Prest. Jordan and from the other authorities of the Stanford University. That fact must prevent everyone from taking seriously anything that he writes or says upon the subject."

It might be convenient to him if "that fact" would so prevent; but it will not. There are people to whom "the vital point" will be not whether Prof. Peck "understands" that I have accepted "favours," but whether my charges are true. Prof. Peck does not venture to deny them. He has a right to profess that his own essays would be unreliable if and after his colleague in the Columbia faculty and in the present fiasco, Prof. Seligman, offered him a bow or a cigar unrebuked. He has a right to admit that if he were a lawyer he would understand that a retainer bound him to perjure himself; that as an editor and reviewer he cannot deal truthfully with a book from whose publisher he has accepted the "favour" of an advertisement. He may be correct in fancying that in the circles which he adorns this is the generic rule. But he may as well understand now as at another time that this magazine is run on other lines.

But Prof. Peck does not "understand" any such thing. It is painful to have to rebuke a Columbia professor twice running for his misuse of the King's English. Possibly the gentleman meant to tell us that he has heard someone say that I had "accepted favours." And quite in line with the strikers he espouses, this is quite

sufficient for him. Without attempting to verify his anonymous rumor, therefore plainly not caring whether it was true or not, he has given this foolish falsehood what circulation he could.

I have accepted no "favours," official or unofficial, from Stanford University or any of its authorities. Nor if I had would it seem to me necessary to lie in its behalf. All the "favours" of all the universities in the country would not seem to me a good bargain for putting my name to a careless falsehood, nor to screeds so ignorant and ill-bred as Prof. Peck has twice signed in this controversy. If he finds it "amusing" to be charged with ignorance, untruth and an indecent assault upon a woman, I can but envy his sense of humor. It must be an invaluable possession for a gentleman so peculiarly liable to be amused in just this way.

Death has been striking high, of late, in the literary ranks; and since the last issue of this magazine has taken four HIS  
SHINING  
MARKS. men we could ill afford to part with. W. J. Stillman, whose ripe autobiography was barely done in time; and John Fiske, the eminent popularizer of history—a victim to the Eastern summer heat—and Charles Nordhoff, the pioneer writer of California as a home; and Joseph Le Conte, the well-beloved geologist—that is a heavy toll for so short a time. California has been taxed disproportionately in the death of Nordhoff and Le Conte; two of her most eminent men each in his field, and two whose lives made life better to all that touched them. Even in this material age, there is room and reward for the young men who shall seriously and broadly try to fit themselves to fill the places of these four.

This issue has been seriously delayed by the removal of READY  
FOR  
EXPANSION. the office of publication to larger quarters especially designed for the business, and in pursuance of plans for the enlargement, broadening and betterment of the magazine. Steps are now taking to acquire a complete plant of its own, with full equipment not only for the production of the magazine but for a general publishing business. Its field is growing. Los Angeles is growing faster than any other city in the Union, and the magazine, with constantly increasing business and standing, must enlarge the facilities it has long taxed. Without losing any of the qualities which have won it the sort of friends it values, it expects shortly to make improvements which will very greatly increase its scope and value.

Even as these pages are upon the press, our President has ABOUT TIME  
FOR US  
THINK. been shot down by an obscure and unpronounceable assassin. It is too early (this day next following the deed) to forecast the outcome. The doctors are hopeful; and surgery is not what it was in Garfield's day. On the other hand, Garfield had the advantage of a dozen years in age and of a far more normal physique. The figure President McKinley has suffered within a few years makes an abdominal wound immeasurably critical. It is a

slender thread now upon which hangs so much. Every genuine American, of whatsoever faith, will earnestly hope—and each after his own fashion pray—that the President shall recover. God spare him—and thus much of our country's honor!

Whatever the result of these shameful wounds, even if the one chance in a thousand fall in our favor, we may now count that within thirty-six years three Presidents of the United States have been murdered in office. If anything on earth can give a moment's pause to our national hurrah of Prosperity and Progress, this should be the thing. Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, we thump our chests in glee, and bid a shrugging elder world admire how we float. Now, perhaps, we can stop long enough to remember that the ocean is old and deep and has dealt with boys and bladders before—and shall again.

Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley—does that red list mean anything? Is this Prosperity? Do we expect to assassinate a President every dozen years, if only we are Making Money? Is there no one to reckon with, save one addled wretch? Is this what a republic means? What is a republic, except The Lot of Us?

The murder at Buffalo means more than the death of any one man. It means more than our sympathy for him and his. It is an affront and shame to every American, a blot upon our country. Three Presidents murdered—and all within a short lifetime! What other country in the world has done so ill? What two countries have equaled this bloody record in the same time? How many centuries since a King of England has been assassinated? How many Czars have perished feloniously within our memory? When did poor Mexico butcher a Viceroy or President? Why is a ruler's life less safe in this country than in the "revolutionary" South American republics?

Perhaps it means something, that we have murdered more rulers in thirty-six years than any other civilized country has in a hundred. Perhaps it means something, that we yearly roast alive more human beings than any savage tribe ever did. Perhaps it means something, that we have more murders, rapes, infanticides, than any other nation. And if any of these things mean anything, it is about time, is it not, for us to find out what they mean? It is time, perhaps, for you and me to be looking ourselves up and down for spots—for when a republic goes wrong, no man's clothes are clean from blood. It is as cowardly as it is childish to lay these things to undigested aliens, to anarchists, to the ignorant. Is this an alien country? Is this an anarchic country? Is this a country of Poor White Trash? Or is it Ours? Who lets in aliens undigested? Who tolerates anarchists? Who leaves ignorance unremedied? Who shall guard the life of our chief magistrate—police and an army, or the faithful citizenship of free men? Who makes bad laws or leaves good ones lax—the hireling politician or the People who hire him carelessly? It may be a good time to suppress anarchy in the United States; it is a far more vital time to feel that every man who rides on a republic is a thief if he evades his fare. There are a few hundred anarchists in this country; there are millions of men "too busy" to render anarchy here as impossible as it was when we still remembered the old ideals of the republic.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

To say that the history of the West is the record of railroad-building would not be entirely correct. But it is within bounds to say that of all the factors engaged in planting civilization, where fifty years ago there was naught but primeval wilderness, the most influential was the iron horse. And it is measurably true to add that the prosperity of producers and the progress of settlement in this Western land promptly reflects the wisdom or the error of various policies in railroad management. During the last few years certain new tendencies of mighty import to the economic life of the West have been observable in railroad policy. Of these tendencies the most important by far is that which looks to consolidation in ownership and management. This process began at the upper edge of the map and has gradually extended until it includes the great through line which parallels the Mexican boundary. Although the absorption of many local lines is yet far from complete, enough has been done to justify the statement that the old era of competition in Western railroading has now passed away, and that in its place there has come a new era of combination and of harmony. The change must be a matter of vast significance. It must necessarily have a close and intimate relation to the future commercial life of the West, using the term in its broadest sense as touching not only the exchange of commodities, but the settlement of people on the land, the development of mining and manufacturing, and the growth of cities. This new influence cannot be neutral. It must be positively good or positively bad. And it is a matter of the highest interest and importance to consider which.

COMBINING  
WESTERN  
RAILROADS.

The theory of competition is that when the public is dissatisfied with rates or service from a given line it may find prompt relief by transferring its patronage to another. The further theory is that the constant struggle for business between competing roads will result in preserving reasonable charges all around. The reverse of this proposition would be that where there is no competition the public must submit to an arbitrary tariff and service, and that the single management which controls the only means of transportation will be able absolutely to dictate the terms upon which business may proceed. If these propositions be sound, it would almost inevitably follow that the recent consolidations must be calamitous to our people. But are they sound?

THEORY  
OF  
COMPETITION.

However men may differ on other subjects, they agree that experience is more valuable than abstract theory. Now, California and the West have had thirty years' experience with competitive railroad management. Have the results been all that the theory would seem to imply? As a matter of fact, has the machinery of competition furnished an automatic means of relief from high charges and poor service? By withholding traffic from one line and giving it to another have our people been able to command the needed influence in the development of natural re-

TEACHING  
OF  
EXPERIENCE.

sources? In a word, have the results of competition been so satisfactory that we must now contemplate any change with dread as something which must inevitably prove unfortunate? These questions go to the root of the matter. Every one of them must be answered in the negative. Competitive railroad management has not in practice given us the results which it promises in theory. To the business community it has brought alternating periods of high rates and low, with perpetual uncertainty as to what transportation charges will be in the future. This condition is always disturbing to commerce. To the railroads themselves competition has brought destructive rate wars and has frequently led to financial embarrassment and even to bankruptcy. The ulterior effects have been seen in political warfare between the public and the corporations, in commercial stagnation at certain times and places, and in the utter discouragement of that interest which underlies all others in Western development—the interest of colonization. Whatever may come from the policy of consolidated ownership and management, the policy of competition among Western railroads has been proven to be unscientific and unfavorable to the best interests of patrons and of stockholders.

IN OLD ENGLAND AND IN NEW. What is the promise of results under the new order of things? The policy may be judged in the West only by its earliest manifestations. But in other communities—both in old England and in New England, for instance—it may be weighed in the scales of the years. Public sentiment in Great Britain is not favorable to the kind of competition we have had in the West. There existing railroad lines cannot be paralleled without a special act of Parliament. It must be shown, first of all, that there is a public need for the new line. Then, that the business is capitalized on the basis of the actual investment, so that the large values represented by the franchise given by the public shall not be used as a basis for the issue of securities on which dividends shall be compelled. Furthermore, the public limits charges to the lowest rate of interest on safe investments; dictates the character of construction; and tests every mile of track, every culvert and every bridge before trains are permitted to be run. Under such conditions railroad monopoly does not imply the oppression of the traveling or shipping public. Such regulations are impossible where unrestricted competition prevails. In other words, the protection of the public interests carries with it the obligation to protect the capital invested in the work. It is better for the public and better for the capital. And the first step to the adoption of such methods in the West was taken when James J. Hill consolidated the Great Northern with the Northern Pacific, thereby eliminating competition from the Northwest. In New England the process of consolidation began some fifteen years ago. Practically, there are but two railroad systems in all New England today. These two have absorbed their many competitors. Lower charges for freight and passenger traffic, and infinitely better service, have resulted. Moreover, the assertion of public authority has been better justified, better received, and more effective.

RESULTS IN THE NORTHWEST. The new policy in the West is as yet in its early infancy. What has it demonstrated thus far? To begin where the policy itself began, has it exerted a depressing influence on the vast region between Lake Superior and Puget Sound? On the contrary, it has worked well for both public and private interests. The development of the Dakotas, of Montana, of Idaho and of Washington has gone forward with a vim and a vigor hitherto unknown. A new spirit of enterprise has begun to thrill through every community. New agricultural districts are beginning to be settled and old

towns to shake off the lethargy which held them in bonds. The effect on the railroad properties themselves has been equally striking. Paying roads have been made more profitable, while those that had been bankrupt are now making money.

In California the consolidation policy has so far produced AND  
no bad results, but seems to promise to accomplish as much good as it has done elsewhere. The new head of the Southern Pacific system—now affiliated with the Union Pacific—began IN  
with the grateful announcement that he would take the road out of CALIFORNIA.  
politics. He proceeded to reform many minor abuses. Acting in harmony with the management of the Santa Fé, he made rates for colonists which permit large numbers of people to visit the Pacific Coast with a view to making their homes here. This is the true policy for Western railroads—to enable people to inhabit their territory. It has been estimated that every family settling upon a given line is worth, considering what it ships in and what it ships out, \$250 per year to the railroad. When people shall come by thousands and tens of thousands this figure will amount to a very great total. Under the competitive plan it was practically impossible to carry this philosophy into the head office of every corporation. By the time one president had been convinced five others had slipped off the hook. If one road granted low rates the others inaugurated a rate war. This demoralized traffic and had a tendency to increase charges in the end. With consolidated management it is only necessary to convince a few broad-gauged men. Then, if the plan prove successful, it can be made permanent without any danger of disrupting the whole basis of traffic by precipitating strife among the railroads. The simple truth is that just in proportion as the business of transportation is brought into harmony does it become truly scientific. That the present railroad policy marks the end of progress no one, of course, can pretend; but that it is more intelligent and, hence, more favorable to the development and prosperity of the West than the reckless competition we have had in the past, no thoughtful student of our economic life can deny. The subject is one worthy of much deeper consideration than it can be given here, but the point is this: Let us be thankful for what we have; let us have faith that even better things are ahead. This should at least be the philosophic attitude of those who believe that the final solution of the transportation problem will be found in government ownership. However remote that solution may be, the transition could be effected far more easily after consolidation than before. Competition leads inevitably to combination; combination to monopoly; monopoly to public ownership. Such has been the process in the case of water and lighting systems in many cities, and such is the apparent tendency of street railways in several conservative communities. But let us wait and see what the railroad monopoly purposes to do with us.

At no time since the great railroad boom between 1880 THE RIVAL  
and 1890 has the construction of new lines been so active in ROADS TO  
the West as now. That the long-cherished dream of direct SALT LAKE.  
connection between Salt Lake and Los Angeles should now materialize in the form of two rival lines—both backed with amplest capital—is one of those rare surprises which does not too often mark the history of our development. The terminals of these roads both rank among the most remarkable of American cities. Both are towns of extraordinary historical interest; both have exerted an unusual influence upon the sections in which they are located; and both have continued to pile up population through good times and bad. If Salt Lake and Los Angeles were taken off the map of the West and out

of its history for the last half century what holes they would leave in both! It would be difficult to conceive of either map or history without these great dominating communities in their respective sections of the West. Two new railroad lines with such electric batteries at their terminal points must exert an influence little less than magical upon that wide region—vacant and voiceless, but richly endowed with every source of economic wealth—which lies between them and which has waited so long for its day of development to dawn. Rich mines which could not get their ores to market for lack of transportation facilities; veritable mountains of iron and of salt which have lain as idle and useless as if they were so much dirt; wasted rivers of precious waters with countless thousands of potential horse-power; fertile lands where homes for millions might raise their roofs against the background of purple mountains—all these are now to become factors that count in the making of civilization.

**ARIZONA** Arizona, too, is getting its share of the new railroad activity. Phelps, Dodge & Company are pushing the line  
**STRIDING** eastward from their wonderful copper camp at Bisbee to connections at El Paso. Well informed men see in this move the purpose of the Rock Island to stretch its arm westward to the Pacific.  
**AHEAD.** Local lines are also being improved and extended in the mining regions of Arizona. Northern Mexico is feeling the influence of this development and getting new facilities of communication. With its mining, its railroad-building, and its prosperous live-stock industry, Arizona is increasing its population and fast becoming one of the brightest spots on the map of the United States. It is to be another Africa so far as the production of wealth is concerned. But, spite of the long delay in getting Statehood, it will not be, like South Africa, a graveyard of liberty.

**SAN DIEGO'S** In the midst of all this Southwestern progress what is  
**RISING** San Diego doing? The City of the Silver Gate is by no means indifferent to the opportunities which may come to it from the present era of prosperity, local and national. It is arraying all its forces for a supreme effort to break the walls of its isolation and establish direct communication with Yuma. Such a route would be the true short line to the Orient, saving hundreds of miles of railroad travel and avoiding high grades and snow blockades. But it is in its local aspect that the matter appeals most strongly to San Diego. While no one has denied that San Diego has a superb harbor in front of it, few have realized or admitted that it had also a vastly productive mineral and agricultural country behind it. But the men who are now turning the waters of the Colorado River upon the vast stretch of fertile delta soil have found the key to San Diego's back country. They have unlocked the door and thrown it wide open. What this means to the future of San Diego, provided that it can somehow manage to get the Eastern railroad outlet, it is difficult for anyone fully to appreciate, even with the essential facts before them. Let it be put in this way: If Phoenix and the irrigated lands of Salt River Valley were placed at one end of the Colorado Delta; if Bakersfield and the irrigated lands of Kern Valley were placed at the other end; then if Fresno and the large district watered by Kings River were placed in the middle, none of these great communities would touch the other. Redlands and Riverside, each with its surrounding cultivated area, might be added to the new district which is now being spoken into life by the waters of the Colorado River, and still there would be ample room for growth. These are marvelous facts, of deep significance to the cities so situated as to become the points of exchange for all that such a country may produce and consume. Well may the people of San Diego realize that



this is the supreme moment in the making of their city—that if this opportunity escapes them they will be sidetracked for years to come. Under any circumstances the trade of this region must be divided with Los Angeles to some extent. But without the projected railroad it will go there entirely. The present indications are that San Diego's railroad movement will be successful, and that the next national census will reveal a large increase not only in the population of the county—which is already assured—but in that of the city as well.

Coöperation has now become the firmly established method of marketing the product of California orchards and vineyards. It has been vindicated in good times and in bad times, and the fact is proven that prosperity on the part of the producer is an exact ratio to his control of the market. It is true that in fixing a season's prices coöperative exchanges have sometimes overshot the mark, but the resulting losses have been trifling compared with those which the growers sustained when commission houses fixed prices on a basis which did not allow them to make a living. One of the most interesting examples of the benefits which may arise from coöperation is seen in a recent experience of the prune-growers. Last year there was a very large prune crop. The California Fruit Association fixed the prices reasonably high—unreasonably high, some people said. In consequence of this, or for some other reason, the crop did not move satisfactorily. "Full of prunes" may be a slang expression under some circumstances, but it exactly expressed the condition of the farmers of Santa Clara Valley and many other horticultural districts. With another year's crop coming on, what was to be done about that which already remained largely unsold? If the growers had not been thoroughly organized under able leadership nothing could have been done except to take such terms as might be offered by an unsympathetic market. But the prune-growers were well organized. They had brains and they had capital. They were therefore in a position to make a fight for their lives. They decided that the real cause of their troubles was not overproduction, but underconsumption. That is to say, none too many prunes are being raised in California, but the world is not eating as many prunes as it ought to. Doubtless there are many people who do not know that the prune is a very nutritious article of diet. Many others think that it is only good when stewed. They do not realize that it may be served in a hundred other palatable ways. So the Cured Fruit Association decided to advertise the glorious prune and, in a mild sort of way, to thrust it down people's throats whether they wanted it or not. They proceeded to take space, "top of column, next to reading matter," in about all the newspapers of the land. They had the ladies prepare a most appetizing cook-book showing the many and seductive dishes which might be built upon the humble prune as a foundation. Doubtless they also obtained professional testimonials, to the effect that "I ate your prunes two years ago and have eaten no others since," or to the effect that "my husband was never good to his family until I began to feed him on prune shortcake, and now he is an angel." But the writer has not seen the testimonials. He merely infers that the enterprising prune-growers went the whole figure. At any rate, they made a success of their effort to unload their surplus crop on a world that was dying for prunes, but which did not know it. The following extracts from a letter written by President F. N. Woods, of the California Cured Fruit Association, give evidence that this is so:

"We have succeeded in opening up several new markets for prunes, some in Europe, some in the Orient, and more in our own country, through liberal advertising. This advertising was a grand success. It called the attention of people all over the United States

COÖPERATION  
SOLD THEIR  
PRUNES.

to the beneficial qualities of the prune as an article of diet, and we received thousands of inquiries for our cook-book and other information regarding prunes."

And now the Associated Press brings the joyful news that the prune-growers' exchange has just unloaded 24,000,000 pounds of its product on Eastern buyers at a single stroke. They received \$50,000 spot cash and were to get the balance of \$250,000 when the fruit was weighed and shipped. The sale was made at a very fair price. The plain lesson of this experience is that it is necessary for the producers to act in cooperation in order to protect their interests and widen the market for their products.

THE

EDITORIAL

TARGET.

The regular readers of this department will find a thread of consistent purpose running through it from month to month. While each issue is intended to be complete in itself, so that it shall interest the merely casual reader, it is the permanent audience composed of those deeply interested in the growing civilization of the West that the editor means constantly to keep in mind. Hence, the editorial articles and outside contributions are designed to possess a certain quality of continuity which will give them peculiar force when read as a whole. The editor has very decided views as to the trend of legislation and character of institutions which will enable the West to develop a type of civilization suited to its environment and to the human needs of the Twentieth Century. Naturally, he desires to see these views find general acceptance in the end. This result can only be attained by scientific processes. Economic laws grind their own griet regardless of the puny efforts of men. But the happiness and prosperity of the generations who succeed each other as tenants of the earth depend very largely upon their perception of the character and meaning of these economic laws and upon their success in bending their institutions to fit them. To illustrate, a few million people are living between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean where, in God's good time, twice as many as now live in the entire United States shall come to make their homes. They are using land and water under laws and customs inherited from their fathers who dealt with entirely different conditions. In order to discover the error of these laws and customs we must take them up, one by one, for patient analysis. Then we must study the forces that surround us and try to find out by what measures of reform and progress we may lay the best foundation for the prosperity and freedom of our future millions. Thus in these early numbers we shall look at our water and land laws, at our colonization and cooperative efforts, as they now exist. Presently we shall have discovered their elements of weakness and of failure and shall then proceed to develop plans for their improvement. This explanation is made as a means of training the reader's mind upon the editorial target from the same standpoint that the writer has chosen in his work.

## *HOW TO COLONIZE THE PACIFIC COAST.*

### FIRST PAPER.

#### SEMI-PUBLIC, PRIVATE AND CO-OPERATIVE EFFORTS.

##### I.

**I**N this series of papers we are to consider one of the biggest subjects that can engage the thoughts of the builders of the West. How, indeed, shall we colonize the Pacific Coast? We are not doing so very rapidly today. With all the advantages of soil, climate, mineral wealth and elbow room, the growth of California in the last decade barely kept pace with the average growth of the oldest Eastern States. What is even more strange, such growth as there was went more largely into cities and towns than into the settlement of country districts. As a matter of fact, many of the latter actually declined in population.

Colonization is not a subject of narrow interest, appealing only to those with land to sell. The growth of population is a matter of high importance to the railroads, because they will move the people and their products; to wholesale and retail stores, because they will furnish them with supplies; to banks, because they will receive their deposits and make them loans; finally, to States, counties and towns, because they will look to them as a body of taxpayers with whom the public burdens may be shared. Thus colonization involves the whole broad question of our development and prosperity.

During the past fifty years in which the settlement of irrigated lands has been going on, three leading agencies have been employed in the work, as follows:

1. The semi-public efforts of railroads, local Chambers of Commerce and State Boards of Trade, aiming at the promotion of immigration to certain large sections, rather than at the sale of specific tracts of land.

2. The private efforts of individuals and companies having tracts of land of their own to sell.

3. The coöperative efforts of groups of people aiming to form colonies for themselves, or to increase the membership of those already established.

Taking up each of these efforts and examining them in the light of their results, we shall discover where they have succeeded and where failed, and be able intelligently to discuss new plans adapted to the changed conditions which are exerting marked influences both West and East.

## II.

The work done by railroad immigration departments, and by the business organizations of many cities and States, has been vastly beneficial. It is difficult to imagine what the West would be today if the result of this aggressive influence were suddenly subtracted from the sum of our achievement. What a wonderfully interesting library one would have if one might gather all the books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers which have issued from these sources! What a gallery, if one might collect all the photographs, maps and other illustrations! When to these advertising devices we add the influence of temporary exhibits at numerous fairs, at home and abroad, we get a faint conception of what has been done for us by those tireless and ardent workers for the West. Still, their work has been chiefly educational rather than productive of direct results. When we have given them their full meed of praise it remains to ask ourselves what are their limitations when considered from the standpoint of the actual organization and direction of the stream of settlement for which our thousand Western valleys are waiting.

The local Chamber of Commerce has everywhere become a permanent institution, only a little less essential than the school system itself. Its secretary is, first of all, indispensable as a statistician. Without him the community would be quite powerless to measure its progress or to take account of its growing needs. He is indispensable again as the ready correspondent of the outside public inquiring for homes or investments. Finally, he is worth all he costs as a perennial source of inspiration to his own locality. Without him the tree of progress would wither at its roots and the stream of faith dry up at its sources. So also the railroad immigration department supplies a permanent need, since no other agency can deal officially with the very important matter of transportation in its relation to settlers.

It still remains to inquire whether these semi-public instrumentalities serve our needs in getting settlers. They do not, except to a very limited extent. They can supply general literature and find the general financial support for effective advertising done through responsible newspapers and magazines. Beyond this point they cannot go effectively. When they undertake to supply the vast amount of specific information required in the successful organization of colonies they fail to meet the public demand. The time has come when scientific methods are required in this de-

partment. The work in hand is not booming, but building. It is serious work, calling for the use of trained intelligence. That is, of intelligence widely informed in this particular field.

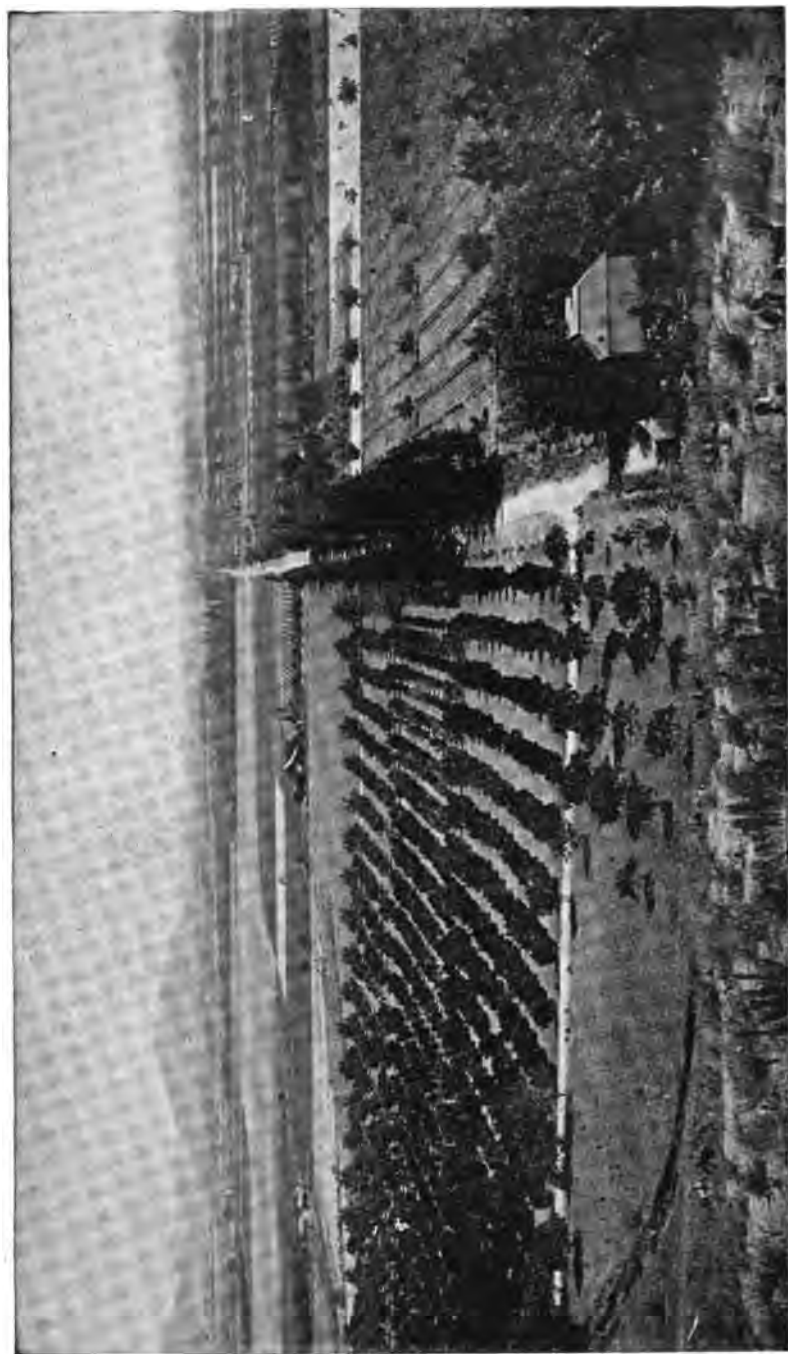
When a man wants to erect an elaborate building he first sends for an architect, who is not only capable of preparing the general design, but understands all classes of material which will be used in construction and who knows the relations of the various contractors and groups of artisans to the completed whole. While any enterprising man may point out the need and advantages of such a building, and even indicate a good site in a general way, a different sort of trained intelligence is required to work out the details, to lay a safe foundation, and to evolve a superstructure which shall meet all the demands of utility and beauty.

Within their well defined spheres the semi-public agencies which have done so much for us in the past, will continue to perform useful service in the future. But if we can enlist no other influences in the work of colonization our progress will continue to be slow, painful, and marked with many blunders.

### III.

The private efforts of individuals and companies having land of their own to sell are easier of analysis. Speaking broadly, this method has been disappointing alike to the sellers and to the buyers. Looked at as a means of colonizing the whole great West, it is simply archaic. The mighty elements which enter into the labor of Twentieth Century colonization do not lend themselves to the control of petty individual efforts.

In certain parts of the West—notably in the orange-growing districts of Southern California and the prune-growing neighborhood of Santa Clara—some good work has been done in this way. The swarm of real estate agents conspicuous in every Western town generally includes a few persons who conduct a successful business with homeseekers finding their way to such localities. But when we look over the entire Western half continent and candidly consider the results of these private efforts, ranging all the way from those of the newest real estate agent to those of the strongest and richest companies, we must pronounce them a failure—dismal, irretrievable. Indeed, the fact is notorious. It is not desirable to mention names or specific localities. But, in a general way, this line of effort has led to the same unsatisfactory result in the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, in Eastern Washington and Southern Idaho, in Utah and Colorado, in Arizona and



**FROM CACTUS TO ORCHARDS AND CULTIVATED FIELDS AS A RESULT OF IRRIGATION.**  
Courtesy Santa Ana Chamber of Commerce.

New Mexico—wherever it has been applied to the settlement of irrigated lands. The conclusive condemnation of this method may be read in the returns of the last census. It has simply failed to meet the needs of the times. Whenever the result has been otherwise, the fact has been due to unusual local conditions.

The most striking feature in the history of these private efforts is the fact that where it has approached most nearly to success it has been associated with an organized colony plan, real or pretended. On the other hand, where the prospectus has made no mention of industrial and social organization, but dealt only with the mere material considerations, the financial returns have seldom been sufficient to repay the cost of the effort, to say nothing of the value of the property conveyed. To put it in a word, those who have tried to appear as builders have been far more successful than mere boomers. Men who pride themselves on being "hard-headed and practical" dispute this luminous truth, but they may find their answer in that interesting and enlightening literary work known as the Twelfth Census.

#### IV.

Of the three distinct agencies which have had to do with the colonization of irrigated lands, the coöperative efforts have been by far the most successful in themselves and the most influential in shaping Western civilization. This remains true after making due allowance for failures. The failures have been small and of merely local effect; the successes have been large and of far-reaching influence. In saying this no reference is intended to a few scattered communistic undertakings which have been made at various time and places and have uniformly failed. While communism is always coöperative, coöperation is not necessarily communistic, nor is it usually so in this country.

The great examples of coöperative colonization are found in the history of Greeley, Colorado, of Anaheim and Riverside, California, and of the Mormon settlements in Utah, Idaho, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. In none of these cases was there any attempt at common ownership of the land, but in all of them the irrigation works were treated as a public utility and owned by the entire community of farmers. In none of them has the hope of great financial gains been held out as the ideal to be sought, but in all of them the desire to have independent homes, to live among congenial people, and to be sure of a comfortable living has furnished the moving impulse. With the single exception of Riverside, all made the policy of diver-

sified farming the leading principle of their industrial life. All grouped their homes in village centers, though as the settlements expanded far beyond their original limits houses sprung up in the outside country, except in the case of the Mormons who have always adhered very closely to the village plan. In all these great settlements coöperation is today more extensively used than it was at the beginning, with the exception of Anaheim. This exception is due to the fact that the first improvements made there, not only on the irrigation canal but also on the farms and village homes, were done in coöperation. This plan was followed in order that the majority of colonists might remain at their business in San Francisco until the land had been made self-sustaining.

The consequences arising from these famous coöperative settlements present a striking contrast to the meager and unhappy results of private efforts in the same field. Greeley led the agricultural development of the whole eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Drawing its membership from that marvelous host, the readers of the New York Tribune of Horace Greeley's day, it colored the intellectual and social life of Colorado. It established not only the highest standards of farming methods, but the best ideals of civic life. From that first splendid schoolhouse—reared in the midst of new-plowed lands, but worthy of a New England town with a hundred years behind it—and from the animated debating club in Colony Hall, went forth the moral influences that made the agricultural life of Colorado what it is. The pioneer settlement quickly spread in all directions, crossing the boundary of Nebraska and Wyoming. Wherever water could be had, the finest class of settlers came to build their homes, attracted by the fame of Greeley.

Anaheim and Riverside did for Southern California what Greeley did for Colorado. They established examples of rural life unknown before in any part of the world. The inspiration which the public took from them made possible the settlement of wide areas which no one had dreamed of occupying before. These pioneers were real home-builders and infused a spirit into the colonization of the Southern valleys which does not breathe in the circulars of land companies and cannot be manufactured in railroad offices. The spirit of coöperation in which they were founded led logically to the fruit exchange of today.

In just the same way the Mormons conquered the arid valleys of Utah and the surrounding States. They were never boomers, but builders always. And the corner-stone in all their building is coöperation. Leave that out and



the whole vast structure would fall into hopeless ruin. Public opinion ascribes their success to religious zeal, but public opinion mistakes the effect for the cause. It is easy to make a man religious and to induce him to subscribe to almost any creed, if you fill his stomach three times a day, if you give him a home when he is homeless, if you make him a partner in store, factory and bank, if you supply him with pleasant social surroundings. In Utah it is not the church that sustains the industrial system. It is the industrial system that sustains the church.

Our conclusions, then, are these: That local business organizations and railroad companies will continue to exert a good influence within their restricted spheres; that private and company efforts cannot hope to accomplish more in the future than they are doing now, which is little or nothing; that the methods of coöperative colonization have furnished the colossal successes of the past—a verdict from which there is no appeal. It is along the latter line that we may look for the solution of our problem in the future. But how?

That is another story.

W. E. S.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### ONE ACRE BETTER THAN 10,000.

**I**N a tour of the Sacramento Valley the writer was shown over a number of famous large estates, ranging from 5,000 to 100,000 acres, but the estate which struck him as altogether the most interesting and hopeful of all he saw in that splendid valley consisted of just one acre. This is the irrigated "farm" of Mr. Samuel Cleeks at Orland, Glenn county.

In the Sacramento Valley irrigation is not fashionable, though nature has favored it with a wonderful water supply. For a generation farmers have raised wheat by dependence on the rainfall. Their farms are very large, and they do not always take kindly to the suggestion of irrigation and subdivision. Mr. Cleeks' little place is in the midst of these great farms, many of which have now passed out of the hands of their former owners as a result of mortgage foreclosure. I found it an oasis of prosperity in a desert of despair. When the proprietor told me that he had supported himself and wife for thirty years on that single acre of irrigated land, and when his neighbors informed me that he was one of the men in the little town who always had money to loan on good security or to donate to a worthy cause, I marveled much and had an immediate desire to know just how he had used his land to

produce such a result. Mr. Thomas Brown, Secretary of the Lemon Home Colony, took the trouble to obtain and send me the following exact information :

Barn and corral space, 75x75 feet ; rabbit hutch, 25x25 feet ; house and porches, 30x30 feet ; two windmill towers, 16x16 feet each ; garden, 46x94 feet ; blackberries, 16x90 feet ; strawberries, 65x90 feet ; citrus nursery, 90x98 feet, in which there are 2300 trees budded ; one row of dewberries, 100 feet long ; 4 apricot trees ; 2 oak trees ; 3 peach trees ; 6 fig trees ; 10 locust trees ; 30 assorted roses ; 20 assorted geraniums ; 12 lemon trees, bearing, which are seven years old ; lime tree, 9 years old and bearing, from which were sold last year 160 dozen limes ; 8 bearing orange trees ; 4 breadfruit trees ; 5 pomegranate trees ; one patch of bamboo ; 3 calla lilies ; 4 prune trees ; 3 blue gum trees ; 6 cypress trees ; 4 grapevines ; 1 English ivy ; 2 honeysuckles ; one seed bed ; one violet bed ; 1 sage bed ; 2 tomato vines, which are in bloom (December 2) ; 13 stands of bees.

Mr. Cleeks informed me that from the foregoing sources he has no difficulty in realizing a comfortable living and putting \$400 dollars aside each year. If the same could be said of the average wheat grower, farming thousands of acres without irrigation, the condition in the Sacramento Valley would be very different from what it is. As the matter stands today it must be acknowledged that one irrigated acre in the Sacramento Valley returns a larger net profit than 10,000 acres without irrigation. To be sure, Mr. Cleeks owes a part of his prosperity to the folly of his neighbors whom he supplies with oranges and lemons, peaches, apricots, berries and sundry other luxuries. That, however, is one of the striking advantages of irrigation, since it permits of intensive and diversified cultivation.

From a physician who has recently settled in Utah I have the following interesting budget of suggestions along the same line of thought :

#### SMALL FARMING FOR WOMEN.

I have long thought that half an acre ought to support many a poor widow with children, who does not wish to marry again.

In 1865, without irrigation, in Illinois, I raised all the vegetables a family of four needed, and had many to give away, on a plot of ground 20 x 25 feet, just one-eighty-seventh of an acre. I had also from it 18 squashes for winter and 4 quarts of lima beans. It was my first experience. I am convinced I could double that, with irrigation. I have been here four months, and am surprised at the Mormon success. They deserve it. But I fear that more than half the water is wasted. If I were to start a colony for poor people I would tolerate no trees that did not bear fruit or nuts. There are pear trees here that are as large and shady as our useless Lombardy poplars. Women ought to raise fruit, as a rule ; they are not strong enough for farm work.

I see no reason why half an acre should not support a family. In Iowa, on a plot of ground about 50 x 100, products were raised which, besides furnishing all the fruit a family of four used, canned for winter and sold to the neighbors, left a balance to be sent fifty miles


to market and sold for \$35; and this was done by a one-armed<sup>1</sup> man, who was unable to work much, and on less than one-eighth<sup>2</sup> of an acre.

Here, in Salt Lake, on a plot 18 x 30 feet, very poorly irrigated, because it is my first experience, I raised all the summer vegetables a family of four used, and had many to give away. This was less than one-eightieth of an acre. One plum tree, two inches in diameter, has 1,000 plums on it. In our front yard are twelve useless shade trees that might wisely be replaced with fruit trees. You speak of the population that can be supported by wise management. If one acre can give a living to a family, 392 families, 1,000 persons (or possibly 1,568), can be provided for on every square mile:

My idea is that surplus products should pay for pasture and feed for a cow, which also should be a source of income besides. If poor women would work out of doors, instead of using needle, they would be healthier and happier. You see I look toward colonizing the poor.

H. DURHAM.

### CALIFORNIA WATER LAWS.

 CALIFORNIA is a State requiring irrigation to support a dense population in comfort and prosperity.


There is far more land than water. Land which can be irrigated is ten times as valuable as that which cannot. Hence, to have water justly apportioned among the largest possible number of users becomes one of the most precious of human rights. Success or failure in doing this must measure the extent of future growth, the quality of civilization, the prosperity of all our people, reaching to generations unborn.

The two great features underlying all irrigation law are those touching appropriation and distribution. If we are to have anything but anarchy—anything but the rule of force, physical, mental or financial—there must be some form of just and orderly administration to supervise the original taking and perpetual use of water. There is no semblance of such administration in California and most other Western States. The law of appropriation is so loose as to furnish practically no safeguards for the rights it originates. As to distribution, there are no laws whatever.

What are the practical results of these conditions? What did the United States government find when, through its body of experts, it brought the history of the principal streams of California under the searchlight of scientific investigation? These questions will be sifted to the bottom in early numbers of this magazine. And an extraordinary exposure of pitiable conditions it will be.

## ROCHDALE CO-OPERATION IN CALIFORNIA

BY PROF. D. T. FOWLER.

 CO-OPERATION is the most interesting, and in the opinion of its friends, the most hopeful, influence in the economic life of the Pacific Coast in this morning of the twentieth century. Its methods and advantages in connection with the sale and distribution of the various fruit crops are well understood, but there is as yet no very general appreciation of the important work which is being done by a system of local stores with a common wholesale center in San Francisco. The failure of past attempts in this line may have prejudiced the public against this form of effort. And yet is it not just as desirable that the farmers and townspeople of California should unite in the purchase of their supplies as that they should organize and combine for the marketing of their products? The successful business man realizes that in order to succeed he must not only sell his goods to advantage, but that he must also buy as economically and shrewdly as possible. Coöperation is merely a matter of plain, common-sense business engaged in by a number of people of similar interests.

To understand the Rochdale movement in California, we must go back nearly sixty years to a little town in England and there find the seed which has been wafted over the world to take root in the soil of many different nations.

### I.

#### STORY OF THE ROCHDALE PIONEERS.

In 1844 twenty-eight poor weavers in Rochdale, England, established "the Society of Equitable Pioneers." They had little capital, save courage and a good idea. Indeed their poverty was so extreme that many of them could only pay the pound required for membership by regular assessments of two pennies per week. Thus they were able to start their little store in Toad lane, Rochdale, Dec. 21, 1844. The "opening" was accomplished in the presence of a scoffing crowd who made loud-mouthed predictions of failure. The stock-in-trade consisted of a little flour, bacon, butter and oatmeal. It was certainly a very humble beginning.

At first the membership grew but slowly, and it was seven years before the little shop in Toad lane was able to keep open for trade six full days in the week. From the beginning the humble coöperators had a high conception of the ethical aspect of their work. This was shown by

the fact that out of their poverty they established a propaganda fund and proceeded to organize the work in neighboring towns. Gradually they began to win the respect and, later, to command the support of powerful minds. Gladstone gave them an eloquent word of encouragement. Tom Hughes, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and other great men of the time lent their influence to an undertaking which appealed to them as being not merely good business, but good morals and good politics as well.

After twenty years of struggle and success, the many Rochdale stores which had sprung up in England adopted the method of the modern American Trust. Thus in 1864 the Manchester Wholesale was organized and, soon after, the Scottish Wholesale. It was by means of this masterly unification of the many retail stores into the Wholesales that Rochdale Coöperation won its great battle and advanced to its present enviable position in the world of finance, economics and humanitarianism.

Now, what do we find at the opening of the new century?

We find that Rochdale Coöperation is doing over one-fifth of the distributing trade of England, and sending its purchasing agents to all the great commercial centers of the world. We find it has created not only a multitude of stores, but a far-reaching system of coöperative mills and factories which market their entire product through the system of retail stores. Is the business still growing? Yes, in the last six months of 1900 the English Wholesale alone scored a gain of nearly \$45,000,000 of business over the corresponding period of the previous year. That would be creditable to a business genius like John Wanamaker, or even to an American Trust. Vast business structures—mills, factories, warehouses, stores—have been erected to meet the ever-increasing demands of trade.

But the Rochdale Pioneers would doubtless be ashamed of themselves if they had made nothing but money. They have made institutions. They have made better conditions of living for themselves and their children, for their country and the world. They have established libraries and reading-rooms with every modern improvement. They have organized nurseries and schools for children ranging from those too young for the kindergarten up to adults employed in factories. They have purchased and demolished wretched old tenements and erected in their places comfortable buildings with all modern conveniences. And these monuments stand on the very ground where the Rochdale people once lived in squalor and degradation. They have built thousands of pretty cottages for their workers. How have they managed to do all this? Why, it

was the easiest thing in the world. They had the profits arising from the trade of a vast population in all the necessities of life. These profits were directed to the enrichment of the many rather than of the few. That is the logical result of coöperation.

## II.

### THE FOUNDATION ROCHDALE PRINCIPLES.

Those who have known of the failure of coöperative efforts in this country—and failure in this line is much more widely advertised than success—will naturally think that these poor weavers of Rochdale must have discovered some very valuable principles, or they could not have achieved such astounding results. That is quite true, yet the principles are simple enough. The essential features of the Rochdale system are as follows:

1. One member, one share, one vote. Thus no one man or small group of men can control the company for their private benefit.

2. The company buys and sells for cash, losing nothing by bad debts. Frequently it has a small banking department to assist members with loans.

3. All profits are returned to members in proportion to their purchases, so that they get goods at actual cost. Goods are sold at prevailing rates—no cutting of prices.

4. Shares may be paid in easy installments, but every dollar draws interest from the time it is paid.

5. All employes get a fixed salary. There is no inducement to deceive the customer in weight or quality of goods.

6. As each retail store buys goods of its own Wholesale, in needed quantities and at lowest rates, it can do business on smaller capital and at greater profit than other retail stores. The retail stores are the stockholders in the Wholesale. Thus the profits of the Wholesale are credited to the retail, just as the profits of the retail stores are returned to individual members.

7. The system cultivates a strong fraternal feeling, develops a pure moral sentiment, and treats producer and consumer, capitalist and transporter with fairness and justice.

8. Profits obtained from merchandising are applied to the establishment of factories, to the building of city and country homes to be sold to members on easy terms, to libraries, schools and hospitals. These profits are constantly accumulating, and, as the Rochdale policy has been to use them systematically to extend coöperation in busi-

ness and social life, the system is now immense in its ramifications. Lord Roseberry has referred to it as "a State within a State."

The foregoing principles were laid down more or less distinctly in the original prospectus of the Rochdale Pioneers, but have been developed into a practical working philosophy by the experience of years. Hence, those who now desire to utilize them have the good fortune to be able to begin where the Rochdale Pioneers leave off—except that they do not "leave off" at all, but go on forever.

### III.

#### THE ROCHDALE BANNER RAISED IN CALIFORNIA.

In the summer of 1899 three or four gentlemen, imbued with coöperative ideas and familiar with the triumphs of the Rochdale system in England, met from time to time to discuss ways and means for organizing such a work in California. They formed an association for propaganda, naming it "The Pacific Coast Coöperative Union of America." The purpose of the body was purely educational. Its first convention was held at Oakland, November 7-8-9, 1899, with delegates from various coöperative associations, labor exchanges, granges, alliances, trades union and farmers' clubs. The meeting was enthusiastic, but studious and thoughtful. It resulted in a decision to federate existing coöperative stores, as far as possible, in the "Rochdale Wholesale Company," with headquarters in San Francisco.

The Wholesale was duly incorporated and opened its doors for trade on January 1st, 1900. This and all similar stores have been formed under the splendid coöperative laws of 1895, without which they would have been impossible.

The second convention of the Pacific Coast Union was held at Oakland, January 16-17-18, 1901. Like its predecessor it was well attended and enthusiastic, and instead of listening to plans and the expression of faith and hope, this convention had the immense satisfaction of hearing reports of plans adopted, of work accomplished, of trusts successfully administered, of many stores established; finally, of a balance-sheet from the Wholesale showing a surplus on the right side of the ledger.

At this writing Rochdale stores are in operation at the following points: Newman, Healdsburg, Dos Palos, Kingsburg, Oxnard, Ferndale, Lemoore, Berkeley, Alturas, Hanford, Santa Barbara, Susanville, Lakeport, Saticoy, Santa Paula, Fresno, Upper Lake (Lake county),

Adin, Potter Valley, Selma, Modesto, Sacramento, Santa Rosa, Pomona, Ventura, Calistoga, La Grande, Los Banos, Redlands, San Francisco, Oakland (two), and Reno, Nevada.

A score of places are calling for organizers to assist them in the establishment of new stores, but there is a lack of trained men for the work. The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few. Only knowledge of the movement is needed to bring thousands to see the benefits to come to them by membership in some Rochdale company. To supply this need, as well as to teach coöperation in general, a monthly publication called "The Coöperative Journal," is issued at Oakland.

Readers will ask: "How many of the stores started by this movement have failed so far?" Not one has failed. One has been withdrawn, and some, owing to management and environment, have been more prosperous than others. But profits have been sufficient to pay interest on capital invested in shares and, besides that, to return to members as high as fifteen per cent on their purchases. The average amount returned on purchases has been about ten per cent. When it is considered that membership in the stores is yet meager; that working capital is quite small; that boards of directors are new to the system; that some join without the true spirit of coöperation; and that competing stores throw all possible opposition in the way, the Rochdale co-operators of California may feel justly proud of the progress made in eighteen months. Who can picture the results to the social and economic life of this Coast if there shall come from this movement anything approaching the achievement of the Rochdale Pioneers in England?

"Pike's Peak, the geographical center of this great arid region, will become the hub of the nation. The great peak will become the Olympus of a new age. What the Grecian mountain was to the days of mythology, Pike's Peak will be to the new day of liberty—around its base Golcondas that rival Ophir and Ind, that eclipse California, the golden. It will look down on a thousand harvest fields more beautiful than the tawny gold that Helen Hunt saw in the changing glories of plain and mountain and sunset."  
—*Ex-Governor Alva Adams, of Colorado.*



### WORKERS FOR THE WEST.

**W**HILE Western men are very nearly united in looking to the nation for larger support in the development of our resources, it is well to appreciate what has already been done and to be thankful for such blessings as we have. Two important departments of the Federal Government are engaged in actual work for the benefit of irrigation along practical lines. The Interior Department is dealing with our problems *above* the canal, and the Agricultural Department with those *below* the canal. The former works through the Geological Survey; the latter through a branch of the Bureau of Experiment Stations known as Irrigation Investigations. The representative



J. B. LIPPINCOTT.



ELWOOD MEAD.

of the Survey in California is J. B. Lippincott, whose headquarters are in Los Angeles, while Elwood Mead of Wyoming is the Expert in Charge of Irrigation Investigations.

Mr. Lippincott has affiliated very closely with the organized movements in the State and aimed to make the results of his work of practical benefit to the community. This was strikingly shown by last year's examination of reservoir sites and measurement of streams in the valleys of the interior and of the Coast Region. Most important results were obtained, and they will go far to guide future development of the water supply, in connection both with storage and artesian enterprise.

Mr. Mead, on his part, arranged last year for the most important studies ever made of the irrigation laws and customs of California and of the consequences arising therefrom. As the forthcoming report on this subject will be thoroughly discussed in these pages the nature of this important service need not be detailed here. Mr. Mead is the head of the new College of Irrigation established at the State University by President Wheeler, and has also found time to lecture on the same subject at Harvard, Princeton and other Eastern colleges.



Judge North, founder of Riverside, Cal., occupies an enviable place in Western history. The results which flowed from his labors are much wider than the limits of the beautiful community he founded, yet in Riverside alone he and his associates have a monument more beautiful and lasting than any that could be made of stone or bronze.



ALAMEDA FROM THE CITY HALL TO THE BAY.

Photo. by Magagnos.

## ALAMEDA.

BY F. N. DELANOY.

**L**IKE every great metropolis, San Francisco is ringed round with smaller cities and towns whose chief function is to furnish homes for the tens of thousands who like to do business in crowded streets, but prefer to pitch their family tent in quiet places. One of the most charming and satisfying of these is Alameda.

The site of Alameda is a long, low peninsula forming part of the eastern shore of the bay of San Francisco, directly across the bay from the city of San Francisco, and about six miles distant from it. The peninsula—wholly within the city limits—is a little over four



FROM THE HILLS BACK OF ALAMEDA TO THE BAY BEYOND.

miles long and from a mile to a mile and a half wide. Its greatest elevation above tide-water is twenty-nine feet. A tidal canal, long projected and soon to be completed, will cut the narrow neck connecting the peninsula with the mainland and convert Alameda into an island.

On this site has been built up a city of about seventeen thousand—distinctively and all but exclusively a city of homes. For in spite of a small but important manufacturing interest, Alameda's main reason for existence is to provide homes for some thousands of business and professional men, whose work-time is spent in the great and busy city across the bay.

The question of transportation to and from San Francisco is, therefore, of the first importance, and in this respect little is left to be de-

Photos. by C. P. Magagnos.

sired. There are two distinct systems of rail and ferry routes, the "broad gauge" and the "narrow gauge", both operated by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The two lines run parallel, a few blocks apart, along the length of the city, with stations at short intervals. No part of the city is more than a few moments walk from one of these stations, and the sixty-three daily trains give assurance against tedious waiting. The time required from Park street, Alameda, to San Francisco, is about forty minutes, of which more than half is consumed by the trip across the Bay.

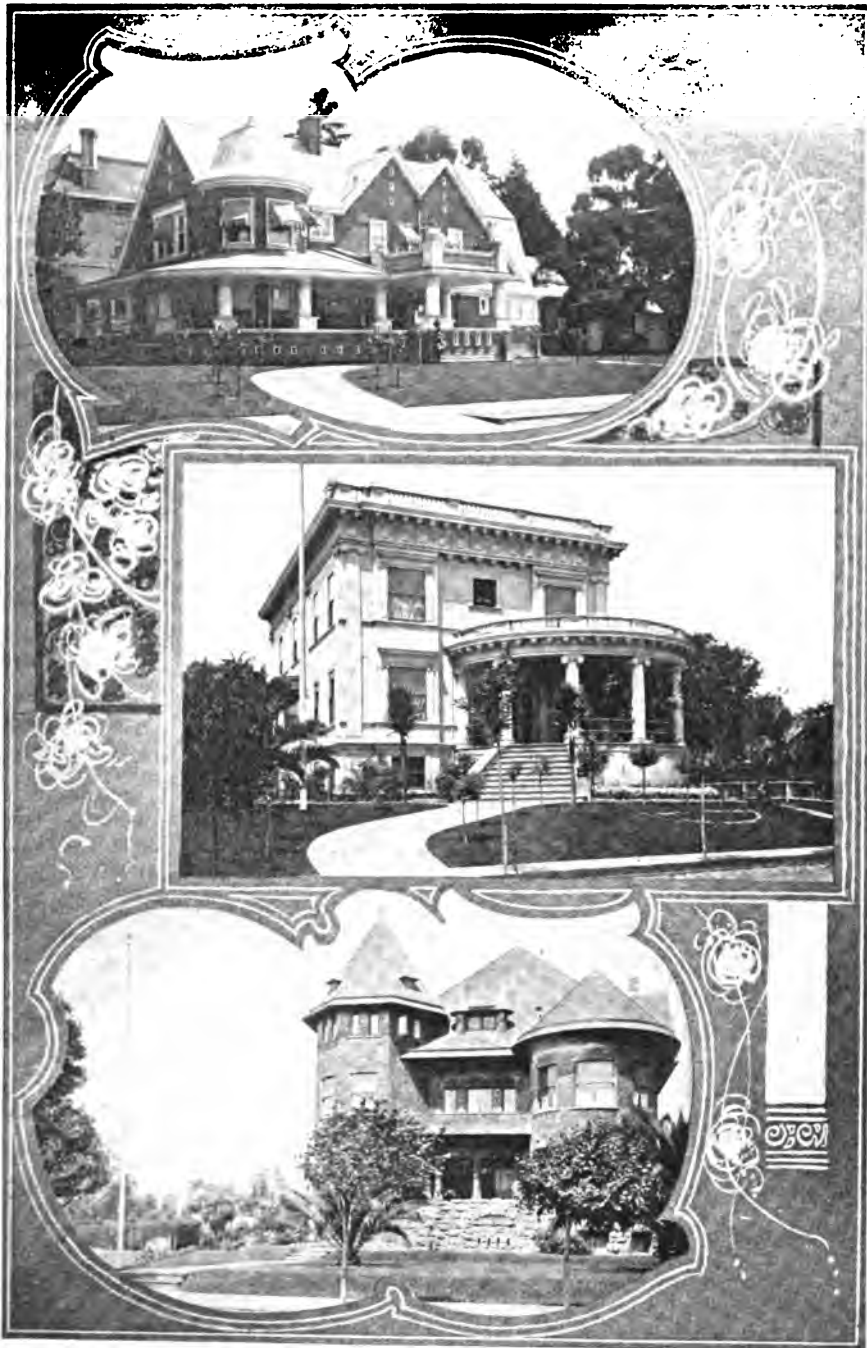
And just this trip across the Bay is counted by thousands as one of the pleasantest incidents of the day. On account of the absence of



A TROPICAL GARDEN IN ALAMEDA.

cold weather and ice and snow, the trip across the Bay is equally enjoyable in winter and in summer.

San Francisco Bay is called the finest harbor in the world, and the passengers enjoying their morning and evening trip pass in sight of the greatest variety of shipping to be found in any port on the earth. The United States Navy has generally from six to twelve ships lying at anchor, including the stately battle ships, the swift, white cruisers and the transports engaged in carrying troops and munitions of war between the Pacific Coast and the Phillipine Islands and China. Ocean greyhounds of the Trans-Pacific steamship companies plying between Northern and Southern Pacific Coast ports, Japan, China, the East Indies, the Sandwich Islands and Australia are to be seen; and the deep-water sailing vessels from all of the ports of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America are always in evidence.



THREE ALAMEDA HOMES.



AT THE WATER'S EDGE.

The cost of this beautiful ride, by boat and rail, is ten cents for a single trip, or monthly commutation tickets may be bought for \$3. It will be seen that this low rate, and the frequent train service, put the Alameda "suburbanite" at least on equal footing in these respects with the man who makes his home in San Francisco itself, while in many other respects (as will be agreed by all those elect and fore-ordained to dwell in suburbs) the comparison is much in favor of the smaller place.

The most startling feature of Alameda's transportation facilities—not indeed to its residents to whom years of habitude has made it a



A VIEW OF THE BAY.



matter of course, but to the new-comer or visitor—is the fact that within the city limits no fare is charged on either of the steam railroads. One may ride from one end of the city to the other absolutely without charge and repeat the journey, if he likes, on every trip the train makes. This condition is not wholly due to the disinterested generosity of the railroad company, but to a provision made when its charter was originally granted.

There is also a well-managed electric railroad running through Alameda and connecting it with Oakland.

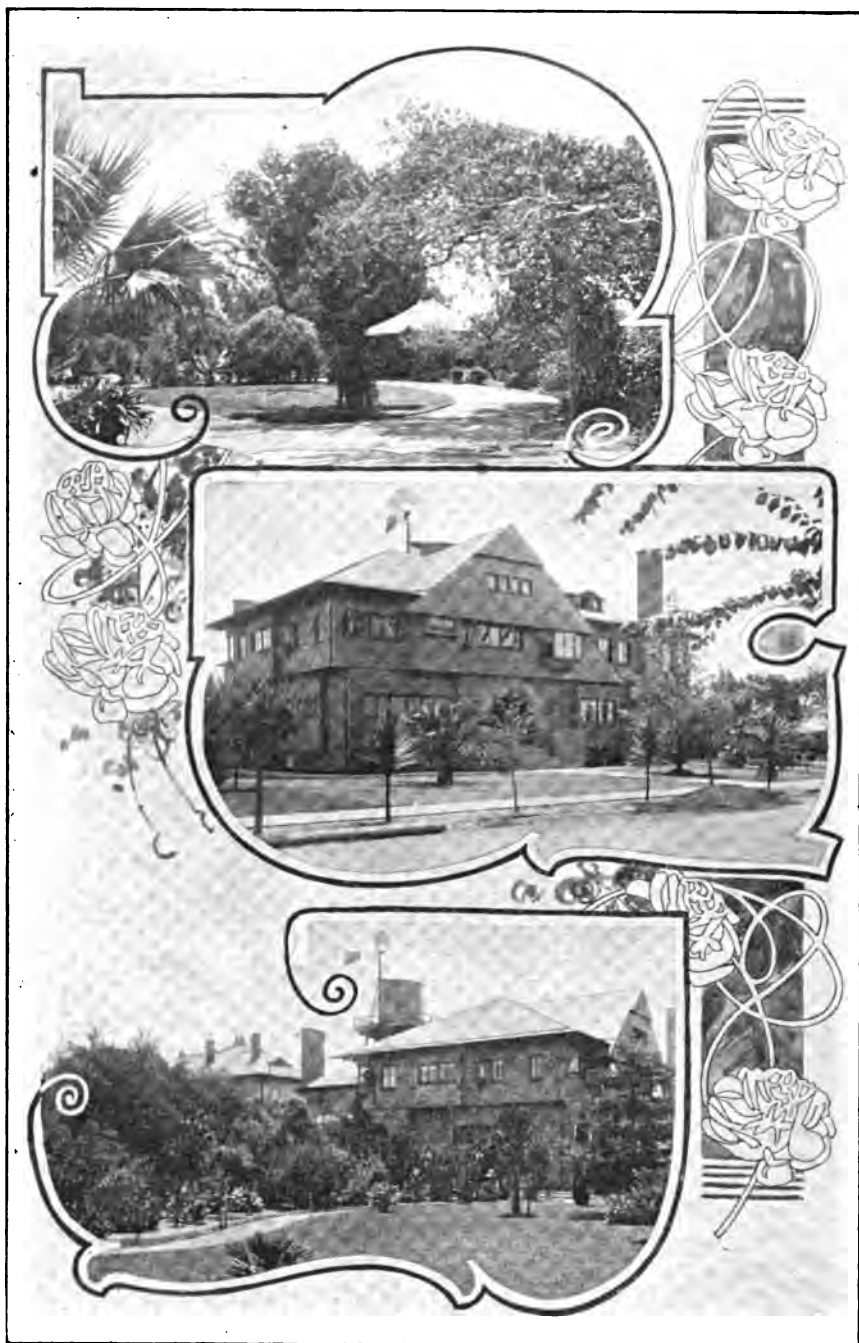
The climate of Alameda—if Alameda be allowed to testify—is well-nigh perfect. The broad and beautiful San Francisco Bay tem-



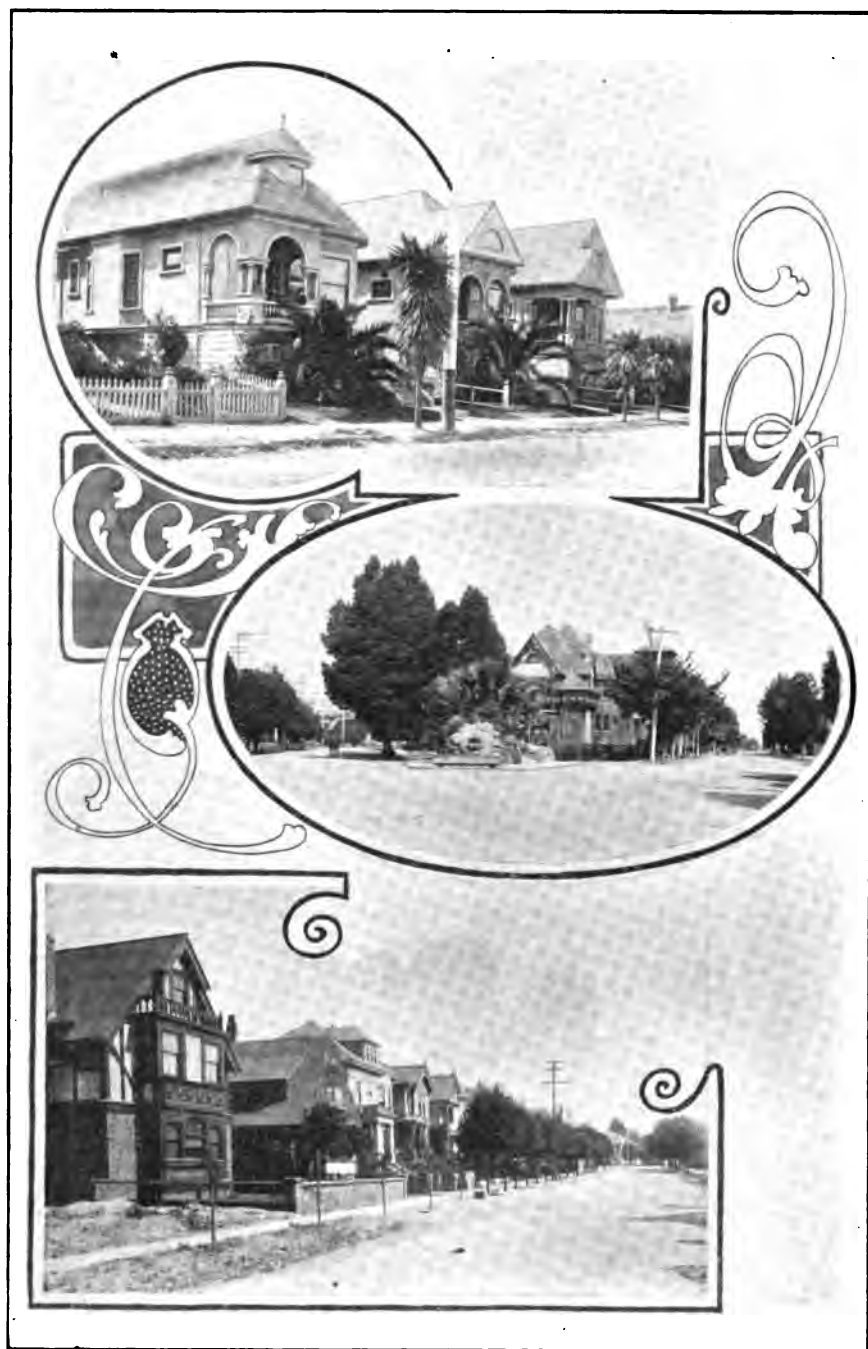
A PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOOD.

pers the summer heat, while the lofty hills on which the city of San Francisco stands, cut off the ocean winds which would otherwise at times come with somewhat of harshness. In fact, there is a difference in climate between Alameda and San Francisco which forces itself upon the attention of the most casual observer, and just this difference is the reason why many choose to live in the smaller rather than in the larger city. No snow ever falls in Alameda, and the winter lawns and gardens, with their profusion of roses and other flowers set among tropical palms and rare and delicate shrubs and trees, are the pride and delight of the dwellers there, and a constant wonder to visitors from less favored localities.

The deep, rich soil of the peninsula has been very favorable to tree growth. Indeed, *Alameda* means "avenue of poplars", while *Encinal*, the name given to one of the villages when there were several vil-



AROUND ONE ALAMEDA HOME.



ALAMEDA STREET VIEWS.



THE ALAMEDA BOAT CLUB.

lages instead of one city on the peninsula, is, being interpreted, "the place of live oaks". Many of the native trees have of course been sacrificed in making the city, but many more, including rare and beautiful exotics, have more than taken their place. More than fifty miles of broad macadamized streets and avenues, lined on both sides with shade trees, and surrounding hundreds of acres of luxuriant lawns and gardens now make of the whole city an immense park. Indeed, roads of unusual excellence traverse the whole country around, extending east into the foothills of the Mt. Diablo range, only a few miles away, and southward clear around the lower end of the Bay, and (by way of San José) back to San Francisco. This latter route—just a hundred miles—is a favorite with long-distance bicycle racers. These excellent roads naturally make driving a favorite recreation.

It may be noted, in passing, that the Alameda Driving Association has a speed track which horsemen everywhere admit to be, in some respects, unsurpassed in the country.

The Bay is, of course, a dominating factor in determining the pas-



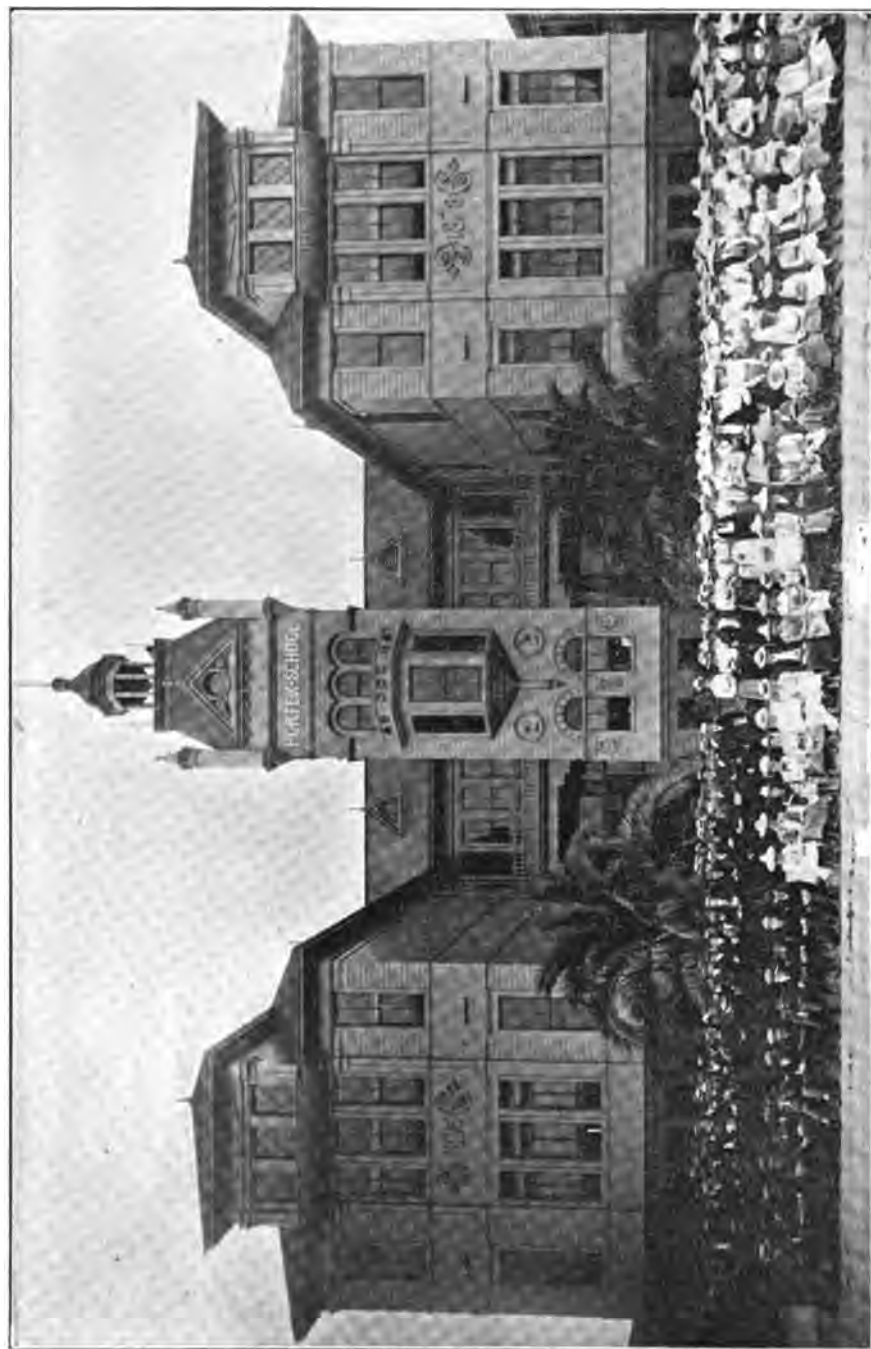
THE ENCINAL YACHT CLUB.

times of Alameda. There are two yacht clubs—the California, devoted strictly to yachting, with seventy-five or more yachts in commission, and the Encinal, whose beautiful club-house on the Bay attracts its members to boat or bathe or bowl. The Alameda Boat Club intends to hold its own at all times in anything from “singles” to “eights.” And strung along the miles of water-front are many private boat and bath houses.

A notable factor in the social and intellectual life of Alameda, is the Adelphian Club, an organization of women not yet five years old.



ALONG THE BAY SHORE, ALAMEDA.



which long since reached its membership limit of two hundred and fifty and has constantly a lengthy "waiting list." The object of this club is primarily the promotion of study among women, and its chief pride is the substantial work done in its various sections. These include English Literature, French, German, Spanish, Current Events, Decorative Art, U. S. History, New Books, Music, Art History and Physical Culture. A Civic Section has lately been established, through which the Club expects to come into closer touch with municipal affairs and make itself of practical benefit to the community.

The municipal government of Alameda is particularly noteworthy as being free from partisan politics. The genus "professional politician" is conspicuous by his absence, and his place on the various governing bodies is taken by property owners, elected by reason of their fitness to administer affairs, not for the advantage of any ring or clique, but for the interest of the city as a whole. The chief of these bodies is the Municipal Board of Trustees, of five members, elected for four years and serving without pay. The President of this Board, chosen by its members, is the citizen of Alameda who

corresponds  
Mayor. The  
Directors, also  
members, and  
years, has labo-  
public school  
exercised  
perintendent of  
by the Board and

most nearly to  
Board of School  
composed of five  
elected for four  
lute control of the  
system. This is  
through the Su-  
Schools, appointed  
responsible to it.



CHRIST CHURCH, ALAMEDA.

Alameda is particularly proud of her school system, and with reason. Yet she is not satisfied, but is continually striving to make her provision for training her young people a little better.

The Board of Health, composed of five physicians and appointing a Health Officer, a Veterinary Inspector and an Inspector of Health and Drainage, has charge of the sanitary affairs of the city. How admirably it has attended to its duties may be gathered from the fact that the annual death rate of Alameda is only about

death rate of Alameda is only about nine per thousand—one of the lowest re-

corded in the world. A system of



THE CITY HALL.

sewage that comes as close as possible to perfection, and a magnificent supply of artesian water, are factors in producing this desirable state of things.

As illustration of the attention paid to the details which affect the health of the community, the watchfulness over the character of the milk supply may be instanced. Every dairy supplying milk to the city is registered and subjected to frequent tests and inspections. The result of these is recorded on a blackboard in the City Hall, and if any citizen wants to know how his milkman feeds his cows, or what percentage of butter-fats is in his milk, all that is necessary is to go look at the blackboard. Of course, nothing like a diseased herd, a filthy dairy, or "doctored" milk is tolerated at all.

The free public library, with 25,000 volumes on its shelves, is in



charge of another Board of Trustees—also of five members. It occupies at present a part of the city hall. One of the Carnegie gifts—\$35,000—was intercepted by Alameda, and a new library building will soon rise on a lot already set aside for that purpose.

Alameda owns its own electric-lighting plant, which not only furnishes light for the streets and public buildings, but sells to private consumers at low rate.

The bonded indebtedness of Alameda is \$160,000 on an assessed valuation of \$12,000,000. The value of property actually owned by the city is considerably in excess of its entire debt. The tax rate last year was \$1.20.

The residents of Alameda do not include many of large wealth.



A CORNER OF THE ADELPHIAN CLUB HALL.

There are few mansions here—and no slums. The bulk of her citizens are business and professional men, of moderate income, or well salaried. Her growth has been marked by no booms, but has been steady, clean and healthful. The limits of space—about 22,000 acres including the whole peninsula—prevent the possibility of its growing to great size, but there is still ample room and cordial welcome for thousands more of such citizens as she now has. Handsome and well built modern homes, well located and on large lots, can be bought at from \$2,500 to \$4,000, and numerous building and loan associations are ready to help the home-seeker acquire his home. The certain great growth of San Francisco, and the consequent pressure of population, the ideal climatic conditions in both summer and winter, and the other factors going to make Alameda so desirable a place of residence, seem to assure a steady increase in the value of real estate. One does not buy a home for speculative purposes, but it is as well to feel assured, when buying, that it is not likely to lose in value.

The Alameda Board of Trade, with a membership of about 125 local business men, is active in matters concerning the growth and



A CORNER OF THE PARK.

welfare of the community, and is always glad to receive and answer inquiries concerning it.

A large tract of land fronting on the deep water of the Bay, accessible by ships and railroads, has been bonded by an electric corporation. This corporation has an immense electric generating plant in the foot hills, utilizing the abundant water powers with never-failing sources from the snow-capped Sierra Nevada Mountains. Land, with electric power, will be sold or leased to manufacturing concerns.

The Board of Trade will interest itself in any proposition coming from a prospective manufacturer, and do anything possible to further such interests.



PARK STREET, ALAMEDA.



IN THE GOLDEN GATE.



AN ILLUMINATION OF MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.  
(Copyright 1900, by Louis T. Lenzen, San José.)



CHINESE BAND, SANTA BARBARA.

Photo. by N. H. Reed, Santa Barbara.

# The Land of Sunshine

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CHAS. F. LUMMIS	Editorial
F. A. PATTEE	Business
CHAS. A. MOODY	Subscription

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### To Subscribers and Advertisers.

Owing to the absence in the East of the editor of this magazine, as well as to the removal to more convenient quarters of printing presses, etc., it was decided to issue the August and September numbers of the LAND OF SUNSHINE in one edition or "double number". Each reader's subscription and advertiser's contract will therefore be extended one month, so that each will receive the full number of copies or insertions to which he is entitled.

### Pulling for the West.

If there is any one publication that merits the undivided support of California and the West, that publication is the LAND OF SUNSHINE of Los Angeles, edited by Chas. F. Lummis, than whom there is no more loyal westerner beneath the western skies. For seven years that sterling magazine has been laboring earnestly and faithfully for the welfare of the west, by proclaiming its resources, championing its needs and presenting it in its true light before the world. And now comes the announcement that the good work will be continued more energetically and systematically than ever before.

Beginning with the July number, the LAND OF SUNSHINE will regularly devote some twenty pages to a department entitled "The Twentieth Century West." It will consist of an editorial survey and commentary of the highest authority, on "the really big things" of current progress and interest, supplemented by a great variety of contributed articles written by the foremost thinkers and workers of the West, under the editorial supervision of W. E. Smythe. It will deal particularly with the three great interests of irrigation, coöperation and colonization. No other current literature now available can compare with the contents of the department in practical value to the earnest men and women who are creating the civilization of Western America; while to prospective investors and homeseekers it will possess an interest wholly unique.

The department will not be dull or dry, but full of interesting ideas and experience.—*Cornwall Courier*, July 27, 1901.

### Alameda to have a Fine Illustrated Article.

Some time ago the *Encinal* published a statement that the LAND OF SUNSHINE, that sterling Pacific Coast magazine published in Los Angeles, had in contemplation the possibility of devoting considerable space in its pages to this city. It is gratifying to be able to state that the forthcoming issue of the journal in question will devote a dozen pages to an illustrated article upon this city.

Contrary to the usual methods followed and of which all Californians have become so weary, the people of Alameda are not asked to pay for the article in question. At its own expense the magazine makes the illustrations, prepares the matter and publishes it. The only return that is asked is that as many of the people of the city shall become subscribers to the publication as appreciate good literary work.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE has been established for seven years and now has a subscription list of over 10,000. It goes into hundreds of public libraries and reading-rooms, and is acknowledged to be the best magazine ever issued on this Coast.

The project has the endorsement and coöpera-

tion of the Board of Trade, as indeed it should. Alameda needs advertising, and this sort of work is advertising of the very highest class, which cannot but prove beneficial.—*Alameda Encinal*.

### Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

In crediting the fine photographs of Stockton and vicinity, reproduced in this magazine last month, to Mr. Tibbitts, further acknowledgment should have been made to the Southern Pacific R. R. Co., to whom they belong and through whose courtesy they were used.

### A Popular Resort.

Redondo Hotel during the summer months becomes the social center of Los Angeles and environs. A large number of prominent society people are its regular guests, while its Saturday night dances, which are nearly as select as if they were by invitation, draw brilliant crowds of temporary visitors from surrounding towns. Weekly amateur theatricals and entertainments, bowling alleys, tennis courts, golf grounds, fishing, boating, etc., serve to fill the hours at this elegant resort.

### Attractive and Valuable.

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If Easterners who are so ready to seek this coast in order to escape the rigors of winter, but who submit to the more uncomfortable and dangerous conditions of Eastern June, July and August, could see the government statistics of California for those months, published in this number of *Sunset*, let alone the attractiveness of California cañon and mountain resorts, they could not escape the conclusion that they must simply come here at once and stay.

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OCTOBER, 1901

Vol. XV, No. 4

MORMONISM—BY ITS HEAD  
THE HOODOOS OF WYOMING  
ON YERBA BUENA

Richly  
Illustrated

"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"

# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



THE MAGAZINE OF  
**CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST**

EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS



AN OJAI LIVE-OAK.

PHOTO BY AGNES D. BROWN

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THE EVENING STAR.

From painting by Wm. Keith.

Loe

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"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 15, NO. 4

OCTOBER, 1901

### *THE IVORY CRUCIFIX.*

BY SHARLOT M. HALL.

"Ride, Juan, he follows, follows fast!"

Nay, darling, down the wind  
You do but hear the trampling herds  
That flee our path behind:  
Look forward where the sunrise plays  
Across the mountain's rim,  
There shall you measure fairer days  
With me, and far from him.

"Oh! Juan, the desert lies between,  
A waste of fear and dread,  
Smitten with bitter winds that shake  
The white bones of the dead;  
It lies between, as in our hearts  
Our sinful loving lies;  
Think you that earth will grant us peace  
An angry heaven denies?"

"Haste! Haste! I hear the click of steel,  
The ring of muffled spur,  
And fearful shapes loom grim against  
The far mirage's blur;  
Up swimming on its trembling light  
Huge shadowy giants ride,  
Like blood-avengers through the haze,  
He, with his men beside!"

Red swung the sun, a sullen disk  
Across the copper sky,  
And whirling sand-wreaths pale as ghosts  
Beat upward spitefully ;  
Beat up and broke, and whirled anew,  
And called their nameless kin  
To race with them the race of death  
No soul of man may win.

Forgot and far the fear behind,  
Before the God of wrath  
Outstretched his hands upon the storm  
And barred their guilty path :  
“ A cross ! ” How grim and gray and gaunt  
The tall Zahuaro loomed,  
As if in solemn vigil o'er  
Some martyr-saint entombed.

“ Pray ! Pray ! ” she whispered as they fell,  
“ The pitying saints may hear.  
Jesús ! One mercy in the name  
Of her that is most dear !  
Oh ! Mary, Mother ! if your grace  
Be given to such as we,  
I crave you of your tenderness  
Spare him and punish me !

“ The crucifix my mother gave  
With dying breath ! ” she strove  
To lay the carven, ivory Christ,  
Upon the lips beloved.  
“ Mine be the penance, gracious Lord ! ”  
The dark wall closed apace,  
As if earth sought to hide from heaven  
That anguished, bleeding face.

Still, still along the drifted sand,  
How still the starlight crept !  
How still his vigil lone and sad  
The gaunt Zahuaro kept !  
There, where in wavering shadows that  
Like life's threads intermix,  
Her dead hand still to his dead lips  
Pressed close the crucifix.

## A VISIT TO THE HOODOOS OF WYOMING.

BY EARLY VERNON WILCOX.



IN parts of the country, especially in the Northwestern States, peculiar erosions are found which are known as "Hoodoos." One of the largest and most interesting groups of these grotesque geological formations is located just east of the Yellowstone Park in Big Horn county, Wyoming. As these Hoodoos are very seldom visited, and as the meager published descriptions seemed marvelous almost beyond belief, a small party, of which the writer was a member, decided to visit this region.

The party was outfitted in Bozeman, Montana, and consisted of a guide, his two sons, a professor, a doctor, a preacher, and the writer. We engaged a packer and a cook, and our pack train consisted of nine saddle horses and nine pack horses. We rode about eighteen miles the first day and made camp just east of the Bozeman tunnel, at the top of the divide between the Yellowstone and the Missouri, at an altitude of about 5,000 feet. The following day we passed through Livingston and traversed the dry plains in the direction of the Absaroka Mountains.

Our third day's journey took us to the Natural Bridge on the Boulder river, about twenty-five miles from Big Timber. This is well worthy of a greater pilgrimage than it receives. The Boulder is here a dashing mountain stream about fifty feet wide. It disappears in an immense whirlpool into the limestone rock, and flows in a subterranean channel for about 300 feet. The lower end of the tunnel opens out on the face of a perpendicular wall of solid rock which is 150 feet high. The river bursts forth from the tunnel at a height of about forty feet from the bottom of a precipice, and falls into a large rock basin, from which it disappears again in the rock and runs in its hidden course for a distance of quarter of a mile. During high water the tunnel is not large enough to receive the whole river, and the overflow passes in a channel worn in the surface of the rock, dashing over the brink of the precipice at the same time that the lower portion is bursting out of the tunnel part way down the cliff. In the bottom of the upper bed, which was dry at the time of our visit, we discovered an opening into a cavern in the limestone. By the aid of two picket ropes we descended into the cavern and found it to be of considerable size. At flood times the water evidently passes through this cavern also.

From the Natural Bridge we proceeded up the Boulder along what had been described to us as "a good wagon road." We had to walk, however, a considerable part of the distance, as the horses were unable to make their way over the rocks with a rider. Supper had to be cooked and eaten that evening in a dashing rainstorm. Our baking powder biscuits were thoroughly soaked and we had to dip them in a sort of emulsified bacon grease. But a mountain appetite is not easily disturbed.

We were now skirting the mountains which surround the Lake Park region, and we purposed entering this country by the first practicable pass. We broke camp early in the morning and proceeded up the beautiful, heavily-wooded cañon of the Boulder. An old prospector, with a flint-lock rifle, informed us that he had seen three bears in a huckleberry patch a few miles up the river, but had not cared to attack them with a flintlock. After riding for about an hour we suddenly caught sight of the ears of a bear above the huckleberry bushes. We finally succeeded in killing all three bears, the whole affair occupying not more than two minutes. We found that we had fired something more than fifty shots, and that the two boys of the party had killed all the bears. The rest of the party, however, had demonstrated the great penetrating power of steel-jacketed bullets in various trees. This episode not only gave us bear skulls and skins as trophies, but some fine bear steak which proved a very acceptable variation from bacon. The old female was of a deep black color, while one of the cubs was black and the other brown. Both cubs were males.

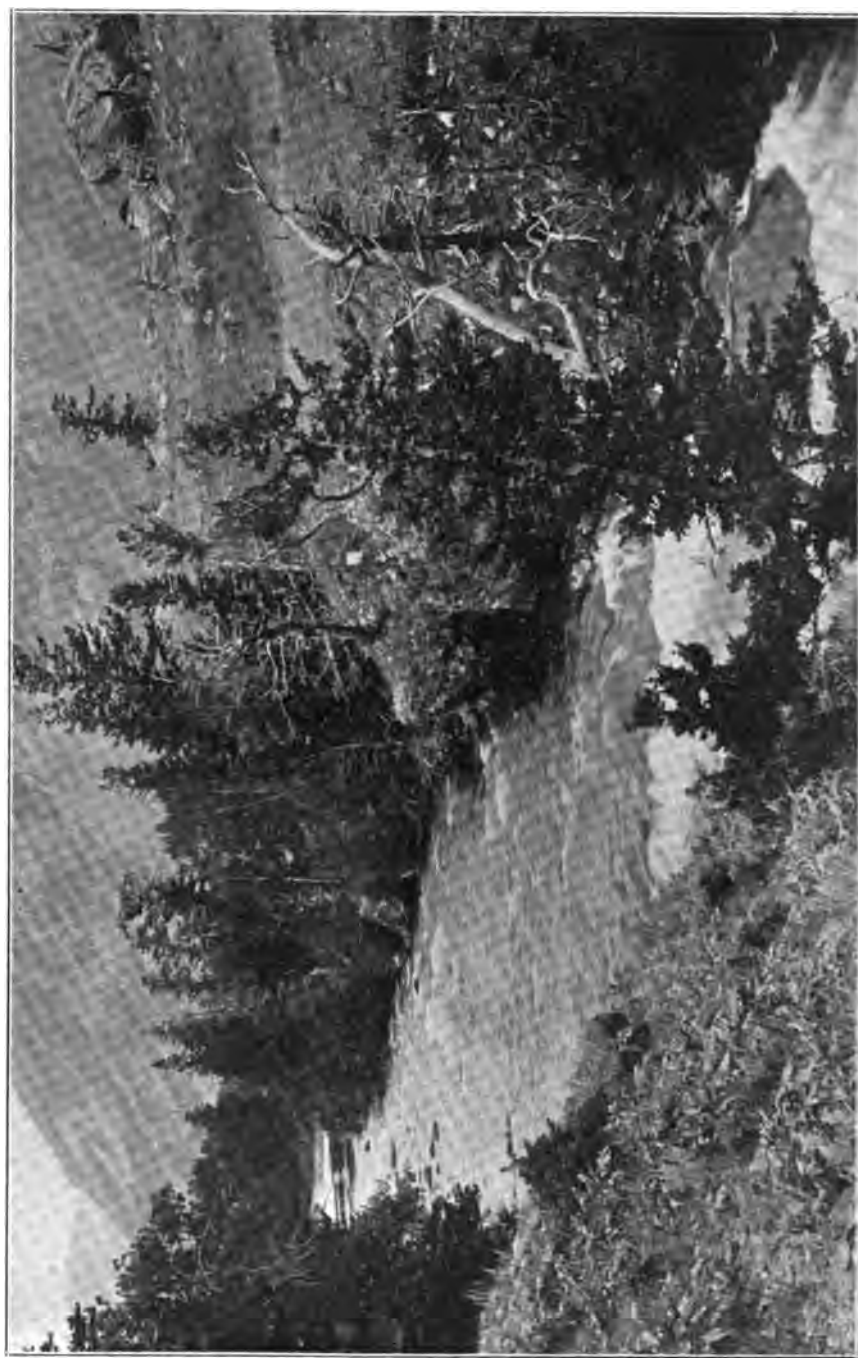
Thus far we had been following the middle fork of the Boulder. We now took a trail which led up one of the branches, and camped in a beautiful basin at an altitude of about 8,500 feet. The next day being Sunday, we gave the horses a needed rest and climbed a peak 11,000 feet in height. Here, for the first time in our trip, we found everlasting snowbanks. The Alpine plants and insects of this peak were very interesting and of great variety. We made a full collection of the plants, among which there proved to be twenty species new to science. Later in the day we descended the peak and traveled over a pass into the Lake Park country. This is essentially a plateau, 9,000 to 10,000 feet high and for the most part well covered with grass. One of the most attractive features of this region is the abundance of small lakes with clear cold water and plenty of fine trout. There were also fresh signs of mountain sheep, deer and elk.

Our next march took us along Slough Creek, and we



**LOWER END OF NATURAL BRIDGE.**  
(Height of Cliff, 150 feet).

Photo. by F. W. Traphagen.



BOULDER RIVER, JUST ABOVE NATURAL BRIDGE.

Photo. by F. W. Traphagen.



camped at Lake Abundance, near Cook City. Plenty of good trout were to be had in the lake and some rather tough ducks, but almost any fresh meat was agreeable for the sake of variety.

From Lake Abundance we crossed the divide and went down Clark's Fork. This, like all mountain streams in the region, furnished ideal conditions for trout; but there are no fish in the river or any of its branches above the falls, which are located at the point where Dead Indian and Sunlight Creeks unite with the main fork.

We traveled two days down this stream and at last reached the falls. The three rivers which unite at this point all run in cañons cut in the solid rock to a depth of about 400 feet. Near Cook City, and upon the south side of Clark's Fork, are located two high peaks of magnificent appearance, separated by a deep abrupt chasm, but constituting a sort of twin mountain. They are called Pilot and Index Peaks; their tops seemed inaccessible.

Finding the Sunlight Creek to the Hoodoos too difficult, we went back to Crandall Creek and camped near the spot where Crandall and his companions were treacherously shot by Indians. After photographing two or three supposed graves of Crandall, we finally found the real one and piled several stones upon the grave to mark the place.

We had supposed that from this camp we could reach the Hoodoo plateau in one long march; since it was only about twenty miles, as we estimated by the geological survey maps, though the trail was a difficult one. But it took us four days of hard work to reach our main objective point.

Saturday morning we started early, to reach the Hoodoos the same afternoon. Upon breaking camp, the bear skins were packed on the mule for the first time. As soon as she sniffed the peculiar odor of bear at such close quarters, she attempted to get away from her imagined enemy, but we overtook her about four miles from camp. We proceeded up the main fork of Crandall Creek. The valley grew narrower, until we entered a cañon and were forced to ride in the creek; and after another mile we came to impassable cascades with perpendicular walls on either side; so we were forced to go back to our previous camp. After a reconnaissance we climbed the ridge on the south side of the south fork of Crandall Creek and followed it all day. This is the historic trail down which the Nez Percés came when they succeeded in eluding the United States troops at the cañon of Clark's Fork. At five in the afternoon of the third day we arrived on the brink of the cañon of Hoodoo Creek; across which, about five miles distant, the Hoodoo plateau was plainly in view. We found that we must



THREE RIVERS PEAK, YELLOWSTONE PARK

Photo. by F. W. Traphagen.



**HOODOO COLUMN, 200 FEET HIGH.**

**Photo. by F. W. Traphagen.**



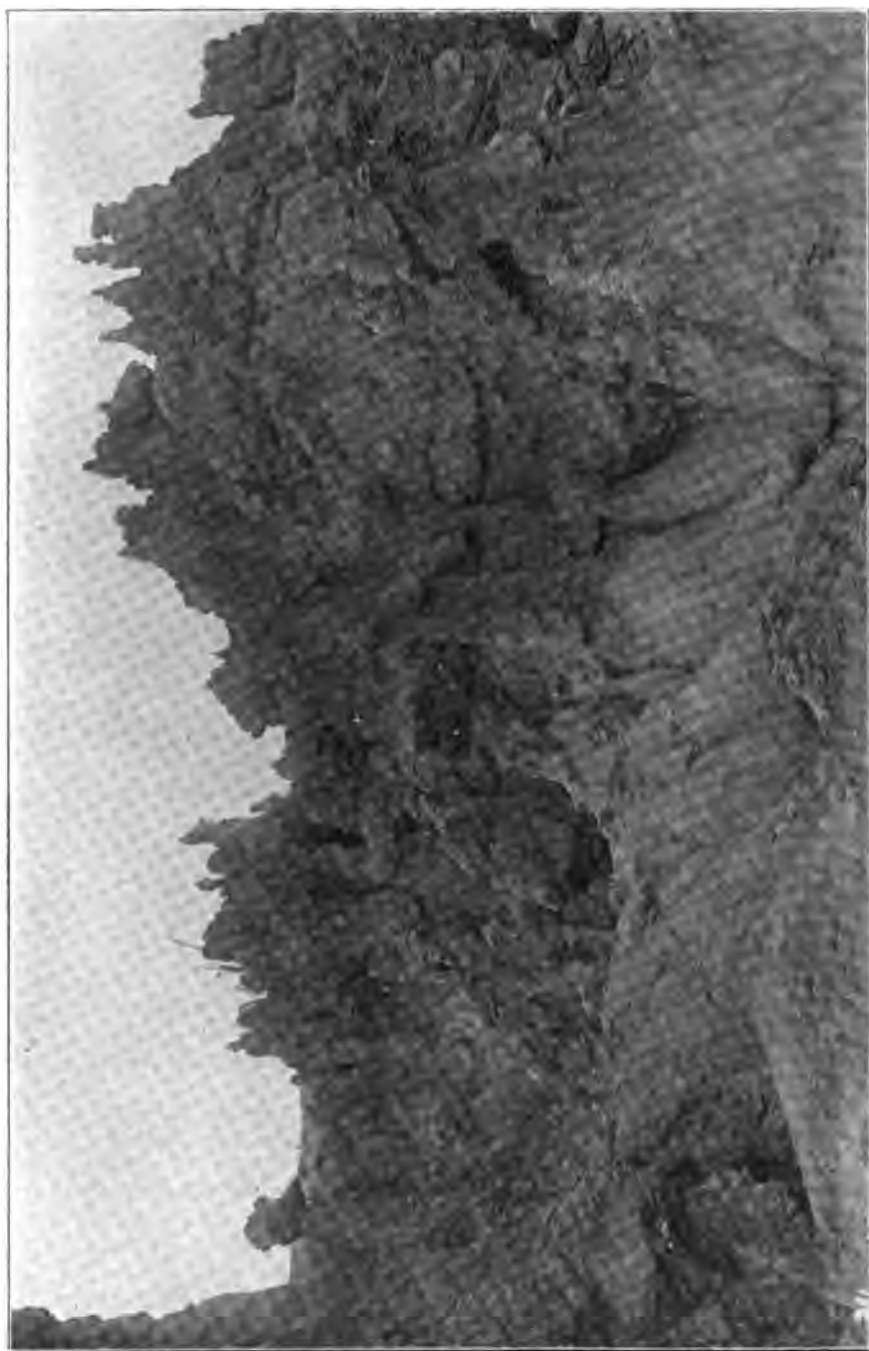
THE HOODOO CASTLE.

Photo. by F. W. TRAPHAGEN.

descend 1,500 feet and climb an equal height on the opposite side to reach the plateau. The sides of the cañon were so steep that several hours' hard work with pick and shovel was necessary before we could get the animals down. The following morning we descended a zigzag course, and, leading the horses and also holding on to their tails, took them safely down one by one. Then came the climb on the opposite side, which was the most difficult one of the whole trip. We had to make steps in a snow bank in order to cross it, and even where there was no snow, we had to rest every few steps. The guide and the writer were the first to reach the plateau. Our camp on the plateau was at an elevation of 10,300 feet. We shot an old blue grouse cock here but at such an altitude it was impossible to boil, fry, or otherwise reduce the flesh to an eatable degree of tenderness. Soon after our arrival on the plateau a thunderstorm burst upon us with terrific fury just as we sat down to supper. The course of the flashes of lightning was horizontal.

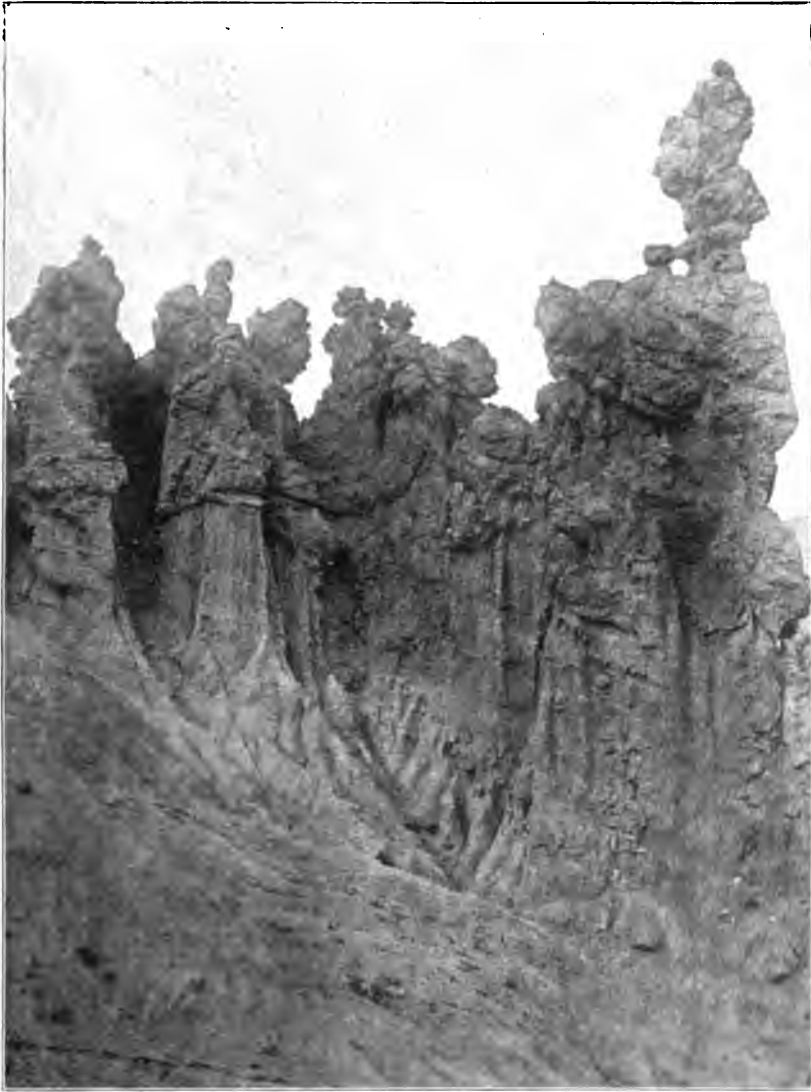
It is perhaps impossible adequately to describe the Hoodoos. It was remarked by several of the party that the Hoodoo Basin contains more of interest than the Yellowstone Park. Hoodoo Peak, which rises to an elevation of nearly 12,000 feet, is located at the northwest corner of the plateau. From its top one can see, away to the north, the Granite or Beartooth Mountains, with Granite Peak rising to a height of 12,800 feet, the highest point in Montana, and with immense snowfields and small glaciers even on the southern exposure. To the southeast the horizon is formed by one of the most magnificent ranges of the Absaroka system, while far to the south the Tetons present an imposing spectacle with their chief peak, the Grand Teton, reaching a height of 14,800 feet. The main Hoodoo basin is located in an immense cañon on the south side of Hoodoo Peak. The most interesting group of Hoodoos, however, the group which apparently was not visited by the Geological Survey parties, is to be found on the southeast and east slopes of the peak, and is about three miles distant from the main Hoodoo Basin.

The whole region is of volcanic origin, being largely composed of basic breccia. The softer parts are readily eroded and carried away by the water, while the hard parts remain standing in the form of "Hoodoos" of all sizes and of every conceivable shape. It requires no imagination to see chickens, cathedrals, towers, palaces, camels, goats, men and women, done in breccia. The figures vary in size from the merest hummocks to columns of 200 feet in height. One group was particularly striking and lifelike—of a



A GROUP OF HOODOOS.

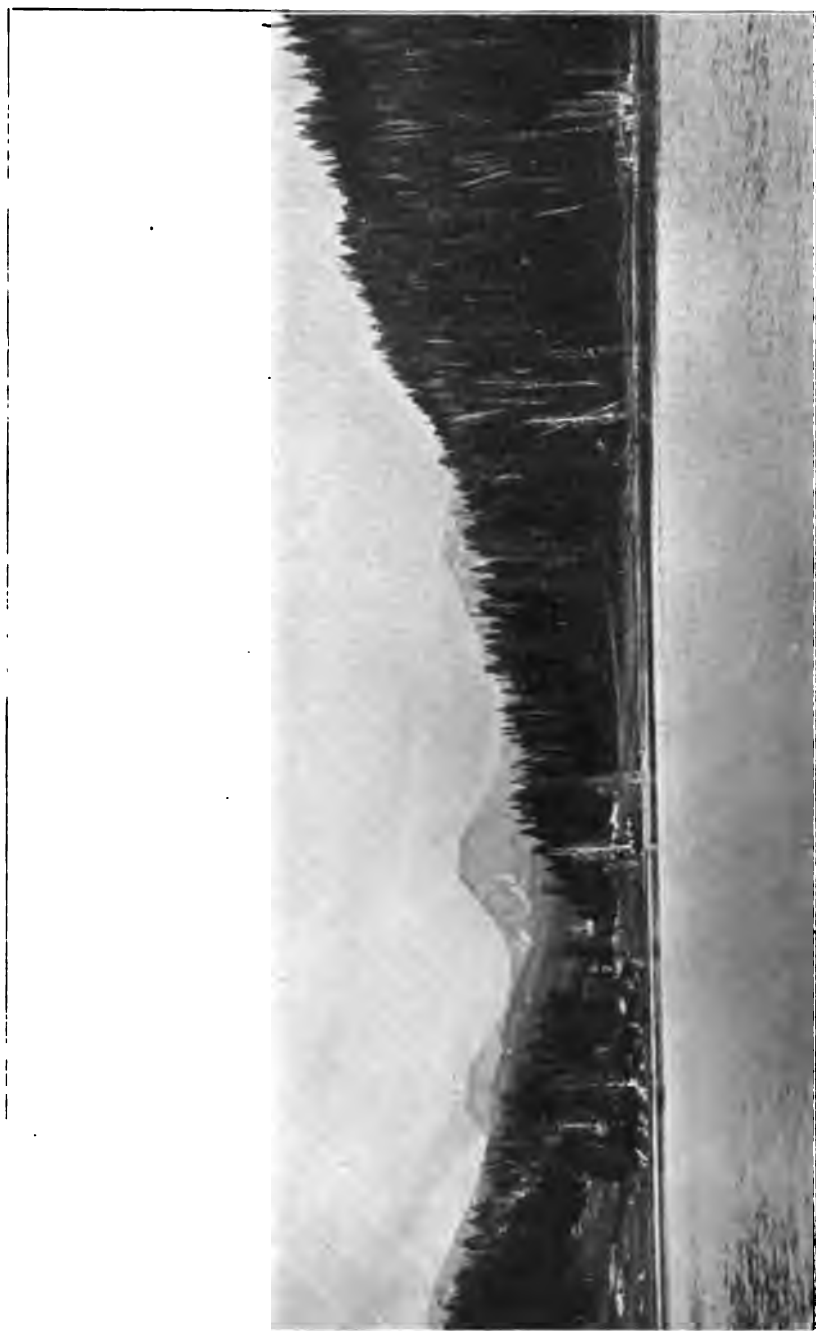
Photo. by F. W. Traphagen.



THE HOODOO CHIEF AND HIS HAREM.

Photo. by F. W. Traphagen.

number of large columns, of which one stood apart from the rest. Upon the main group were mounted several female figures in most fantastic drapery. On the isolated column was an immense bust of a man about fifty feet in height. His giant arm was extended and the clenched fist rested



LAKE ABUNDANCE.

Photo. by F. W. Traphagen.



upon the column. He had upon his head a twisted turban and wore a most grotesque solemn expression. There were no commandments on stone tablets, but the gentleman was evidently laying down the law to his assembled harem, and he was named, accordingly, the "Hoodoo Chief." We had great expectations of the Hoodoos and were agreeably surprised. They were far more interesting than we had imagined.

As from the Hoodoo plateau we searched the distant snow-fields of the Granite Mountains with our field-glasses, regret was felt that we had not made a side trip to the Grasshopper Glacier of that region. This glacier is not of great size, but is especially interesting from the fact that it contains tons of grasshoppers frozen into the ice far below the surface. They are probably the Rocky Mountain locust, but they crumble so rapidly on being exposed to the air that the species could not be determined from specimens brought by the party which visited the glacier. Photographs of the glacier show that the grasshoppers are imbedded in two strata of the ice.

On leaving the Hoodoos, the expedition passed down Miller Creek and Lamar River into the Yellowstone Park. We stopped on Cache Creek near Death Gulch, visited Soda Butte, and spent some time on Amethyst Creek and in the Fossil Forest. One camp was made at Tower Falls, and on the way we received at Yancey's our first mail from home.

One day's journey along the cañon of the Yellowstone brought us to the lower falls, and here we were surprised to find ourselves under arrest by order of the military authorities of the Park. On the day of our march from Tower Falls to the Great Falls of the Yellowstone, two armed highwaymen had held up six stage-coaches on the road from the Cañon Hotel to Norris Basin and robbed the passengers. Naturally we knew nothing of the affair, having come from the opposite direction. During this day's journey our party had become separated. In crossing a boggy meadow, alone, my horse broke through the sod and broke a strap by which my gun was slung to the saddle. At this moment I saw two men slowly riding out of the woods. I supposed them to be the professor and the doctor, who had not been seen since morning, and immediately shouted; whereupon the men wheeled their horses and disappeared in the forest. I dismounted, took my gun from the case, readjusted the case, and after leading my horse across the meadow, rode on more rapidly in order to overtake the guide.

This little episode had unexpected developments. It

seems that the two riders were the highwaymen. A messenger had been sent to summon troops and was riding on the trail along the side of the meadow when I shouted. He did not see the horsemen, and supposed I was shouting at him. His mind was full of the recent robbery; and when I took my gun from its case he concluded that I was about to try a shot at him. So he put spurs to his horse and rode at his best speed for three miles, when he met the soldiers and informed them that he had barely escaped being shot by one of the robbers. When the soldiers arrived at the Cañon hotel, they found us boldly encamped near the river, nine men strong and eighteen horses. We were at once directed not to break camp pending further orders from the superintendent of the park. We were kept under military arrest for nearly thirty-six hours after the superintendent knew who we were, and for reasons which we were quite unable to discover. The soldiers seemed to know nothing of the park except the regular wagon road over which tourists are taken. We were told that every possible exit from the park was guarded, but when we said we intended to leave the park by the Bannock Pass, the sergeant confessed that he did not know its location.

As we rode over this pass we found a fresh, well beaten elk track, and on the Gallatin side of the pass at the foot of Three Rivers Peak, saw a band of about 150 elk. From Three Rivers Peak to Bozeman we traveled more rapidly, covering the whole distance in three days and riding fifty miles on the third day. Thus we may briefly describe our route as eastward along the whole northern boundary of the park, southward to the Hoodoos, and westward through the park, returning by the Gallatin Cañon. The trip occupied us for twenty-five days, and we traveled over 500 miles of mountainous country.

From a botanical standpoint I never saw a richer country. On the Hoodoo plateau there are to be found in August not only a great variety of alpine plants in full bloom, but also such plants as *Dodecatheon* and *Claytonia*, which at lower altitudes are among the earliest spring flowers. Upon this plateau it freezes every night. While we were there a half inch of ice formed during the night. All the plants here are frozen so that they may be broken off in the early morning, and the ice rattles off from them upon one's boots. The fringed gentian may be frozen so rigidly that the petals can be broken in the fingers. As soon as the sun appears, however, the plants thaw out and are uninjured.

In the mud near the edges of the snow banks, buttercups and *calthas* grow in great abundance. These plants also

force their way through the snow, and it is not an uncommon thing to see them flaunting their gay flowers above the surface of the snow.

The Hoodoos may be approached either from the Yellowstone Park or from Crandall Creek, and for the geologist, zoologist, botanist, photographer or tourist, the region presents attractions which are seldom equalled.

U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

## SOME INDIAN PAINTINGS.

BY M. C. FREDERICK.



PERHAPS the vicinity of Santa Barbara, including the adjacent islands, sustained a denser population of aborigines than any locality else in all California. With the most perfect of climate, and sea and land furnishing an abundance of food at a minimum of labor, it is not strange that the Indians congregated here in large numbers; and several of the earliest "sources" state that here they were thickest. The ethnologist and archæologist have found here a rich field; and tons of artifacts of a prehistoric people have been unearthed from the ancient burying grounds and elsewhere and sent to the Smithsonian Institution, not to mention a number of fine private collections. Those not particularly interested somehow found themselves in possession of mortars and pestles, *metates*, baskets, wampum, etc., until not many homes in Santa Barbara were without at least a few of these relics of a vanished race.

If one did not care to do his collecting, he had no difficulty in buying at reasonable rates; for these articles were too plentiful to be particularly valued except by a scientific few; but one day it was discovered that, barring the collections of these few, the relics, once to be picked up anywhere, had suddenly disappeared. They had been quietly bought up at a low figure until it was realized the town was almost swept clean of the stone implements and other curios, that went to swell the showing at the World's Fair. As the country had already been pretty well gleaned they have not again accumulated to any large extent.

There still remain, however, presumably because they cannot be carried off, examples of "picture-writing" on the rocks about Santa Barbara. Several, being exposed to the elements, are almost obliterated; others are within



EXTERIOR OF CAVE.

caves and are so well protected that the colors are as bright as if but recently applied.

The most notable one is that known as "Painted Cave," fourteen or fifteen miles northwest of Santa Barbara, near the summit of the Santa Ynez mountains and east of the San Marcos pass. It is located on an old Indian trail. As there is a good spring near by, it is probable it was once a camping place. Formerly there was no way of reaching it except by trail, and it was rarely seen ; but since settlers have located in the vicinity and opened a road it is easier of access, and the disfiguring of the painting by writing and cutting names and shipping off pieces of the rock,



INDIAN PAINTING IN INTERIOR OF CAVE, AT RIGHT OF ENTRANCE.  
(5 x 10 ft.)

show that now it not only has visitors but that it will soon be sacrificed to the idiotic mania afflicting so many people who ought to know better.

This cave was first scientifically reported, I believe, by Dr. W. J. Hoffman, of the Bureau of Ethnology, who visited it in 1883 and made an incomplete drawing of the paintings.

The cavity containing the pictographs is in a huge block of sandstone, perhaps 30 or 40 feet high, that might have been set with a plummet into the side of the mountain, the road passing immediately at its base. A few feet

up the steep mountain side the opening is reached. The interior is somewhat larger than the entrance, measuring twelve or fifteen feet across and about eight feet high. The floor inclines rapidly toward the back and there is a sort of ledge on the left side, but otherwise the walls and ceiling are nicely arched.

The larger painting, which is at the right of the entrance, is on a convex surface and extends upward until the top is almost overhead, though the illustration does not show this—owing to the position in which it was necessary



ENTRANCE TO CAVE.

to place the camera. The central figures appear smaller because of their further distance from the lens.

The other painting—there are two—is on the opposite side near the back of the cave, and while it covers much less space and has fewer figures, they are larger and perhaps better defined than in the more pretentious one. The colors, red, white, yellow and black, are as fresh and bright as though recently laid on. It is said to be one of the best, if not the best, preserved picture-writings on the Pacific Coast. Yet what it tells no man knoweth.

The most interesting figures are the two on the extreme left of the larger group. One is a primitive representation

of an Indian chief, with two dots for eyes and four feathers in his headdress. The black and white horizontal stripes back of him evidently represent his blanket. The other figure is immediately beneath it and is exactly the same except that it is headless. There is a tradition that the Santa Barbara Indians and the Santa Ynez Indians met here and made a treaty, of which the cave painting is a record. Could it be that the second figure suggests the chief that breaks the treaty? Or, as some tribes represent death by this method, could it be intended to perpetuate the memory of one of their number who died or was killed on some memorable expedition? A figure not unlike these two is also prominent in the smaller group. There are various circular designs, maltese crosses, snake-like markings, parallel lines, a cross-barred pattern, tree-forms, something resembling a centipede, insects, etc. Some of the lines are etched in the rock and then painted, and the whole is partly enclosed by a narrow border of alternating squares.

Dr. Hoffman, after seeing some illustrations in a Mexican ethnological collection, concluded that the circular figures with crossed lines may indicate bales of blankets, which were an article of trade at the Santa Barbara Mission, the lines showing the cords with which they were tied. The human forms portray the traders, those with the horizontal bands being represented as lying flat on their zarapes. Some of the smaller bales show projecting lines at the edges, supposed to be the knots, or ends of cords. Along the lower edge of the painting is what appears to be a horse, with a bale on his back, led by a man, and there are such other figures as caused Dr. Hoffman to think it likely that it is a record of a trading expedition from the north.

While this seems probable, if correct it brings the time of painting within a comparatively recent period, as it is but a little over a hundred years since the mission was established, and trading could hardly have begun until some time later, in which case it is the more remarkable that no definite knowledge of it is obtainable.

Since the best that can be gathered is only conjecture, may it not, after all, be only the expression of the artistic sense of some untutored child of nature, who painted for the mere love of it such figures as pleased his fancy, with no thought of how savants in future years would puzzle their brains trying to unravel their supposed mysterious meaning?

Santa Barbara, Cal.

## THE ISLAND OF THE GOOD HERB

BY HENRY S. KIRK.



On the north side of Yerba Buena Island in San Francisco bay is a tiny spring. The water runs out of a bank hung with black-berry vines and wild ivy. It trickles along through little green mosses and dead brown leaves, and falls into a round stone well. Trees cling to the side of the hill and almost shut out the sky; elder and oak and long, slim laurel. Ferns run about the roots, and tiny green things that almost have no name.



About fifty feet down the bank the water of the bay runs in on the rocks. It shines in the sun and sings a little song of its own. It is very pretty, but it is not the only



THE DOWLING GRAVE.

Photo. by H. S. Kirk.

pretty spot on the island of Yerba Buena. The north side from end to end is one great thicket. There are stretches of white oak and elder, live oak and willow, orchards of wild cherry and plum, and tangles of vines. There are little cañons filled with fern, and tiny valleys where the fairies might sleep. There is no glimpse of the water nor the hills beyond. There is no sound of life, no sight of the ships on the sea, nor the great city beyond. It is deep in the heart of nature. A black butterfly has been idling about. There is a bird singing somewhere. A faint breath of wind is drifting among the trees.





ON YERBA BUENA.

Photo. by H. S. Kirk.

It is nature triumphant, nature neglected. It is the island of Yerba Buena. Few people know anything about it. The few who land on it look at the light and the fog horn and go down to the buoy station. They walk around the new training school and take the tug back to the city. They know absolutely nothing of the island's history, or of its topography, or of anything else, except that the light is lit every night and the fog horn blows when it's foggy. On the east side of the island are three graves. One of them is that of D. R. A. Dowling, a son of Thomas Dowling, a claimant of the island.

There are many old pioneers who remember the fortunes of the Dowlings of Yerba Buena. Thomas Dowling, the head of the family, came to California in 1848 and pur-

chased Yerba Buena Island from the Mexican grantee, probably one of the Castros. He built his home on the east side of the island, raised a family, and passed his time profitably quarrying sandstone and bluestone. In the late 60's the government disputed Dowling's claim to the island and with little ceremony ejected him from his home. Dowling went to Washington to fight the government, but died there disappointed in '72. Dowling was not the only claimant of Yerba Buena. Before him was Pollack, and the more noted Limantour, who claimed not only Yerba Buena but also Alcatraz, the Farallones, Point Tiburon,



"NATURE NEGLECTED." Photo. by H. S. Kirk.

and all the land in San Francisco south of California street, and five additional grants aggregating nearly a million acres. Limantour claimed the land in return for aid given the government. The claim created a sensation at the time, but it finally came to nothing. Next to the Dowling grave is a broken headstone lying flat on the ground. It is green and brown with age. At the top is a willow tree carefully carved. It records the death of E. R. and E. F. Lindsey, one of whom died in 1842, and the other thirteen years later. The Lindseys were employees of the Dowlings.

Before the white man came from the south the island was



EAST SIDE OF YERBA BUENA. Photo. by H. S. Kirk.

the home of a tribe of Indians. They had their village on the mesa where the training school stands, and further up on the side of the hill their burying ground. Relics have been excavated at odd times; mortars and pestles, bones, skulls and skeletons. A frame of a man was found measuring six feet six inches. An odd find was that of a skull with a bit of abalone shell fastened in the mouth—presumably to hold down the tongue. Some have claimed the skull was that of a woman. A stone hammer has been found on the island, and a rude sling; but nothing to indicate any special virtue on the part of the natives. Some years ago a stone was found on the top of the island bearing the imprint of a cloven hoof. It is supposed to have been put

there some way or other by an animal now extinct. I was told the devil might have had a foot in it, but it's possible enough he didn't. The stone is now in the State Mining Bureau Museum.

After the Civil War the government established a garrison on the island, but it was removed a few years later to Angel Island. A buoy station was built, and a magazine at the north end of the island. That was all the official attention Yerba Buena received until the recent commencement of the training school. The railroad has had eyes on the island ever since it crossed the plains. There has been more or less talk of the island becoming a railroad terminus from the early '60's down to a few years ago.

The light was built in '75. It is one of the smallest on the coast, possessing only 400 candle power. The lamp itself is little larger than those in ordinary table use. Down on the wharf, at the buoy station, where the big anchor chains lie side by side, and the great red buoys look like pumpkins from the ferry boats, is one of the largest whistling buoys on the coast. It is an immense thing, topped with a long yellow whistle. For many years it rode the waves at the entrance of the harbor. It was on the site of the buoy station that the Dowling home was situated. Traces may still be seen of the quarry. The earth has been blown away from the side of the island, leaving bare great ledges of rock. Blasting was carried on also along the south side of the island.

Yerba Buena covers 540 acres, and its highest altitude is 340 feet. Its vegetation is varied, and on the north side riotous enough for any valley in any part of California. There are several varieties of oak, elderberry, California holly, wild cherry and wild plum. There are acres of wild gooseberry and blackberry, and, almost all over the island, fern in profusion. There are abundant wild flowers—poppies, buttercups, and fleur-de-lis. But the Yerba Buena, "the good herb," is gone. There is not a trace of it on the island. There are bees and butterflies and birds, orioles and owls, singing sparrows and humming birds. Quail run through the brush, and great black crows caw clumsily in the dead trees. There are bluejays and buzzards and hawks and sea gulls to be sure, and now and then a sight of an eagle. There have been few wild animals on the island since the day of the unknown monster with the cloven hoof. Zoölogy is about confined to the ancient goat which roams at leisure about the bluff near the magazine. The animal is about twenty years old and is the sole surviving descendant of the herd of goats that gave a name to the island. The goats were raised by

a man called Barnacle Bill, who was government custodian of the island after the removal of the garrison. Bill died seven years ago in the poor-house. The goats were sold to the butcher and shot as occasion required, all but two, one of whom died a violent death, it is said, but his head still remains carefully stuffed and mounted on a smooth brown board. The other William remains haughtily on his end of the island where he will nibble unmolested until called to his fathers.

Light-keeper Weiss, an entertaining talker, and a man of much good nature, has interested himself in the history and general affairs of the island to a degree unusual in government officials. He has acquainted himself with the geology of the place, the flora and the fauna, and everything else connected with it. He has even gone so far as to enter something in the records in addition to the state of the weather—a custom little favored by his predecessors.

The view from the top of the topmost hill is the glory of Yerba Buena. The best time to see it is after the spring rains. The air is clear and the sky is blue and the fog is as dead as the winter. The Golden Gate is directly west, the Presidio and Fort Point on one side and Point Bonita distinctly visible on the other. The white houses of Lime Point stretch down to the water, and further along Sausalito looks out between the trees. The Marin mountains stand dimly purple, and over it all rises Tamalpais. Belvedere is to the right, and San Quentin, the San Rafael hills and the black and blue mountains of the Contra Costa with fluffy white clouds rising over them. Low rolling hills stretch on to Carquines, pass Point Pinole, Point Richmond and San Pablo, and run up over Berkeley exultingly, shutting out the world beyond save the tip of Diablo. Oakland lies in the sun with her head in the hills. Alameda is further along, and Bay Farm Island. The mountains fade in a faint light and in the distance join the hills of Santa Clara and the mountains of San Mateo and run joyously along until they fall at the feet of San Francisco.

Alcatraz stands in the water like the Castle of Chillon, and next to it Angel Island, which the Spanish called *Isla de la Angel Custodia*. The Brothers light is faintly visible, and the rocks of the Sisters; and to the right, Red Rock or Molate Island, as it was formerly known. There are ships of all countries lying in the water, some with white sails and some with no sails at all. There are Italian fishing boats rocking idly about, and a Chinese junk beyond the Iowa, near the French war vessel. The ferries

lumber heavily along, the paddles of the river steamers shine in the sun, and along the docks a transport or two going out to sea, to the song of the siren.

In 1769, Visitador Galvez told Father Junípero that if Saint Francis wanted a port and a mission he might show the way. It is easy to think some inspiration led Father Crespi and Pedro Fages, and Rivera y Moncada up the long dreary coast and over the hills to the great water that had been unknown to the outside earth since the dawn of creation. Some idea greater than that of man filled their hearts and their souls, and carried them on to the opening of a new world, to the port of the Hesperides, the bay of the great Saint Francis and the Island of the Good Herb.

Oakland, Cal.



There have not been many men like the late Charles Nordhoff in American journalism at all; and now there are not nearly so many as there were. He was of the day, and large in it, when journalism was really a profession and not a mere cold-blooded coining machine. There were no yellow papers in his active time; and to the distinction of a calling which still valued its honor above nickels he made no mean addition. Although he wrote many books, it is as a high type of the fine old-school journalist that he should be—and I think would have chosen to be—remembered. And he was almost—if not quite—the last prominent example of that honorable craft. His books were rather those of the newspaper than the literary man; and he despised the affectations of the stylists. His English was remarkably

clear, simple and competent; his judgment of men and policies so accurate that he was widely trusted; his "facts" so carefully verified as used to be essential in newspapering; and his point of view broad. He was one of the best-believed "Washington correspondents" this

country ever had; and in that capacity and as traveling correspondent of the New York *Herald* had a rare reputation. He was also for many years the right-hand man of William Cullen Bryant in the New York *Evening Post*.

One reason why Mr. Nordhoff was marked among journalists was that he was better educated than most of them. Thousands of them had more instruction; but he went through the real educating process. His school advantages were very limited—before he was 13 he had plunged into the working world. At 14 he left his place as a compositor and went to sea. For nine years he was a sailor before the mast, in the navy for three years, and then in the merchant, whaling and fishing fleets, circumnavigating the globe and learning from his bumps. At 24 he resumed the shore, and was by turns many kinds of workingman—compositor, farmer and so on. It was only “very slowly and hardly,” as he has said, that he rose to be proofreader,

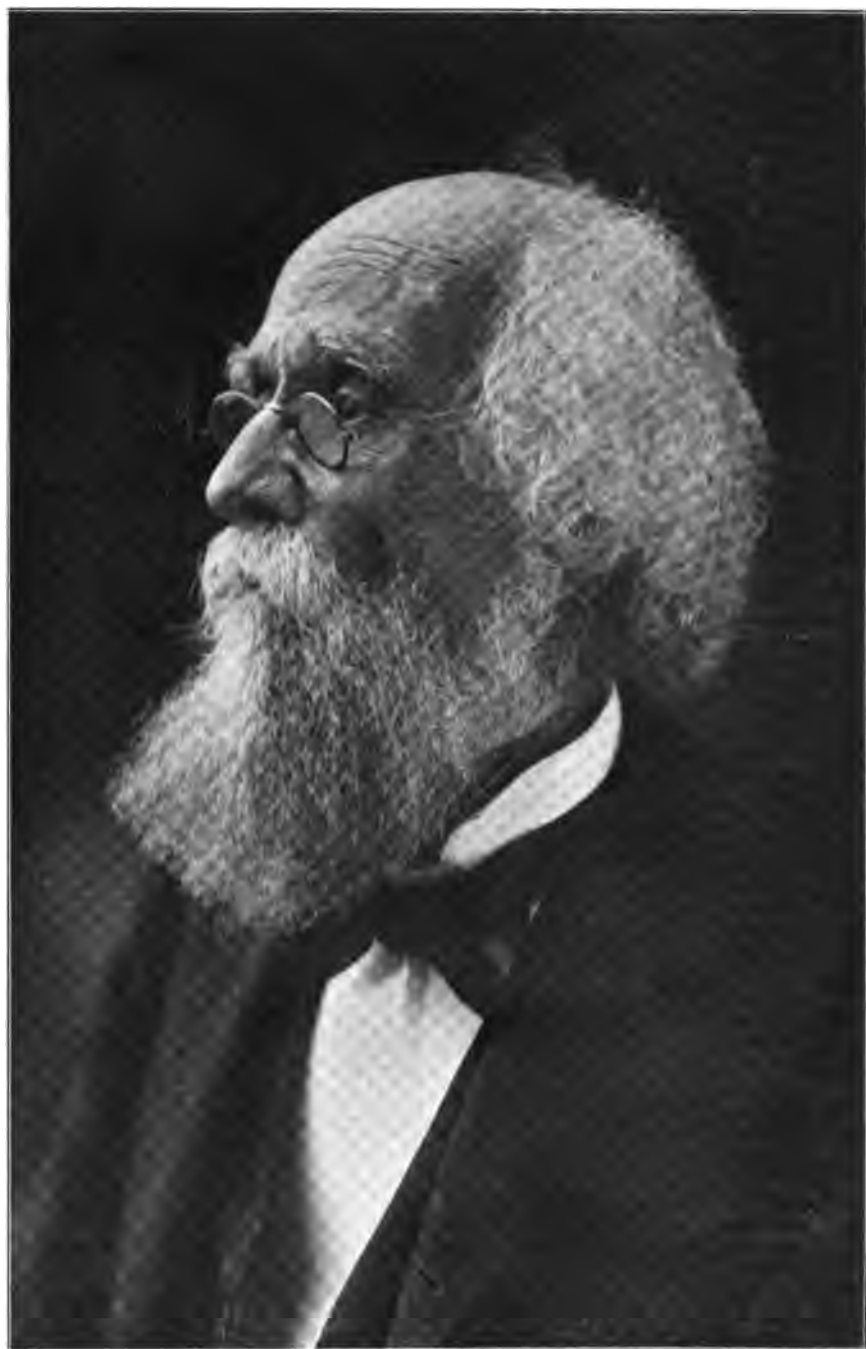


CHARLES NORDHOFF.

reporter, and finally ripe journalist. From 1857 to 1861 he held an editorial position with the Harpers. From 1861 to 1871 he was with the New York *Evening Post*; then visited California and the Hawaiian Islands; and from 1874 was the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, which pensioned him generously in his age. In 1890 he retired from active work and settled in California, living quietly and wisely at Coronado. He died July 14, 1901, at the age of 71—having been born at Westphalia, Prussia, in 1830, and coming to the United States at five years old.



FATHER SCHMITT.



JOSEPH LE CONTE.

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Berkeley, Cal., 1900.



Among his books were—*Man-of-War's Life, Nine Years a Sailor, The Merchant Vessel, Whaling and Fishing Stories*; several volumes based on his travels in the South during Reconstruction, *Politics for Young America*, and so on. But in all probability his most important work—and certainly that for which the West best knows and will longest remember him—was his series of *Herald* letters, collected into book form a quarter of a century ago, introducing California to the American public as a livable country. Someone has called him "the first California boomer," and while Bayard Taylor, Walter Colton, Lieut. Revere and other able men long before him had done handsomely, it is literally true that Nordhoff was the first man to give an adequate idea of the superiority of California as a home. Out of date, now, and based upon economic conditions which have greatly changed, his book was nevertheless the most effective that has ever yet been written in its actual results upon immigration to the Pacific Coast. He was not always right in his prophecies; but since he began, more than a million people have indorsed his rare sagacity in seeing the vital truth that there is no other such place to dwell in.

To this man who has gone, California owes a far larger debt than half its new-come people realize; and not alone for his material apostleship, but as well for the example of a brave, clean, competent, unspoiled and serene life.

\* \*

It was a serious blow to Western research when that fine and gentle spirit, Rev. Edmond J. P. Schmitt, Catholic priest and true historical student, was taken from the slender ranks of them that love the truth enough to seek it. Father Schmitt was only 36, but already one of the most important workers in the field of Southwestern history. His activities were principally in Texas, and the State University, which thus far leads all Western institutions in the vitality and scope of its local historical research, has lost a most efficient ally. Father Schmitt was born March 16, 1865, at New Albany, Ind.; was ordained to the priesthood May 31, 1890; and died May 5, 1901, at San Antonio, Texas, of consumption.

\* \*

Charles A. Keeler and Louise M. Keeler have returned to their Berkeley home from an eleven months' seafaring in the South Seas, with serious wayside tarryings in Samoa, New Zealand, Auckland and other points; rich in material artistic, traditionary and literary. The sumptuous two-volume book of the Harriman outing to Alaska con-

tains an article by Mr. Keeler, and many of his wife's exquisite pen-and-ink drawings.

\* \*

By some sweet inspiration of the printer the portrait of Francis Granger Browne, now manager of the publishing department of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, was labeled with the name of his father, Francis Fisher Browne, editor of the *Dial*. Of the elder Browne, a portrait and some contingent comment may be found in this magazine for April, 1900.

\* \*

Will M. Tipton, the foremost Spanish student and paleographer in the United States; the man who, as special expert of the Court of Private Land Claims, defeated the twelve-million-acre land-steal famous as the Peralta grant—and his account (in this magazine for February and March, 1898) of that most romantic and most colossal swindle ever attempted upon the government made a deep impression—is now in Manila, where he holds an important position under the civil government. It is well to give our subjects such men to model their destinies; but scholars have a feeling that our own country cannot spare them.

\* \*

It is not the only case in point. The greatest genius we have yet produced in the history, archæology and ethnology of the Southwest and of Spanish-America in general; the chiefest of our documentary authorities, the foremost of our field students, the man now recognized as our court of last appeal in these matters—he also is buried in a heathen land. That, of course, is Bandelier. A letter from him a few days ago—the first to get through in over a year—tells me that he is still mewed up in Bolivia. His plans to return to the United States last year (see these pages for July and August, 1900) were cruelly frustrated. He is still, I presume, working for a pittance for an American museum—as he was when we parted eight years ago, and as such men are glad to do if only the work be done. He has written, I know, the most important book yet written on South America from the scientific standpoint—and five years ago. I have been waiting with some patience for his museum to publish it. I am still waiting. His life among the cannibals and *chunchos*, with his wife who is one of the most beautiful and most talented women I have ever seen, would discount Stanley if the Stanley standards were there to “make much” of these things; but the book he *could* write, and did—the book which for South America would

be what his *Archæological Tour* is for Mexico, what his *Historical Contributions* and *Final Report* are to South-western history—that is smothered somewhere.

\* \* \*

Now there is only one fit place for two such men—if we care for a scholarship at all. Both should be filling chairs in some American university; their bread and butter safe, their more important leisure assured for the safeguarding in type of what they have learned; their present energies harnessed to perhaps the most important work any Americanist can now do—the enlisting of fit recruits to pursue Western American history and ethnology before it shall be too late. Both these are Men; not only ripe but alive. In an unusual sort, they are men who would kindle young Americans to the most fascinating and the most neglected field an American student can choose withal—the real study of Americana. In the almost unknown University of Texas, the personal zeal and faith of Dr. Geo. P. Garrison have rallied a band of 350 young men and women to the study of our Western history. That is a type of what can be done—it is a nudge of what is entitled to be done—in every Western university. Let us know what we can of Greece and Rome and Nineveh, but let us not be all snobs. Let us escape at least part of our beastly ignorance about our own country—which is more interesting. And the way to begin is to begin with born leaders and trained ones—not with Chautauqua intellects enabled by an endowment. The university which will secure these two quiet but proved men can lead American universities in the Spanish language and in the early history of America. And there are some who already perceive that these things are worth while.

C. F. L.

## JOSEPH LE CONTE.

BY VICTOR HENDERSON.



It was in the Yosemite, with requiem of pines and waterfalls, that Joseph Le Conte lay down to his last sleep. The glorious mountain cathedral, lacking in the past only in human associations, is consecrated henceforth by the abiding memory of this great, good man, loving and true and wise.

The scientists remember Joseph Le Conte as the investigator of abstruse problems in optics, mountain-building, earth-crust movement, the birth of metal-bearing veins,

the growth of coral-reefs, the life and death of glaciers. The world at large knows him best as an author and teacher wonderfully gifted in popularizing and yet dignifying science, and as the philosopher who more than any other American made the theory of evolution an integral part of every intelligent man's consciousness, and showed the world withal that one may worship God devoutly, and yet seek fearlessly for truth. But it is as a man, pure, hopeful, unselfish, vowed to the search for wisdom, soul of honor and charity and sympathy and good cheer, that he will be remembered by the innumerable company who knew him as master and as friend.

On July 6, 1901, the day of his death, Dr. Le Conte was 78 years old. Until within a few hours of his demise his physical strength was marvelously preserved. To the last his mental power was unabated. The *Comparative Morphology*, the as yet unpublished autobiography, were written only shortly before his end. He was already 45, and still comparatively unknown, when, in 1868, he came to Berkeley to accept the chair which he filled until his death, that of Professor of Geology and Natural History in the University of California; and it was in California, after his forty-fifth year, that his best work was done. The unusual diversity of his earlier experiences, studies and activities was one of the causes of the breadth and richness of the synthesizing scholarship which in his old age made him famous.

Of mingled Huguenot and English Puritan descent, and the son of a scholarly Southern gentleman, Joseph Le Conte was born February 26, 1823, on his father's plantation in Liberty county, Georgia. As a boy he hunted, fished, rode and swam; as a young man he was an all-round athlete. Thus he built up the strength which even in his age made men marvel at his mountain-climbing feats. In 1841 he received the degree of A.B. from Franklin College, the University of Georgia; in 1845 that of M.D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Five years of successful practice of medicine in Macon, Georgia, brought to Dr. Le Conte dissatisfaction with the unscientific quality of the art as then practiced. With his wife, Caroline Elizabeth Nisbet Le Conte, whom he had married in 1847 at Midway, Georgia, he went to Cambridge, Mass., to study with Louis Agassiz. From Harvard he received, in 1851, the degree of B.S. After an expedition with Agassiz to the Florida reefs and keys, Dr. Le Conte went to Oglethorpe University as Professor of Natural Science, and thence, in 1852, to the University of Georgia

as Professor of Geology and Natural History. In 1855 he became Professor of Geology in South Carolina College.

The war came on, and the college succumbed. Feeling that he must devote his scientific knowledge to the cause that absorbed the hearts of all, he became chemist of an army manufactory, in which were compounded all the medicines used in the Confederate States.

In the dark days of reconstruction, when poverty, defeat, and the rule of the negroes made South Carolina seem unendurable, Dr. Le Conte came near to emigrating to Brazil or Mexico. But in California, distant land of promise, there opened hope. To the Pacific he came, with his famous brother, John Le Conte, who was to win new honors as a physician, and as President of the University of California, whose organization and early policy he did much to shape.

California, because of the blessed peace it brought after the horrors of the war, because of its virgin fields for scientific research, and because of the inspiration in its novel social conditions, stimulated Dr. Le Conte to the highest intellectual activity. His scholarly creed, worked out in deeds, was that unless a university man is continually pushing out into new fields of truth, his power to teach decays, and, further, that if his investigations are to be worth while, he must put the results in permanent form, and seek for a place in the worldwide family of producing scholars.

In his chief scientific books, *Sight, The Elements of Geology, A Compend of Geology, Religion and Science, Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought, The Comparative Physiology and Morphology of Animals*, and in hundreds of papers in the scientific journals and in the publications of learned societies, Dr. Le Conte made rich contributions to the world's knowledge of geology, paleontology, mineralogy, botany, zoölogy, medicine, physics, chemistry, and general scientific theory. With this went noble service to philosophy, to ethics, to literature, to education, to religion.

His worth was richly honored at home as abroad. All California knew and loved him. The students among whom he lived, keen and just in their estimates of men, thronged his lecture room, knew him as best of all companions by a campfire in the high Sierras, spoke only good of him, and with the recurring year sent always birthday tokens of affection. His fellow-scientists chose him as president of the International Geological Congress, and as president of the Geological Society of America, and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science ;

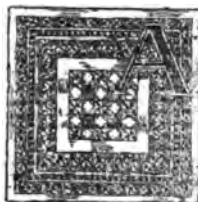
Georgia and Princeton bestowed upon him the degree of L.L.D., and in foreign lands he was an honored and a welcome guest of the world's wisest and best.

Amid all the unremitting toil of his long and varied and active life, he was never too busy to help a fellow-student, to listen to other men's interests, to cheer and counsel and sympathize, to pour out the precious ointment of his personality. And that personality abideth forever, wrought into the very substance of the University to which the life of Joseph Le Conte was given.

Berkeley, Cal.

### "A CALIFORNIA GUSHER."

BY ELIZABETH OENBERG.



CROSS the level floor of a land dotted with low bunches of greasewood, a girl watched the sunset. To her, there was an exhilarating sense of space in this treeless country. It was fine to see the line where the land met the sky, afar in a distant semicircle, unbroken by even a tree. She kept her back toward a cluster of unsightly derricks which marked a newly discovered oil region in Central California. A footstep caused her to turn her head.

"You are late," she remarked to the man who joined her.

"True." He hesitated a moment and then added. "And it was not unavoidable."

She lifted her head as if to notice the remark, and then looked again toward the horizon, as if to dismiss the thought.

"I didn't mind waiting," she said. "I've been standing with my back to the wells, watching the plain. It's beautiful just now—such a stretch of flat country, without a house in sight!" She took off her hat and pointed to the encircling pink sky. "I wish we were on horses, Rob, and could ride straight to that rim."

"Mollie!"

She looked at him in surprise.

"What is it, Robert? Something has happened!"

"Nonsense—I didn't mean to frighten you. A woman is always such a goose."

"Your voice alarmed me. Something has happened. What is it?"

"It isn't much—nothing to worry about," he reluctantly admitted. "But—I don't like it, and that's why I was

late. For the first time in my life I dreaded to meet you." He paused, and she waited for him to continue. "Mollie, last night some one turned on the stopcock in the pipe which connects our well and the Avernus, and all night we've been pumping Avernus oil into Olympus tanks."

"Who did it?"

"That's the question. Our pump man was surprised at the increased flow of oil, and we were congratulating ourselves that the well was picking up. You know, lately ours has been running low, while the Avernus has yielded so much they haven't known what to do with their oil. Everything they got is chock full—has been 'most ever since you went away. They've been digging holes in the sand and running it into them." She nodded. "In the face of that it's mighty queer that one of the Avernus men should be the first to find the stopcock open."

"But—I don't understand—why should they give you their oil?"

Robert Boyd smiled. "They don't give it to us. They'll expect us to pay for it—at current prices, as they did for that other."

"What other?"

"Then you didn't know about that?"

She shook her head. "I thought your brother might have told you. I didn't like to speak of it, because—well, because the Superintendent of the Avernus is your brother." Again she waited. "It was this way," he continued: "About a month ago, while you were away, the Avernus had more oil than it knew what to do with, while we were short. We had a contract to fill, so we borrowed the oil from the Avernus, to be repaid, of course. The wells are so near that it is an easy matter to lay the pipe, and we pumped sufficient Avernus oil into our tanks to fill our contract. Within the next week oil dropped from a dollar a barrel to seventy-five cents. Nothing had been said about the price, because it was understood that we were to repay the loan *in oil*."

The girl glanced at the horizon. All the red had gone; she saw only a grey desert under a grey sky.

"Do you mean that James went back on his word?" she asked.

"Exactly. James Oliver sent us in a bill for the oil used—at a dollar a barrel."

"That wasn't"—she stopped.

"Square," he finished. "No, it wasn't; but it's all of a piece with a lot of other things he's done, Mollie." He looked squarely in her face. "Some day it's going to come

to a head, and then James Oliver and I will have to have a settlement."

"I can't listen to anything against my brother, Robert, not even from you. He's been very busy of late, so busy that he's had to work all night. Perhaps he's not been himself. Why, only last night he had to go with a load of oil over to the new well."

"You mean that they carried oil to the new well they're boring," he asked in surprise.

"Yes. Jansen was too busy to get it in the daytime, so they didn't start until eleven o'clock at night, and James was so nervous that he grew very irritable, because I urged him to go to bed and get some rest."

There was an awkward pause, and then Robert remarked, "Well, they say for every man in the world there's some woman who thinks he's perfection."

"I can't discuss James. I presume you mean him."

"You're not going to let him come between us, Mollie; you wouldn't do that? That would be worse than—"

"It could not mean a final separation, Robert, if we both thought enough of each other to keep our promise; but if you should quarrel with James it might mean a separation for an indefinite time."

"You can't mean that, Mollie!"

"I do mean it. James has done so much for me. Love that is worth having can wait." He did not reply. "When do you intend to see James?"

"Now." The word came from him sharp, quick, decisive.

"Don't see him in your present mood," she pleaded.

"I must, Mollie, about this business of the Company."

"Don't mention me."

"I won't. But there's no need to do that. Each knows the other is thinking of you." He turned toward the buildings.

"I'll wait for you here," she said.

She watched him as he walked with a resolute step to the Avernus office, then she looked at the horizon through blinding tears. "Why must there be eternal strife? Why can't those two like each other?" She glanced indignantly at the derricks. "It's this greed for money that's done it—they got along fairly well before they struck oil."

It seemed to her a long time before Robert rejoined her, yet she knew by the approaching twilight that it could not have been really more than a few minutes.

"It's happened, Mollie."

"You and James have quarreled?"



He bent his face near hers, and she knew by the grim determination of the lips and the angry sparkle of the eyes that it was so.

"It had to be—there was no getting away from it."

"Didn't you anger him, Robert? Didn't you think more of the price of a few barrels of oil than of anything else?"

"Before God, no! But I had to think of the Company. I can't let my reputation be taken away. He wasn't there when I went in. I saw the tank book lying open on the desk, and I took down a memorandum of some figures on the open page."

"That wasn't the way not to anger him."

"Maybe it wasn't; but I was thinking of the Company's interests. There's some one else, beside him, that has to be considered. Well, it was unfortunate, for he came in while I was jotting down the figures, and when he saw what I was doing he got very angry,"

"Oh, I can imagine! Go on!"

"He stormed and fumed, forbade me his house, and—"

"What did he say about me?"

"He said we should never have each other, Mollie—he swore it."

"Why is it—the two I love—why must they be enemies?" She covered her face with her hands. "Why?"

After a moment he took her hands in his. "Mollie, I have resolved to give up my position here, to go away. But I will never give you up. You are my promised wife. Some day I will claim you."

"Don't go, Robert!"

"Those are almost the sweetest words I ever heard, Mollie."

"If you should go away we couldn't see each other—not for a year, perhaps. I'd be so hungry for a sight of your face in that long time, sweetheart."

"Would you? It's a temptation for me to go just to see."

"Don't! We speak so lightly of a year, but it's just that much time lost out of our lives."

"We'll pass it near each other then. I'll stay." She laid her hand on his. "Some day," he continued, "we'll pass all of them together, Mollie."

"Yes. I can wait. It's such a comfort to know you're near, even though I can't see you."

They looked long in each other's eyes.

"Afterward?" she asked. "What happened afterward—between you and James?"

"He was called away." There was a pause, and then

Robert continued: "I'm sorry I've made matters worse, Mollie, but it can't be helped now. Some one else must finish this business with him—I can't trust myself."

She was too wise to pursue the subject, but tried to interest him in other matters. In this she was only partly successful, and soon she bade him "good-night."

Robert was glad to be alone. He wanted to think, for he was torn by the cross currents of strong emotions. He realized that Mollie's chance remark that oil had been carried at night to the new well, placed her brother in his power. He was trying to grasp the situation, when a man came rapidly toward him.

"They've struck oil in the new well," he said, "and Mr. Oliver's let half a dozen of us in at the bed-rock price." Robert did not reply, and the man curiously regarded him. "Don't seem to enthuse much. But I tell you right now that that's the kind of a man I want to work for—one that'll think enough of his men to give 'em a chance, too."

"I'm always glad to hear of any one's good luck, Hawkins," Robert forced himself to reply, but the man was hurrying away with his good news.

To Robert the announcement was no surprise. It was an expected chapter in the villainy unfolding before him. It was clear that oil had been taken from the Avernus secretly, at night, and poured into the new well. This had been done to boom the stock and the plotter had not scrupled to take the hard-earned savings of the men who were working for him.

Robert reflected that should he expose the trick it would be a severe blow to Mollie, who had winced under the suspicion he had already cast upon her brother. Yet, under the circumstances, silence was almost contemptible. It would be a just reproach, when the truth became known to the victims, that he had not made an effort to save them. On the other hand, the truth might never be known—it was possible, even probable, that the trick would never be discovered. After a time the edict would go forth that the well had ceased to flow.

The thought that exposure by him savored more of revenge than of justice, appealed to his sense of honor. In that event Mollie would shrink from her brother and naturally turn to Robert; but the knowledge that he had ruined James Oliver would always be between them. He resolved to keep the secret.

It was noticed that Robert avoided all mention of the new well. He did not visit it; but the surly manager

allowed few visitors and none were permitted to remain long.

After a week had passed Robert said to himself, "There's one way out of it and I'd give all I'm worth to have one thing happen—to have them strike oil in earnest!"

He resisted a constant inclination to visit the spot. It seemed to draw him to itself, as a magnet attracts steel. On the eighth day after his talk with Mollie, he suddenly determined to yield to the impulse. He felt that he must know whether they really were boring, or only making a pretense. It was not right that he should be kept in suspense. If there were a possibility of their striking oil he would remain until the question should be settled; if not, notwithstanding Mollie's protest, he would leave that part of the country.

He started bravely enough, but, as he neared his destination, he found himself loitering along the banks of an irrigation ditch, the overflow from an artesian well.

Some low willows bent over the clear, tepid water, for the water was quite warm where it bubbled from the ground. A flock of little birds with a sweet, mournful cry were calling among the trees.

He followed the stream to its source and watched the water boiling from the ground, sending upward the bubbles of gas which had first suggested that oil might be found below the artesian belt.

"Robert!" He turned and saw Mollie. "I've been walking behind you for such a long time," she said.

"Too bad!—When I haven't seen you for a week."

"What difference does that make when we know we can see each other in a minute, if necessary. If you're taking a walk, let me join you."

"I—I thought I'd take a look at the new well."

"Oh! I'd like to see it, too. James has gone to Bakersfield."

"If that's the case I don't think I'll go. I don't like to take advantage of his absence to spy——"

"To spy? Why, what is there to spy about? It's just an oil well like any other."

"I don't think I'll go."

"And I insist now that you go. If you refuse I shall think that you are morbidly suspicious and—jealous," she laughed, "of James. Come!"

She turned toward a new unpainted framework, which rose beyond the willows. Robert followed.

As they approached the derrick, two men, bareheaded, with flushed excited faces, hurried out and ran to the shelter of some piles of lumber.

A grumbling and muttering came from the earth, and then a great roar filled their ears and seemed to shake the ground.

Robert drew Mollie back beneath the willows.

"Look!" he cried. "Watch the well!"

A solid column of black oil shot upward, high in the air above the derrick.

It swayed and heaved, spread out like the fan of a fountain, grew less, then shot upward again. The light breeze played with it, making it now a sable plume flaunting and nodding against the sky, and again the pennant of a pirate. A shower of jet sprayed the ground.

The men swung their hats and cheered.

"A gusher!" exclaimed Robert.

San Francisco, Cal.

## THE MISSION INDIAN EXILES.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.



THE present time is a crisis in the history of the Mission Indians, our Indians of Southern California, who are rather less well known to the average inhabitant of the centers of population than are the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, who live in the line of tourist travel. To know the Mission Indians one must visit them in their homes, not make their acquaintance in Government boarding schools or in the rude roadside camps where they exist on sufferance as workers among the white men during the harvest seasons. To visit their villages (except in the case of a few more prosperous and accessible reservations) one must go far afield, beyond the railroad and the stage line, to the remote refuges in cañon, on mountain or desert, where they have been driven by the advancing tide of the white man's occupation.

The California Missions, founded for the Indians and built by the Indians, remain, almost in ruins, to witness what civilization can do for the uplifting of a primitive race in a wonderfully short time, less than a generation; this early work of the Spanish missionaries being one of the most creditable chapters in pioneer history in this country. The Missions remain, but the Indians have receded before the white man, without striking a blow to defend their homes. Was it that they were naturally of a gentle, peaceful disposition, a character that might result from their simple diet of agricultural products, grains, seeds, and the fruits of the wilderness; or was it that the lessons of Christianity which they had been taught had

really taken root in their hearts and minds? Whatever the reason, they were very different in this respect from the fiercer tribes of the north; and though they have had provocation, a hundred times repeated, sufficient to make a white man rise and mutiny, they have yielded again and again, and there has never been in their history a desperate resistance like the battles of the Lava Beds. Thus they have never been treaty Indians; and although it might be imagined that settled possession for generations, the tilling of the soil, the planting of vineyards and orchards and the harvesting of their fruits year after year might give a right of occupancy, yet their title was practically unrecognized by the Government, during all the time of the early emigration into this country, and any claimant might gain a United States patent to their lands, and drive them from their homes.

In 1876 the Government awakened to the fact that something must be done for these Indians, and reservations were then set apart for them, but such reservations must of course be made from Government land remaining at that time unclaimed, and none was left of any real value. From this fact arise most of the evils of their present position.

But let it not be imagined that the process of encroachment on Indian land has at any time ceased, or that the white man's greed is any less unscrupulous now than then. There is a certain class of men in this country who think it expedient to crowd the Indian in every possible way. Men who would not cheat a white neighbor will charge an Indian double in a sale and pay him half in a purchase. They will confiscate his horses and cattle if they stray; they would call it stealing if the Indian did the same to theirs, and would soon make him feel the arm of the law. But the law, to the Indian, is a vague power that always works against him, and to it he never dares appeal. People ask why he does not assert his rights, why he does not rebel. But he will not fight—would it be well that he should? And to insist that he shall be able to apply the principles of legal redress is like demanding of a child the comprehension of the differential calculus.

But outside this class of white men, those whom the Indian, unfortunately for himself, most directly encounters, the world has grown kinder since the Indians of San Pascual were driven from their homes, as recorded in "Ramona." The history of the Hot Springs Indians will prove this fact. A suit claiming possession of their reservation was brought by the owners of Warner's ranch on the borders of which their land is situate, and after being appealed through the generosity of friends, and decided against

them by a vote of four to three in the Supreme Court of the State it was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the Indians finally lost it. Now they are waiting on sufferance of the owners until Congress meets this winter, when it is hoped that something will be done to provide a home for them.

The people of California at the present day can not endure the idea of these people being forced to leave the homes that have been theirs for generations, and turned adrift to starve or beg. They realize that something must be done. Sufficient pressure must be brought to bear on Congress to make our legislators realize that a question of humanity apart from politics is still of importance enough in this country to demand immediate solution. But the situation is larger than is commonly imagined.

Included in the suit with the Hot Springs Indians were four little settlements on the borders of Warner's ranch who were most unjustly made parties to the suit, though the public has hardly heard of them. Puerta de la Cruz, Puerta Chiquita, San José and Mataguaya are tiny villages where the Indians have lived for years on land which the ranch has now swallowed up together with the Hot Springs tract.

There is also another Indian village where the people are living with the sword of eviction suspended over their heads. San Felipe (or La Ciénega, as the Indians call it) is a poor little reservation lying on the foothills of Volcan mountain, on the Eastern side looking towards the desert. The land around is like the desert except where the fertile valley opens out where the Indians used to live, now of course owned by a white man and called the San Felipe ranch. The limited tract to which the Indians have retreated is a bog, where the precious water wastes itself in a clay soil where nothing but a rank willow growth can flourish, except where perhaps four acres better situated yield a little grain. But even this poor refuge, the destitute village with its few pitiful acres, has been coveted by the white man, with whom to covet is to acquire, where Indian land is concerned. In the early days before the Government threw any legal right about these Indians, the white man would simply secure a patent over their heads, and riding up with his musket order them off. Now a pretence of law is complied with, but the Indians can not defend their cases. Their friends are not always appealed to in time to assist them, and with the Hot Springs case for precedent there is little hope for Indians at law. So now they must move off. The ranch owners have already ordered them to leave, but where can they go? It is a

desperate situation. In front of them rise the barren hills which roll one after the other like billows of rock and sand until they become ramparts of the Colorado desert. Behind them rises Volcan mountain, more bleak, inhospitable and hopeless on this side than the other. A goat could live there. Cattle can range from point to point; but an Indian, since he is a human being with human needs and feelings, must starve here.

After this statement it must seem surprising to add that Volcan mountain has already been given by Government for an Indian reservation; and the Indians of Santa Ysabel, on the opposite side of this great mountain bulk, were placed here when excluded from their former village lands on Santa Ysabel ranch.

It is simply the only unoccupied land in the region, unoccupied because worthless; except where, on the summit, a level place held the moisture and there was a little land which could be planted. An Indian was already placed here before the reservation was made and a white man seized the land beside him and still ranges his cattle far and wide on reservation land. But the Indians own no cattle, nor could they keep them through the year without a lower field for winter pasture; for the snow lies three feet deep upon the mountain top in winter. The Indian land at the foot of the mountain has been claimed by the ranch company, so here are also a number of Indian households awaiting eviction when the order comes from the new claimants.

It is evident from what has been said, that the purchase back by Government of the Hot Springs reservation would not cover the need of the evicted Indians; for the reservation is not large enough or rich enough to support any others than its present occupants. Congress must be induced this winter to make a purchase of land large enough to cover all the needs of the case. A large fertile tract can no doubt be bought for the price at which the owners of Hot Springs would value that property, whose worth to them lies in the wonderful mineral springs. Enough land should be purchased not only for all the evicted Indians but for the chronic need in many places where the existing reservations are absolutely insufficient for the support of the people placed upon them; such as Manzanita, where fifty-three people must get a living from four or five arable acres, and there are many similar cases. The old and the sick are in bitter want; and in this rich and generous State it should be possible for the Government's wards to have the conditions of self-support bestowed upon them. Our naturally industrious agricultural Indians must never be

degraded by rations. To starve on barren rocks would be a kindlier fate. But tools and fertile land, capable of cultivation, must be granted them. It is all they ask, all that we ask for them. Let us make the request so important and emphatic that Congress can not ignore it; and let there be no Government delay, but response swift and certain while the homeless exiles stand waiting for the saving hand which shall rescue them from despair.

Chula Vista, Cal.

## "MORMONISM,"\* BY ITS HEAD.

WHAT IT HAS DONE—WHAT IT IS DOING—WHAT IT AIMS TO DO.

BY LORENZO SNOW.

PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



O tell all that Mormonism has done, all that it is doing, and all that it intends to do, within the limits of a magazine article, is obviously impossible. I can only hint at it here, presenting a close condensation of the three-fold subject, and dealing with generalities rather than details. I am grateful for the privilege of placing before a wide circle of readers the truth concerning the aims and achievements of my people. In order to comprehend clearly those achievements,

one must first understand something about the aims in question, and a treatise on those aims, however brief, necessarily involves the substance of Mormonism's message to the world.

Mormonism, a nickname for the real religion of the Latter-day Saints, does not profess to be a new thing, except to this generation. It proclaims itself as the original plan of salvation, instituted in the heavens before the world was, and revealed from God to man in different ages. That Adam, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and other ancient worthies had this religion successively, in a series of dispensations, we, as a people, verily believe. To us, the Gospel taught by the Redeemer in the meridian of time was a restored Gospel, of which, however, He was the author, in His pre-existent state. Mormonism, in short, is the primitive Christian faith restored, the ancient Gospel brought back again—this time to usher in the last dispensation, introduce the Millennium, and wind up the work of redemption as pertaining to this planet.

It teaches that prior to the Millennial reign of peace, there is to be a universal gathering of scattered Israel, the lineal descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; meaning not only the Jews, but also the "lost tribes" and such of the chosen seed as have for generations

\* It is always interesting to hear the other side of the story. Certainly the story of the 300,000 Americans whose little desert commonwealth has achieved more marvelous economic changes than any other State in the Union must be of consequence to all thoughtful Americans. Because as a people we have never heard more than the one side of this story—which has been harped upon till the strings are frayed, by a few wise people and ten thousand unwise and rabid ones—this magazine has requested the head of Mormonism to give a signed official statement of the aims and beliefs of his people. This he has given. Even while his article is being put in type, word comes of the sudden death of President Snow; and this is probably the last document written by that remarkable man. Whatever one may think of the Mormon religion, there is no question as to the interest of this authoritative presentment of its tenets.—Ed.



been mixed with other peoples. This gathering, which includes the converted Gentiles, is preliminary to the glorious advent of the King of kings, and the resurrection of those who are Christ's at his coming. The places of assembly are America and Palestine, the former taking chronological precedence as the gathering place of "Ephraim and his fellows," while the "dispersed of Judah" will migrate to and rebuild Jerusalem. Here, upon the American continent, will be reared Zion, a new Jerusalem, where the Saints will eventually assemble and prepare for the coming of the Messiah.

The site for the city of Zion was pointed out by the Prophet Joseph Smith, as Jackson county, Missouri, and there some of our people settled in 1831, but were subsequently driven from their homes. This event, while it delayed the building of the city, did not change the place of its location. The Latter-day Saints fully expect to return to Jackson county and "build up Zion." Their exodus to the Rocky Mountains, and their sojourn in "the Stakes of Zion"—as the places are called which they now inhabit—they regard as preparatory to that return, and as events that had to be, in order to fulfill scripture, notably these words of Isaiah: "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain" . . . . "And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

The predictions of the Bible in relation to the Lord's latter-day work are not the only ones cited by the evangelists of the Mormon faith. The Book of Mormon, claiming to be a history of ancient America, a record of a branch of the house of Israel, the red man's white ancestors, to whom the Savior ministered in person after his resurrection—is also rife with prophetic references to the gathering of the twelve tribes, and the establishment of Zion, and other events of the last days; and these prophecies are likewise pointed out by our Elders when voicing their testimony to the world.

Joseph Smith declared that an angel from heaven revealed to him the golden plates of the Book of Mormon, containing the Gospel, and that other heavenly messengers ordained him to the Aaronic and Melchisedek Priesthoods, thus empowering him to ordain others, to preach faith and repentance, to baptize by immersion in water for the remission of sins, and to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost; in short, to do all things necessary to be done to usher in the dispensation of the fulness of times. Included in this declaration was the promise that all who obeyed the Gospel should experience the same miraculous gifts and powers that were enjoyed by the disciples anciently.

The effect of such a proclamation, first among the farmers and artisans of western New York and northern Pennsylvania, next among the colonizers of the West and South, and then among the yeomanry and working classes of Great Britain, Scandinavia and other European countries, was little short of marvelous. Thousands thronged to hear the Elders—mostly unlettered, but earnest and zealous men, preaching by the roadside, at the street corners, indoors and outdoors, wherever they were permitted to speak—and by scores and hundreds people of all religions and of no religion, people of all classes and conditions, but generally the humble and the lowly, were gathered into the fold. As a matter of course, the work encountered opposition, bitter, relentless, and at times murderous; but it thrived upon such treatment, and the more fiercely assailed, the more rapidly its converts multiplied. Those who embraced the faith, whatever their nationality, were understood to be of the blood of Israel, mostly of Ephraim, their genuine conversion being accepted as a proof of their Israelitish origin.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, when organized at Fayette, Seneca county, New York, April 6, 1830, had but six members. A year later, with its headquarters at Kirtland, Ohio, it numbered two thousand souls. The colony expelled from Jackson county, Missouri, in 1833, comprised twelve to fifteen hundred, but this was only a part of the Church. Its first foreign conversions took place in the summer of 1837, at Preston, Lancashire, England, from which point the work radiated into the neighboring counties. Whole villages were converted, and within nine months two thousand souls were baptized. Another mission, in 1840-41, broadened and strengthened the foundations thus laid, brought seven or eight thousand more into the church in different parts of the British Isles, established a permanent publishing and shipping agency, and set in motion the tide of Mormon emigration from that land.

In the winter of 1838-9 the main body of the Mormon people, numbering 15,000 men, women and children, then settled in Caldwell county, Missouri, and adjacent parts, were expelled from their homes, under an exterminating order issued by the Governor, and forced to take refuge in the neighboring State of Illinois. There within the next seven years they increased to 20,000, and received their first immigrants from abroad. "The Gathering" preached by the Elders had now begun in earnest, and year after year converts from Europe, Canada and all parts of the Union came pouring into Nauvoo, Hancock county, and the vicinity, which had become the chief gathering place. There the Prophet met his death, at the hands of an armed mob, while a prisoner in Carthage jail; which event, while a violent shock to the Church, gave it a great impetus and brought Brigham Young to the front as its leader.

What is generally recognized as Mormonism's one great service to civilization—the redemption of the arid West, the peopling and dotting with cities and towns, orchards and vineyards, of the sun-baked, alkaline valleys of the Rocky Mountains, began in the summer of 1847, with the advent of Brigham Young and his pioneer band into Salt Lake Valley. The main body of the Church, in its exodus from Illinois, was then resting upon the nation's frontier, the Missouri River, from which point, the summer previous, had gone forth, at the call of their country, the Mormon Battalion, 500 strong, to assist in the war against Mexico. At that time this whole western region was almost an unknown country—absolutely unknown to the people of the East, practically unknown to the few scattered white inhabitants on the coast of California and Oregon, and only partly known to the occasional trapper or mountaineer who roamed over its solitudes. It was denounced by Daniel Webster, on the floor of the United States Senate, as "a vast, worthless area," and the region of the Great Salt Lake was indicated upon the maps and referred to in the school books as "The Great American Desert." And desert it was, whatever may be said now of latent fertility, in the light of what has since been accomplished by earth culture and irrigation. Colonel Bridger, the famous mountaineer, who met the Mormon Pioneers on the Big Sandy, said to their leader: "Mr. Young, I would give a thousand dollars if I knew that an ear of corn could ripen in the Great Basin." Yet here in this region of salt, alkali and sagebrush, all but treeless and waterless, a region condemned by Webster, decried by Bridger, and shunned by the overland emigrant as a valley of desolation and death, Mormonism set up its standard and proceeded to work out its destiny. Beneath its touch—the touch of untiring industry, divinely blessed and directed—the desert blossomed, the wilderness became a fruitful field, and cities and towns sprang up by hundreds in the midst of the once barren waste.

Mormonism, in founding Utah, blazed the way for the westward march of civilization; for in California and Oregon, her only possible competitors at that time, there was no such community of interests, no such organized effort, no such systematic plan of colonization and State-building as were witnessed here from the beginning. While California was digging gold, Utah was developing her agricultural resources; while on the fertile slopes of the Pacific the husbandman was reaping with little or no toil harvests sown and watered by nature, the Mormon settler was breaking his plowshare in the hard, sunbaked soil, turning the mountain torrent from its channel to soften and make arable the rocky ground, and when not guarding himself and his loved ones against marauding and blood-thirsty savages, was disputing possession of his scanty crops with crickets, grasshoppers and other voracious pests with which the region swarmed. While the overland emigrants, in too many instances, were trespassing upon the rights of the red men, and at times shooting them down on the slightest provocation, the Saints were feeding them and teaching them the arts of civilization. During the California gold excitement Salt Lake City was a halfway house between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast, and here the tired gold-seeker halted for rest and to obtain supplies to enable him to reach his journey's end. The founding of Utah facilitated the settlement of other States and Territories now clustering around her. The whole of Nevada and parts of Colorado and Wyoming were once included in Utah, and the creation of most of the surrounding commonwealths would have been next to impossible without her.

Nor should it be forgotten that it was members of the Mormon Battalion—honorably discharged after a year's faithful service on the Pacific Coast—who, at Sutter's Mills, near Sacramento, in January, 1848, dug up the first gold of California; a discovery that created the Golden State, and revolutionized the commerce of the nation. Yes, it was Mormon picks and shovels that brought that gold to the surface, and it was a Mormon who made the first record of the world-renowned discovery. Moreover, it was a Mormon colony, sailing from New York around the Cape to Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, in 1846, that gave California her second pioneer newspaper. The first newspaper published in the Rocky Mountain region was established by the Mormon people at Salt Lake City about four years later.

Here, in the tops of the mountains, "exalted above the hills," Mormonism has continued its work of gathering Israel from the nations. The first missionaries from Deseret—as Utah was originally called—went forth in the fall of 1849, bound for Great Britain, Scandinavia, France, Italy, California and the Pacific Islands. Simultaneously was organized the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company, to assist the poor among the scattered Saints to migrate westward. This enterprise was established and conducted by the Church, whose leading men, with the Church itself, were among the main contributors to the fund. Those aided by it, with means advanced for their transportation, were expected to reimburse it as soon as able, that the amounts returned might be used for the benefit of other immigrants, and the fund thus be made perpetual. Many persons, so helped, owe to this system their deliverance from poverty or dependence in the lands of their nativity, and their subsequent rise to wealth and affluence.

The proselytes who came to build up the Stakes of Zion in the Rocky Mountains were of the bone and sinew, genius and talent of nearly all countries—farmers, laborers, tradesmen, mechanics, manufacturers, business men, with a liberal sprinkling of artists, musi-

cians, writers and other professional people, representing the average run of American society and what are known in Europe as the middle and working classes. Charles Dickens, when a newspaper reporter, said of a ship's company of Mormon emigrants, sailing from London early in the sixties, that they were "in their degree the pick and flower of England." Certain it is that such people were as a rule zealous, heroic and God-fearing, to thus leave native land, forsaking all for the Gospel's sake, and braving the dangers and hardships of ocean and of desert to find new homes in a strange and almost savage country. And by far the greater part of those who have gathered here since those primitive times have been of the same sterling mettle.

Crossing the sea, generally in large companies, thoroughly organized and equipped—the emigrational arrangements being of so perfect a character as to call forth in 1854 the commendation of a select committee of the House of Commons, who after investigation pronounced the Mormon emigrant ship "a family under strong and accepted discipline, with every provision for comfort, decorum and internal peace"—they would travel, until railroad facilities were extended, mostly if not entirely by team to the frontier, where they would be reorganized, in like efficient manner, for the passage of the plains; an ox team and wagon or a handcart, with three months' supplies, being necessary for the journey to Utah. The toilsome trip over prairies, plains, rivers and mountains at an end, they would here be met by kindred and friends who had preceded them, or by church agents appointed for that purpose, would be taken home, fed and furnished with employment in Salt Lake City and the surrounding settlements, or sent to colonize and build up new sections. Most of them, preempting and improving land, at the same time practicing wherever possible their trades or professions, would soon acquire homes of their own and lay the foundations for future prosperity.

I have in mind an English farmer, who with his wife and seven small children settled in Salt Lake Valley some forty years ago; the ox team and wagon which had brought him from the frontier being then his only possessions, and the wagon box—placed upon the ground by the roadside where the family encamped—serving them for a house. Today that farmer and his sons live in comfortable modern homes, own hundreds of acres of choice land, with flocks and herds in abundance—all as the result of tilling the soil and stock-raising—and from absolute poverty have risen to wealth and independence; and this is but one of many such cases that might be cited.

Is it saying too much that if Mormonism had done nothing more than bring such people from the lands of their birth, where they were living in rented homes, dependent upon others for employment if not support, with no prospect of a change for the better, and here make of them independent householders and landed proprietors, it would have achieved one of the greatest and most beneficent works of modern times? In this connection let me quote the substance of a remark made by Mr. Phil Robinson, former war correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*, who as a special correspondent of the *New York World* came to Utah early in the eighties. Said he, after visiting some of our settlements, notably those of Cache Valley: "I defy any honest man to survey that broad expanse of orchards, meadows and grain fields, dotted with the homes of a peaceful, prosperous and contented people, to say in his heart that Mormonism is either a fraud or a failure." It need scarcely be added that this gentleman was not a convert to our doctrines; he was simply surveying Mormonism in its material phases. Himself a foreigner, an Englishman, he had mingled here with many of his former countrymen, res-

cued by this religion from poverty if not pauperism in the Old World, and lifted to social and financial heights of which they had never dreamed. Add to such achievements the marvel, almost miracle, of bringing together from various parts of the earth men and women speaking different tongues, cherishing different traditions, schooled in different customs, and making of them one homogeneous mass, living peaceably side by side and working unitedly and intelligently towards a common end and purpose, and you still have only a part—and that a material part—of what has been accomplished by Mormonism.

But there is a physiological as well as a sociological phase to the subject, one that an Anglo-Saxon, be he English or American, cannot fail to appreciate. Himself a product of race amalgamation, and owing thereto his general physical excellence and racial supremacy, it would require no argument to convince him that the highest type of man is the composite type, blending in one race the best qualities of many. The typical Englishman of today, what is he but a mixture of Celt, Briton, Saxon, Norman and Dane? The typical American, what is he but the joint product of the best and most enlightened peoples on earth? The typical Mormon—history is but repeating itself in creating him by a union of forces and powers that are sure to make for the physical and intellectual betterment of mankind.

The whole idea of Mormonism is improvement—mentally, physically, morally and spiritually. No half-way education suffices for the Latter-day Saint. He holds with Herbert Spencer that the function of education is "to prepare man for complete living," but he also maintains that "complete living" should be interpreted "life here and hereafter." Joseph Smith declared that the glory of God is intelligence, that a man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge, and that whatever principles of intelligence he attains to in this life, they will rise with him in the resurrection; giving him the advantage over ignorance and evil in the world to come. He taught that man by constantly progressing may eventually develop into a divine being, like unto his Father in heaven.

To promote these ideas and also to educate himself and his associates in the learning of the world, the Prophet founded schools in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois. I myself, though not then connected with the Church, was attracted to Kirtland by the repute of the Hebrew school that Joseph Smith had founded, and while studying there with him and other leading Mormons as my fellow students, I was converted to the faith. A university was organized at Nauvoo, and another at Salt Lake City, the latter only seven months after the planting of the pioneer colony in the Great Basin; and even earlier, this migrating community, while halting on the Missouri, and immediately after entering Salt Lake Valley, established schools for the education of their children. Wherever Mormon settlements have sprung up the village school has been among the first things thought of and provided for. President Young founded before his death the Brigham Young Academy at Provo and the Brigham Young College at Logan, and had in view the founding of a still higher institution at Salt Lake City. It was provided that in these schools religion and manual training should be taught, along with other branches of learning. The Church since his day has pursued the same policy, founding the Latter-day Saints University at Salt Lake City and academies in many of the States. Utah with her State University, her splendid public school system, and other scholastic institutions, stands among the foremost of the States in educational development.

Mormonism's first schools were established at Kirtland in 1832, and were subsequently taught in the Temple at that place. These buildings, however—of which the Saints have erected six and now

possess four — are not designed for regular school work, but are used almost exclusively for sacred ordinances. The greatest of them, the Salt Lake Temple, is built of native granite, quarried in the mountains twenty miles distant, and hauled thence mostly by ox-teams in times of hardship and poverty. Owing to these circumstances this Temple cost about four million dollars, and required forty years for its construction.

In the Tabernacle adjoining the Temple stands the great organ, built thirty years ago by Mormon artisans and mostly from native materials. Always a wonderful instrument, famous far beyond the borders of the State, it has kept pace with musical progress, taking on from time to time the latest improvements, until today it is declared by competent critics here and elsewhere to be the most perfect instrument of its kind in the world. In variety of construction and the massing of tonal qualities it is said to be the *ne plus ultra* in organ-building. A worthy companion to the organ is the Tabernacle choir of six hundred voices, about half of whom took part in the great choral contest at the World's Fair in 1893, carrying off the second prize, and all but winning the first. The universal love of music among the Latter-day Saints, and Utah's phenomenal progress in the art, vocally and instrumentally, may be regarded as one of the remarkable achievements of our religion.

The influence of Mormonism upon religious thought in general is a noteworthy feature of its career. The preaching and publishing of its doctrines has had a marked effect in molding and modifying Christian views and sentiments and in changing the creeds of the churches. Infant damnation and the never-dying torture of the soul (doctrines controverted by Mormonism) are not insisted upon by the sects as emphatically as they once were, and the "larger hope" of repentance beyond the grave — an out-and-out Mormon doctrine — is gradually coming to the front in the reformed conceptions of orthodox Christianity. Other points of modification are those touching the antiquity of the Gospel, and progress in lieu of stagnation in the life to come. Since a Mormon poetess wrote a hymn invocation to the Eternal Father and Mother, it has dawned upon many Christian minds as a reasonable proposition that we have a Mother as well as a Father in Heaven. In divers other ways, clearly discernable to the close student of history, Mormonism has acted as a leaven upon other religious faiths. Consciously or unconsciously they have absorbed and utilized it. This is especially manifest in the growth of liberal ideas among the Protestant churches within the last half century.

If I were asked to name the greatest achievement of Mormonism, however, I should have to speak of its spiritual triumphs, manifest in its effects upon the lives, characters and disposition of its converts; in the wonderful religious awakening and reformation that has taken place in their souls as the result of the acceptance and practice of its principles. The great hope that has been kindled in their hearts; the expulsion of doubt; the assurance that their sins are forgiven and washed away; that through the medium of the Holy Spirit they are actually brought into communion with God; the promise not only of salvation, but of exaltation in the life to come, conditioned upon obedience and faithfulness here; the knowledge imparted of the preëxistence and the hereafter, the perpetuity in heaven of family relationships formed on earth, man's true relationship to God, with all that it implies in the way of progress and ultimate perfection — all these give a peace, a sense of security to the soul, a moral and spiritual elevation that passes understanding and constitutes the greatest boon that religion can bestow.

So much for what Mormonism has done. Now as to what it is doing. Briefly, it is continuing the work begun by Joseph Smith

and built upon by Brigham Young and his immediate successors. Out of deference to the law of the land, and after much suffering in the premises, it has laid aside the practice of one of its principles—that of Patriarchal or plural marriage—by which it had hoped to further demonstrate some of its ideas respecting the physical, mental and moral regeneration of the race; but with this exception all the principles and doctrines taught to the Church by its founder are in force and are still practiced by it. The preaching of the Gospel goes on, and the gathering of Israel likewise continues. From eighteen hundred to two thousand missionaries are kept in the field, traveling and laboring unsalaried, at their own expense, and, wherever permissible under the laws of the country they visit, without purse or scrip, which has been our practice from the beginning. This practice, which is in harmony with the procedure of the Apostles anciently, while a severe trial to the Elders, has proved a most excellent discipline, causing them to put implicit trust in God, and clothing them with the true spirit of their calling. Every worthy male member of the Church holds some office in the Priesthood, and is exercised either at home or abroad in preaching the Gospel and administering its ordinances.

The Latter-day Saints in all the world number about 300,000, mostly dwelling in the Stakes of Zion, of which there are 49 all in the Rocky Mountain region. A Stake is a thoroughly organized sub-division of the Church, and is in most cases coextensive with a county. There are thirty stakes in Utah, eight in Idaho, four in Arizona, three in Wyoming, one in Colorado, one in Oregon, one in Canada, and one in Mexico. The outside missions number fourteen, and comprise most of the countries of the globe. A new mission in the Orient—Japan—is projected.

One of the features of the Mormon polity is the care for the poor and unfortunate, for which purpose the perfect organization of the Church—conceded to be the most complete and effective in existence—is supplemented by the Relief Society, an organization composed entirely of women, and having a membership of thirty thousand, with branches in all the settlements of the Saints, as well as in the outside missions. Our Sunday School Union is also doing a mighty work, with a total membership of 120,000.

Mormonism is pursuing its traditional policy—"minding its own business" and doing unto others as it would be done by. It does not spend its time berating and abusing other churches and religions, all of which it recognizes as doing good in their various spheres. It simply proclaims itself as a greater measure of truth, as the fulness of the Everlasting Gospel; facing fearlessly all creeds, all systems, and inviting comparison between its doctrines and theirs. Our Tabernacle and other public buildings are open to ministers of other denominations, and to lecturers and speakers in general.

What Mormonism aims to do has substantially been told. That it will succeed in establishing Zion, in building the Holy City, in gathering out the righteous from all lands and preparing them to meet the Lord when He comes in His glory, no faithful Latter-day Saint doubts. To this end it aims to institute what is known as the United Order, a communal system inaugurated by the Prophet Joseph Smith as early as February, 1831, but which, owing to the Church's frequent migrations and other causes, has never been fully established. The purpose of the Order is to make the members of the Church equal and united in all things, spiritual and temporal, to banish pride, poverty and iniquity, and introduce a condition of things that will prepare the pure in heart for the advent of the world's Redeemer.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Just when its directors were most troubled by the lack of funds to carry out work of crying necessity, Mrs. Phebe Apperson Hearst—already a generous giver—has come to the rescue by promising the Club \$500 for immediate operations. This will enable prompt attention to repairs at the interesting chapel at Pala, with minor safeguardings of the San Diego and other Missions. This liberal gift from the noble woman who is doing so much to further so many good causes in California, is the largest “lift” the Club has ever had, and comes most opportunely. But are only rich people interested in preserving the historic landmarks of the State? Is it not well for every citizen who can feel for these things to have a personal hand in their conservation, if it be only a dollar's worth a year? A dollar is all that membership in the Landmarks Club costs, and is the only initiation; and that dollar goes net to the work. The Club has already raised nearly \$4,000, and expended nearly all that sum in expert repairs to three principal Missions. It needs many thousands more. It is incorporated, permanent and competent. And it begs the right sort of Americans to aid its work.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE.**

Already acknowledged, \$3,862.96; new contributions, Phebe Apperson Hearst, Pleasanton, Cal., \$500.



TO LOVE WHAT IS TRUE, TO HATE SHAME, TO FEAR NOTHING WITHOUT, AND TO THINK A LITTLE.



The cup was not to pass from us—nor its uttermost dregs. **THE TEST**  
We drank them with the fatal outcome of the President's wounds. His death could hardly add to our shame as a **IS**  
nation which has permitted the murder of its rulers to become a **NOW.**  
habit; but it added new grief. How honest that grief is, every American is now on trial to show—as also how sensible he is to disgrace.

There has been, of course, a vast amount of hysteria, and foolish talk, and mad talk. The dictionary has been debased, and history spat upon; and one has often been reminded of the professional "keeners." But it is too soon yet to know *who is really sorry for the murder of the President*. It is always easy to cry when the multitude cries; words and ink and crape are cheap. But real sorrow gets into the bones. Furthermore, tears, processions and turned rules do no dead man any good. They are not worth dying for. There is talk of many "monuments" to the victim of our ill-citizenship—and of course this means a multiplication of bad stone-cutting, of which we have already more than enough. But the greatest monument Prest. McKinley could have—the greatest monument man ever had—would be that his death roused his countrymen to do their civic duty—as they were not doing it, else he would not have been slain. For such a monument, any American would be glad and proud to die; and unto a few it has been given. The murder of Lincoln was the death-blow to human slavery; the murder of Garfield crippled the spoils system. The murder of McKinley—what shall it do? Are we done when the crape on our doors gets shabby, and the flag climbs again from its formal half-mast? Are you sorry that Wm. McKinley is dead? Are you ashamed that President McKinley was murdered? If so, how much so? In other words, what are you going to do about it? Continue to be "too busy to bother" about the republic?

There has been as much cowardice as silliness displayed. **WE MUST**  
Shouldn't we be proud to lay it all to one lone anarchist, and **TAKE IT**  
turn ourselves over for another nap? Isn't it manful to **HOMR.**  
put the blame of the anarchists on "yellow newspapers"—and stop our subscription? The press is just what it was before. There are not enough anarchists in the United States to support a "patent inside" country weekly; but the sheets you blame are circulated by the hundred thousand. Who has fattened them in yellowness? And now the loudest howlers against them are not only the respectable men who have paid for them and read them for years, but divines, and lawyers, and educators and politicians who have been willing enough to take their money for articles until the hue and cry came.

Now reforms never come thus by epilepsy. The present **TURNING**  
spasm of virtue against bad papers will not last six months, **STATE'S**  
unless it has a deeper root. The real offense of yellow **EVIDENCE.**  
journalism is not that it has killed a President—for only those who have catarrh of the mind really believe that—but that it has mur-

dered our taste. The fault is no more with the papers—which are “out for the coin”—than with the people who support them. It is not with cartoons—in which one political party has been quite as vulgar an offender as the other—nor with abuse in type. It is with us. To what child are you going to say that Americans are so futile that one owner of a newspaper can pick up 300,000 readers by the scruff of the neck and “run” them? Why, if he lost ten per cent. of them for some vulgarity he would change his tune like lightning. He gives them what he believes they wish; and while he is mistaken partly, since they had no thought of wishing any such thing until he fed them on it, he is quite right in feeling that they are his accomplices. If they do not prefer, they accept, the vile trash he sets before them. They read his sheet—at the office, if not at home—they advertise in it, they are just as responsible for it as he is. Bishops, generals, governors, college presidents, clergymen—there is not a paper so yellow that some of the most prominent of them have not written for it for big pay. And now these very men are turned State’s evidence against their pal.

**POWER** It is well enough known that the Lion detests vile journal-  
**WITHOUT** ism; that he even finds some danger in the vast and wholly  
**RESPONSIBILITY.** irresponsible power allowed the most respectable paper—a non-elected authority in a republic. He believes that this power, like all other power in a democracy, should be delegated only by consent of the people. He believes that yellow papers should be abolished and all papers made responsible. But he does not believe these things will ever be done by spasms or by passion. Before we can change our papers, we shall have to change ourselves. When we change, they will have to. Fifty years ago in this nation none of our glaring yellow sheets could have lived. There were not enough Americans so lacking in dignity and taste as to support them.

**THE ROOT** The root of the trouble is that our taste has been degraded,  
**OF THE** our respect for Law wiped out, our ideals bartered for  
**TROUBLE.** “deals.” For all this, beyond doubt, our modern newspapers are damnable responsible—but we are responsible for our newspapers. One man cannot debase a quarter of a million unless the quarter of a million are “willing.” And the man who can “lay it all on his neighbor” and be comfortable, is not built quite right for the citizen of a republic.

**THE** One of the few redeeming features of the Buffalo disgrace  
**SILVER** is that the wretched assassin was not mobbed. A coward,  
**LINING.** indeed, struck him after he was well held; and some equally heroic clergymen have “wished they could have got at him”—under the same conditions of safety to themselves. But an American multitude stood by American law. The murderer—who not only killed the President, but wounded every American—has been arrested, tried, condemned; promptly, decently, and in order. He will be executed as soberly; and we shall have shown better by this than by all the strutting in the world that we are still fit for self-government. For when American law shall no longer be enough for Americans to live by and live up to, the greatest experiment in republics will have been proved to be a failure.

**THE MOST** As for the hare-brained—who are really more anarchists  
**DANGEROUS** than Czölgoz, but either less courageous or more ignorant  
**ANARCHISTS.** of the dictionary—we can afford to pity them. They are children who will never grow up. They will never learn to think—since it is so much less trouble to open their mouths. It relieves them to counsel anarchy, violence, folly; and fortunately it does

not yet sway the sober people. We have not rioted nor lynched nor adopted a Russian censorship. And we are not going to. A little the most immature of these poor citizens are those who would hush all criticism. Only children are unaware that when honest criticism is strangled, a republic is dead. It has become a despotism. Without free and open discussion of Buchanan's policies, Abraham Lincoln would never have been elected. And these people are not even honest—they mean only that everyone shall be estopped from criticising *Their* Man; but they will feel perfectly free to criticise the Other Man if he gets in. Such are made particularly to be the easy raw material of despotisms. The only free man is the man who dares to think and dares to let his neighbor think.

It is a sheer Godsend that for once in our modern history we did not pick a nonentity for "the tail of the ticket." THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.  
 "The providence which watches over"—some people—was surely with us. Henceforth we may as well lay the lesson to heart. A Vice-President may become President—let's see that he be fit to be. And, with that sense of humor which doubtless originates there, providence has made fun of the politicians. It was not the best, but the worst, elements in our politics that "buried" Roosevelt. It was not for our own good nor his, but to get him out of the way, that the bosses let us nominate him. And behold how small a thing shall confound them! He was made Vice-President lest he be a troublesome and unputtying candidate for President. And now he is President—as he never would have been by consent of the heelers. That smart man, but gross materialist, Mark Hanna, is dead as a presidential possibility. He is no longer even a Warwick—and it is hard to conceive how he could have been wiped off the slate other-ho. Roosevelt is not only President now by accident; he will be President by choice. He is man enough so that so much is sure, if he lives. And he is pretty liable to live.

It is in Theodore Roosevelt to be one of the greatest of our Presidents. The only possibility against it is that he may, from sheer modesty, lean too far on men the greatest Presidents have been greatest by snubbing. Roosevelt is not only the youngest President in years—he is ten times the youngest in fact. He has more Old Adam than any six of them. It is his strength and his danger. If he will trust what he really believes, and not what someone—or everyone—would like him to believe, he can write his name with the highest. WHAT IS IN HIM.

It was manful and fine to vow to carry out the policies of his predecessor—but Roosevelt cannot do it. He cannot be any other man than Roosevelt; sobered, made responsible, made tender. Try as he may, he cannot confound—thank God!—that superb personality. He can learn, he can bend, he can grow—but he cannot be any President that has gone before him, first or last. He can only be President Roosevelt; chastened, enlarged, awed—but the same Man. And, again, thank "whatever gods may be." CAN THE LEOPARD—

For the second time in American history—for Washington was a graduate of the wilderness—we have an outdoor President. To a city man it has been impossible to find some trails—but the adopted Westerner can find them if he will. The "spoor" is there—all it needs is a man who can "read sign." President Roosevelt can stop the butchery of the Boers by turning his hand over—and without a flutter. The simple knowledge that he is against Chamberlain's crime—as he personally is, as every American is—is enough to stop England if fitly conveyed. He can as easily—and as honorably—redeem our name in the Philippines. He can THE MAN WHO CAN TAKE A TRAIL.

be, not the President who "expanded" the Republic, but the President who saved it. And all depends on whether he shall choose to be Roosevelt still or Roosevelt minus the politicians. God send him light to be himself, wiser, but not surrendered! God help him! And the only way God is likely to help him is when you and I do. If *we* love and trust and back him as fellow Americans and not as valets or fawners for "what we can get out of it," if we watch him (instead of going to sleep and leaving our duty on top of his own great burden)—why, all will come right. But God never yet carried an American President when the American people were too lazy to.

WEYLER  
OUT-

WEYLERED.

The official reports of the British War-Office state that there were, in August, 136,619 persons held in the British concentration camps; and that in that month 2,345 of these "reconcentrados" died. Of this fearful number, 1,878 were children.

Now there are people so ignorant as not to understand what this means. If every man in the United States did understand, the South African war would end—or there would be a war "as is war." These figures simply mean—as every statistician knows—that the Boer women and children corraled in barbed wire by their British conquerors are dying *ten times as fast as any normal death-rate*. Exposure, insufficient food, insufficient doctoring—these are killing a thousand Boer women and children for every Boer man between 16 and 60 the British ever killed in a fair fight. Three years ago, we pretended to be horribly horrified at Weyler's lesser brutality. Lesser numerically—while to compare the Boers with the Cubans is to confess congenital and unremedied ignorance of history. It is "up to" the United States now. We have a President who personally sympathizes with the bravest little nation in modern history. I have never yet met an American who did not. Yet, the greatest nation in the world is responsible not only for the killing of the men but the starving of the women and babies in South Africa. England is following her traditions in this war on the weak; we are abandoning ours by consenting to it. We used to be able to speak out—for Poland, for Greece, for Mexico. And now if we spoke out that would settle it. The Lion hopes that President Roosevelt will—very politely, as strong men can afford, and with the most distinguished consideration—say the one word that will stop rather the most infamous war of modern times. Trouble? Why, the man who can believe that England—which has strained in vain for two years to whip 30,000 stupid farmers, would "tackle" a nation of seventy-six million people—well, he could believe anything. If England understood officially what is true individually—that her war in South Africa is distasteful to ninety per cent. of the American people—that war would stop. And unless it does stop, far more shame to us than to England.

FOR THE  
FIRST  
AMERICANS.

The movement to aid the peaceful and shamefully maltreated Mission Indians of Southern California should take form in the coming month. Miss Du Bois's moderate article on another page tells something of their bitter need. Meantime a few people have shown their practical sympathy. The Lion hereby acknowledges receipt of \$5 from J. E. Lowrey, of Sopris, Colorado—the first to respond—\$5 from Frances Anthony, Fairmont, Minn.; \$5 from Amy Taylor, of Otay, Cal.; and the handsome gift of \$50 from Amelia B. Hollenback, of Glen Summit, Pa. These moneys—and all others sent for that purpose—will be applied directly to the aid of the Indians in such ways as shall seem wisest and most imperative. And the work for their permanent relief will proceed.

Having served a patient and faithful apprenticeship of seven and a half years, having fought long and hard and up-hill to win the sort of standing it cared for, this magazine now feels entitled to take the forward step it has constantly had in view. It has tried to earn—and, it believes, succeeded—as high standing in literature and science as any Western magazine ever had. It believes there was truth in the recent verdict of *The Dial* that it is now “a voice listened to with respect and interest in all parts of the country.” If this be so, its next move is justified.

AND NOW  
AN ADVANCE  
IN FORCE.

With the January number (opening its 16th volume) the magazine will be again enlarged—this time to “standard” magazine size; the size, that is, of *Harper's* and *Scribner's* and *The Century*. There will be an even more notable enlargement of its scope. It has already begun simultaneous publication in Los Angeles and San Francisco; and it will cover the whole Pacific Coast and the entire West, with all they stand for. In entering upon the wider arena, it will adopt a broader name. The title which fitted its beginnings is now outgrown, and the time for a re-christening has come. From and after the January number the magazine will be “OUT WEST;” with motto and subtitle tersely indicating the larger field it believes it has earned the right to take for its own. It will mean to be the magazine not only of the West—its freedom and its strength and its culture—but of the new world-movement, the prophecy so long ago uttered by Seward and now in actual process of realization—the opening and control of the Pacific. The only serious magazine in the whole West—that is, in more than half the total area of the United States—it believes itself to be the logical candidate for this place; and it will try to fill it. Without losing a whit of its freedom, vigor and individuality, it will extend its fences. It will continue the serious work in Western history and science which have made it indispensable to scholars and libraries, and will do that work better. It will add many features worth adding; and will appeal to a much larger constituency. It will be the standard-bearer of what it believes to be the right solution of the most tremendous problems this half of the United States has ever faced; and it will reach out to problems that cannot much longer be dodged by either the business or the scholarship of the country at large. For the world's greatest ocean is to be the world's greatest highway; and the Pacific Coast is the American door to it.

Many men the Lion has known, of many minds and many lands—but never a truer Man, never a clearer mind, never a finer spirit, never a cleaner hand, never a surer friend than Frank A. Gibson, who has just gone to the Innumerable Company. He was one in a million. A marked figure among the bankers of the Pacific Coast, he had all the qualities to have been still larger in a larger field, had he chosen. In literature, in law or in statecraft, he could have been a leader. Besides a most rare mind he had what should now pass as an actual genius for honesty. And whatever he touched in his life was better for the compact of that warm, gentle, firm hand. God rest him!

THE PASSING  
OF A  
MAN.

C. F. L.



The most striking feature of present literature is its poverty of knowledge and its lack of impulse. It is marked also by an astonishing prevalence of nervous brightness; but very little of it rings true—it is palpably written to order. Leaving aside the ethics of the case—and even literature has ethics—the surest way now to literary success is to know something; and know it so hard and so well that it has to come out. A book or a poem of such parentage is at once marked amid the multitude of them that are trying to lift themselves by their mental bootstraps.

THE  
AMERICAN  
LANG.

Perhaps no one now extant is better qualified to write of *Parts of Speech* than Brander Matthews, whose fourteen essays on English are foregathered in the delightful book of this title. His learning, his grace, his humor, and his incorrigible armed "Americanism," give life to whatsoever he may write; and even under so unflattering a caption as *Parts of Speech* the lay reader will miss it if he neglects what this fine insurgent has to say. For he could—and would—make "good reading" of the *Catalogue of the Ships*. Charles Scribner's Sons, 157 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.25 net.

A useful paper by Ralph Radcliffe-Whitehead, of Montecito, Cal., on *Pictures for Schools*, with practical notes on selection of the pictures and framing, is published for the author.

An exquisite little piece of bookmaking is the McClure, Phillips & Co. edition of Walter Bagehot's scholarly essay on *Shakespeare the Man*.

Better thought than performance marks the poems *Without a Name*, by Edward Blackman.

"So passed aloof those lorn, prevenient days,"

is hardly the sort of thing for these days already "prevented;" and Mr. Blackman's meters are not what he might make them, though his concepts are above the average of "books printed for the author." The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. \$1.

The 8th in the "Western Series of Readers" is a pleasant little volume of *Shells and Sea-Life*, by Josiah Keep, Professor of Natural Science, Mills College. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 50 cents.

The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, publishes a prose *Story of Evangeline*, adapted for primary scholars, by L. H. Vincent.

Nineteen poems, sincere and not without real uplift, make up a little brochure, *Among the Redwoods*, by Lillian Hinman Shney. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. 25 cents.

Among the best artistically and most interesting of the many "art publications," the *Leeper Photographs of Bible and Classic Lands* take an easy lead. They are of unusual merit from the photographic viewpoint, and of very wide interest. Published bi-monthly by the Leeper Photographic Co., Fort Wayne, Ind. \$2.40 a year, 40c. a number.

A valuable and portly monograph on the *Symbolism of the Huichol Indians*, by Carl Lumholtz, forms Vol. III of the "Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History." New York.

Among many other useful articles, Nos. 1-3 of Vol. III, Bulletins of the University of Pennsylvania Free Museum of Science and Art, contain notes of his "Summer Trip among the Western Indians," by that earnest, honest and ponderable student, Stewart Culin.

It is reasonably safe to take for background of a story the times and scenes of Hannibal's invasion of Italy, 217 B. C. There are few novel-readers who will know whether the color be true or false; and this reviewer certainly cannot pass expert judgment—except that in Duffield Osborne's *The Lion's Brood* he finds nothing to shock the traditions of his youthful classics. But on the other hand it needs no expert to recognize the strength, ingenuity and swing of this story. The fighting and the love are alike fine and exciting, and the characters have a good vital reality. Mr. Osborne has taken a striking stage and peopled and handled it with uncommon effectiveness. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

"IN THE  
BRAVE DAYS  
OF OLD."

*Tennessee Sketches*, by Louisa Preston Looney, will appeal rather to a local than to a general audience. The little volume, which has been given an attractive dress by

its publishers, contains seven short stories—innocuous, unassuming and indecisive. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.

THE  
BETTER  
"FRENCHY."

*The Inn of the Silver Moon*, by Herman K. Viele, is a slender fantasy of a story, a "flower of a day," of the better French delicacy and humor. The surprising adventures of "Achille" and his fair unknown, at and following the famed Pig Market at Greslin, are recounted with a grace which is hard to resist, and the volume is as dainty as the story. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.

*The Truth About the Philippines*, by H. H. Van Meter, is a sober and remarkably instructive compilation of 432 pages from official sources, which every thoughtful American, of whatever bias, should read. The truth is a good thing to get at, and Mr. Van Meter has evidently tried to give the truth. Geo. M. Hill & Co., 166 South Clinton street, Chicago. Paper 25 cents, cloth \$1.

The 12th Annual Report of the Missouri Botanical Garden falls nothing short of the interest and value for which, under the direction of Wm. Trelease, this institution has acquired an enviable reputation. A large number of good engravings add materially to the attractiveness and worth of the volume.

A very luxurious *Rubaiyât of Mira Mem'n*, with tinted pages, richly printed illustrations—whose artist leaves more to be desired—is issued by Henry Olendorf Shepard, Chicago.

Prof. Geo. C. Watson has made, in his *Farm Poultry*, a compact, authoritative and thorough handbook which no poultry-grower—whether farmer or amateur—can afford to be without. It is marked by practical common sense as well as learning, and is fully illustrated. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.25.

TALES  
FROM THE  
PHILIPPINES.

An "Anting-Anting" is a Filipino amulet, of whatever sort, to protect its owner from injury; and among the uncivilized tribes of the islands the virtues of some such charm are implicitly trusted. It makes a good fetish for literature, too; and Sargent Kayme has used it cleverly in *Anting-Anting Stories* "and other strange tales of the Filipinos." The eleven short stories in this collection are all admirably taken and very well told—dramatic, novel and strong—and the book is an uncommonly interesting one. It is well printed and wretchedly proofread. Such publishers should be ashamed



to print "Senor" for Señor and "Canon" for cañon all through a pretty volume, and other equal barbarisms. It must be presumed that in Boston one knows that this is like putting "Spanard," "millon," "lanard," for Spaniard, million and lanyard. And "la Plaza del Carabaos" is about as ignorant and brutal an assault upon grammar as could be committed. So unusual stories merit more careful typography. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

The musical ear, a sensuous appetite, fullness of reading, and an unusual scope of thought—within its scope—mark Louis Alexander Robertson's *The Dead Calypso and other verses*. Of the nearly 80 titles, not one is commonplace; and a few of them are striking. Perhaps it is vain to complain, in these sophisticated days, of too much rondeau, ballade, and other French-heeled metres; Mr. Robertson does not need them, but in any event he is worth reckoning with. A. M. Robertson, 126 Post street, San Francisco. \$1.50 net.

POEMS  
NOT WITHOUT  
PASSION.

A book which may be read with profit by such as persist in great cities, and with amusement by such as live, has been made by J. P. Mowbray from his papers in the New York *Evening Post*. Its title is *A Journey to Nature*; and it is deliciously indicative how far the city man must fare, on such a pilgrimage, that the author thinks he has arrived there—in a York State farming community. But if somewhat tense and conscious and exhibitivite, the book is interesting and doubtless as strong medicine as should be given its patients at first. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

NATURE  
AND  
ART.

Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor's *Requiem* on the death of Joseph Le Conte has been printed for the Sierra Club, of which Dr. Le Conte was a foremost member.

D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco, issue in very tasteful brochures *Friendship*, a collection of notable sayings on that text, and *For Sandwiches*, a useful booklet of recipes. Paper. 50 cents each.

In *The Scribe of a Soul*, Clara Iza Price professes that she is but the mouthpiece of one "Selestor," who in turn claims to have "known all wonders that unto man are sealed" and "fathomed sun, moon, planets, all, and stars have read as vast papyrus scroll." As the gentleman seems to have made his last appearance on earth as an Egyptian monarch, it is perhaps not surprising that English grammar was not included among the subjects he so thoroughly mastered. Denny-Coryell Co., Seattle.—C. A. M.

CELESTIAL  
DIC-  
TATION.

A MAN OF ACTION. A killing and a man-hunt to start with, a handsome villain properly slain to end with, a duel and a prison-cell fairly at the middle—this is but a small part of the entertainment which Neil Munro provides in Scotland for the French nobleman whose quest led him to *Doom Castle*. He has a mystery to solve, a traitor to unveil, a seducer to punish, and a sweetheart to win—and acquits himself right manfully at all these tasks. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.—C. A. M.

JUST SUP-POSING. Suppose a flood which inundates the whole earth save one secluded mountain valley and the peaks about it; suppose a solitary pair neither crudely young nor ripely old left in the valley as the sole survivors of the human race; suppose also a prospector's cabin stocked with food, tools, seeds of various kind, a well selected library, and even white muslin dresses; suppose cows and chickens and cats and dogs. Then let the man and woman who have hitherto been but dear friends fall passionately in love. Shall they attempt to become the founders of a new race? Or shall they leap hand in hand from a cliff into the sea which rolls over every other remnant of human life? This is the problem which Ellis Meredith sets in *The Master-Knot of Human Fate*—and leaves the reader to answer at the end. Little Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.25.—C. A. M.

THE DAY OF WITCHES. Mary Imlay Taylor has taken Boston for the scene and the summer of 1688 for the time of her latest historical novel, *Anne Scarlett*. The witchcraft craze is the phase of that period which Miss Taylor chooses to throw into the foreground, and the beautiful heroine, whose name gives the story its title, has a narrow escape from falling victim to that madness. The villain in this case is a woman of surpassing beauty, whose machinations fail in the end to prevent the triumph of true love. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.—C. A. M.

*Country Life in America*, of which a "trial number" has just reached us (its first regular issue will be for November), promises to be one of the most sumptuous monthlies in existence; as richly printed as *The World's Work* (printed by the same house) and even larger. That its contents will tally with its dress is best foretold by the fact that its editor is Liberty H. Bailey, one of the foremost living experts in horticulture, and a man of horizons.

An anonymous writer dedicates to Baudelaire his *Book of Jade* and his *Endeavor*. The poems are clever, "dickydong," and suggestive of what Francis Saltus-Saltus did much better. Wm. Doxey, Sign of the Lark, New York. \$1.

AS SEEN FROM BELOW. Most of us are more or less familiar with the shortcomings of municipal government, as seen by the "reformer" professional or amateur. In *The World of Graft*, Josiah Flynt gives a very frank study of police methods in certain of our large cities, as seen by the Under World. Neither passion nor special pleading appear in this pitiless stripping of civic ulcers. The book is far from pleasant reading, yet it ought to be read by every citizen who cares for decency and honor—or even for safety.—McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.25.—C. A. M.



Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

On the fourteenth of September the vast machinery of government passed from the hands of one President into those of another without the slightest jar or hitch, so far as the system itself is concerned. While the whole nation stood bowed with grief by the side of its great dead, the burden of administration fell as noiselessly upon the sturdy shoulders of the new Executive as dew descends upon the earth. It was another marvelous demonstration of the strength of those institutions which the fathers planted upon the sure foundation of popular sovereignty. But although the transition was effected so smoothly, it is entirely possible that far-reaching changes upon national policy, particularly upon that of internal development in the Far West, may ensue in course of time. President McKinley did not live to witness the rise of new and mighty issues in the domestic life of the nation which are beginning to cast their shadows before. It is said that when he entered Congress in 1876 he went to President Hayes and asked him with what political issue a young and ambitious statesman could best afford to identify himself with a view to future usefulness and distinction. The President suggested the protective tariff as a subject which must loom into large proportions in the next ten or twenty years. McKinley took the hint, made the tariff question the especial object of his study, mastered it thoroughly, became the personification and exponent of it, and rose with it to supreme power and deathless fame. What that question was as a potential issue in 1876, the problems involved in the wise use of national resources are in 1901. The protective tariff sheltered American industries until they became supreme in the home markets and acquired what seems like an almost miraculous ascendancy in the markets of the world. But the growth of population and wealth coincident with this development has brought us face to face with new domestic questions, the wise solution of which is absolutely essential, not only to the continuance of prosperity, but to the permanence of the most important characteristics of our

CHANGING  
MEN AND  
ISSUES.

civilization. We owe our pre-eminence to the fact that we have been dealing with a continental item of raw material—that we have been felling the forest, turning the soil, opening the mine, and harnessing the stream. This operation can go on indefinitely, but only in case we are able to frame new policies adapted to the new conditions which now confront us in Western America.

MCKINLEY  
AND THE

WEST.

But though the late President was not called upon to deal extensively with these rising issues, his service to the West was one of tremendous moment. Doubtless we shall raise his statue near the Golden Gate, facing the setting sun, and inscribe upon it a legend to tell future generations that this is the statesman who gave to Western America a new world of commerce. It was his fortune to stand at the helm when the age-long isolation of the Orient was ended and when the stars and stripes rose above islands and archipelagoes in the Pacific. It was his diplomacy which saved China from dismemberment and thereby won her friendship for the United States. As to the domestic concerns of the West, while the late President originated no important policies in that regard, the work of his administration was progressive and in the right direction. The care of the forests received more attention than ever before. The work was raised to the dignity of a Bureau in the Agricultural Department, and the most competent person in the United States for that undertaking, Gifford Pinchot, placed at its head. The reservations under the Interior Department were made actually effective, in many instances, by the appointment of intelligent superintendents and the adoption of wise regulations. The work of Irrigation Investigations was entrusted by Secretary Wilson to the ablest and most experienced person who could possibly have been chosen—Elwood Mead—and the result is already seen in reports which penetrate to the root of existing evils. Hence, the people of the West, even if they look upon him from the narrow standpoint of their own selfish interests, may well bow in sorrow and gratitude at the tomb of our third martyred President, William McKinley. His name and fame will bloom immortal among our valleys and mountains and along the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

ROOSEVELT  
"OF ARID  
AMERICA."

President Theodore Roosevelt, in his short but intensely active life, has come into contact with many different phases of the national existence. He remarked, a few months since, "Although I am of the sixth generation born in New York, I belong West of the Missouri River." He is naturally a man of the Western

temperament—active, impatient of conventions, filled with the spirit of daring enterprise. For about ten years he spent his time largely in North Dakota, near the Montana boundary, well within the Arid Region. He knows the problems of irrigation, of the forests, and of the grazing lands as they were never known or even suspected by any other President of the United States. He sent a ringing letter to last year's session of the National Irrigation Congress, in which he put himself squarely on record in favor of the construction of great public works to reclaim public lands. And he also took advantage of the opportunity to say that such works cannot be built by private capital, and that it would be undesirable to permit private capital to engage in it even if such a thing were possible. The full significance of the accession to the Presidency of a man having such knowledge of Western needs and resources, and such views of what the national policy should be respecting them, may only be revealed by events. But that large class of Western men to whom the cause of irrigation is dearer than any party ties, must rejoice that the man who succeeds our lamented President knows and loves our beautiful West, and is not ashamed to say so.

During a good portion of last year eight well known experts devoted their best efforts to a study of California irrigation laws from the most practical standpoint. They did not deal with the matter abstractly, but in the most concrete way, going right out into the field and studying the actual workings of the laws on a number of typical streams. Marsden Manson took the Yuba and J. M. Wilson Cache Creek, in Sacramento Valley; C. E. Grunsky, Kings River, and Frank Soulé the San Joaquin in the valley of that name; C. D. Marx, the Salinas, in the Coast Region; E. M. Boggs, the Los Angeles River, and J. D. Schuyler, the Sweetwater and Hemet Creek, in Southern California; and William E. Smythe, the Honey Lake Basin on the Eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The work was done under the auspices of the United States government and under the personal direction of its expert, Elwood Mead. It was an absolutely impartial investigation. The instructions were to study the California laws and then trace the results arising therefrom through the records of appropriations, lawsuits and decrees, and through a careful study of results conducted in the field. Elsewhere in these pages is the first of several papers devoted to a summary of the report. It is not our purpose to anticipate the evidence. We wish every man and woman in California might read the report in its entirety, but we know the unpopularity of

STUDIES  
OF THE  
EXPERTS.

public documents, even when issued in such handsome shape as this one. It is likely, therefore, that most people will become familiar with the report through the summaries that appear in the press and the public discussion that will ensue. There are a few general considerations, however, to which attention should now be directed.

WORTHY OF  
PUBLIC  
CONFIDENCE.

The report is in no sense special pleading. It was written by men of trained intelligence who are not politicians and not identified with private interests which they are seeking to put forward. The head of the investigation is a public man of wide experience, now representing the United States government. Of the other experts, four are civil engineers of great reputation, two are the heads, respectively, of the engineering departments at Stanford and the University of California, one is former State Engineer of Nebraska and now regularly employed by the Agricultural Department, and the other is a journalist and publicist. Their general instructions were to be absolutely fearless in presenting their conclusions. If such a report is not entitled to public confidence it would be interesting to be told under what different conditions a better report could be expected. While the investigation deals exclusively with California, it has a much broader significance for the public. The conditions existing here are similar in most respects to those prevailing throughout the Arid Region. Moreover, this is the greatest State in the West and is naturally looked to for leadership in the adoption of policies that are to rule the destinies of Western America. The four great points to be studied in the report are, first, the method of appropriating waters, since this is the foundation of valuable rights; second, the means by which water is distributed among a multitude of users; third, the question of riparian rights; fourth, the ownership of water, which involves the vital matter of water monopoly in a region where this element is absolutely vital to human existence. The influence of this report should powerfully assist in the evolution of a new and better California and in the growth of beneficent institutions throughout all our Western lands.

PUBLIC AND  
PRIVATE  
ARID LANDS.

The discussion of this report will serve to call public attention sharply to the fact that irrigation laws are matters for State legislation and, by the same token, that national irrigation, whatever its merits may be, is entirely inadequate to the solution of our water problems. There is no conflict between State and national irrigation in the minds of those familiar with the whole subject. They occupy two distinct spheres of action. We

want the nation to lend its assistance in reclaiming our public lands. In Nevada, for instance, 95 per cent of all the soil belongs to the national government. No power except Congress can legislate concerning it. Present laws are wholly unsuited to the development of this national property. We look to the nation to develop policies and furnish appropriations by which the irrigable portions of these lands may be made ready for settlement and by which the timber and grazing districts may be more wisely administered. But the control of waters in non-navigable streams, so far as their appropriation and distribution is concerned, belongs to the States themselves. The nation could not deprive them of their rights and obligations in this respect, nor would it do so if it could. It has troubles enough of its own. We must ourselves reform the water laws of the several States and provide good systems of administration. But in California the limitations of national irrigation are much more severe. There are irrigable lands which belong to the public on the Eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains—in Lassen, Modoc, Inyo, and Mono counties—and in the great deserts of the Mojave and Colorado. But it is not for the watering of these lands that California suffers most keenly today. It is the great arid districts of Southern California, of the Coast Region, of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, that should be irrigated by the storage of flood water and the economical distribution of all available supplies. It is here that the wealth and population of the State are to be multiplied many-fold. This is the problem which presses close upon us, the solution of which alone can put an end to present stagnation in settlement and existing distress in irrigation districts and other communities harried by endless litigation. Does national irrigation touch this problem? Not at all. These lands are arid or semi-arid and cry aloud for reclamation. But they are not public lands. They are private lands, large portions of which have been cultivated, fenced, and otherwise improved. Does any advocate of national irrigation imagine that his policy—beneficent as it will be in other States and, indirectly, to California, as a means of increasing its trade with the interior—can be depended upon to furnish water for the private estates of the South, of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and of the Coast Region? Surely no one can delude himself with a hope so vain as that. We shall induce the nation to reclaim the arid public lands, but the construction of great works for watering the enormous area of private lands whereon the future millions are to dwell is our own problem, destined to abide with us for ever.

**BATTLE OF  
THE RAISIN-  
GROWERS.**

The forces of coöperation and of competition are waging a battle royal in the raisin districts. The issue of the conflict is not clear at this writing, but its merits are plain enough. No industry on this coast has been subject to fluctuations more frequent and disastrous than that of raisin-growing. It has made fortunes and ruined fortunes in alternate years. It has been in the highest degree a speculative crop, its character as such only enhanced by the fact that comparatively little capital and time were required to bring a good vineyard into existence. It was quickly found that the producers were completely at the mercy of those who control the market so long as they were not organized. M. Theo. Kearney taught them the secret of organization, and made it possible for them to dictate the price of the crop to the packers. His original plan went further. He wanted the producers not only to control the crop, but to own the packing-houses, so that nothing should stand between them and the consuming public. Though his policy raised the price of the product to such an altitude that prosperity was made universal, he was deposed for a time. After his recall to leadership, Mr. Kearney made up his mind to put an end forever to competition in the sale of raisins. A considerable proportion of the growers had remained out of the Association. They were benefited, of course, by the higher prices, but by keeping out of the organization they were always in a position to offer their crop to the packers at a little less than the standard rate, thus taking advantage of any temporary stagnation in the market, and disposing of their product in advance of the Association. Mr. Kearney decided that the way to put a stop to this ruinous system was to announce that unless practically all the growers joined the Association, and stood shoulder to shoulder for mutual protection, the price of raisins should be two cents a pound. "And we will all go down into the gutter together," he boldly proclaimed. On the other hand, if the growers united the price would be fixed at five cents a pound, which means prosperity for all. Establishing his headquarters in New York, he notified the trade that raisins would sell at two cents shortly unless the growers signed the leases in response to his appeal. This smashed the market, as no one would buy at a higher price with this prospect in view. It cannot be denied that Mr. Kearney's policy was arbitrary. No more can it be denied that it was brave, sensible, and framed in the highest interest of the industry. The Association must rule or go to pieces. If it goes to pieces, those who wish to buy raisins as cheaply, and sell them as dearly, as possible will control the



situation. The producers will be at their mercy. Had they rather be at the mercy of that interest, or at the mercy of an Association directed by men whose fortunes are at stake in raisin vineyards and who themselves must share in the prosperity or disaster which comes to the industry as a whole? It seems to us that there cannot be a moment's question as to which road they should choose. The raisin business has become too large for the old conditions which existed when the production was small and when the laws of competition could safely be trusted to bring a good result. This is the day of large affairs, of combination. God helps those who help themselves, and those producers who do not help themselves will soon find that they need God's help indeed!

About the only important product of the soil which has not come under the influence of co-operation in California is wheat. Although it still persists, and upon a very large scale, this has for many years seemed like a doomed industry. The constant cropping to a single cereal has so impoverished the soil and reduced the yield, the competition of cheap labor in India, Egypt, and South America, and the introduction of improved machinery in other lands, has so altered the conditions of the markets, that it appeared as if wheat-growing might be destined to gradual extinction. The friends of irrigation have hoped that this situation would lead to a revolution in farming methods, with artificial watering, subdivision of estates, and diversified production as its moving forces. But it seems that the wheat-growers will make an effort to better their conditions through coöperation. Those two strong men of the Sacramento Valley—N. P. Chipman and Will S. Green—have been hinting at such things for some years. A meeting was recently held to take steps looking to the organization of something like a Trust among the wheat-men. The object would be to put the entire grain product of the Sacramento Valley into the hands of one strong organization, with a view to securing better markets, prices, and transportation facilities. This is certainly an amazing development of the coöperative spirit, but none the less hopeful on that account. Such an organization could go to work intelligently to engage ships for moving the crop. The difficulties on that score are now very serious. When the control of the entire crop is given to a single organization the ship-owners will find that they are confronted by "a condition, not a theory." The growers will also be able to enter the Oriental market and develop it extensively. Very likely they will effect important economies in storing their

AND THE  
WHEAT-  
GROWERS TOO.

crop at points of shipment. On the whole, it looks to us that this gigantic coöperative undertaking may be feasible, while it is surely encouraging to those who believe in the principle of union for the common good. If such a result is realized it will be due to the fact that the wheat-growers have suffered until they simply had to do something. This is the invariable experience of humanity. We learn only through suffering. The god of Progress is armed with a club.

A NEW

"CRADLE OF  
LIBERTY."

By the way, there was an interesting ceremony at the little town of Kingsburg, in the San Joaquin Valley, a few weeks since. The occasion was the dedication of the Kingsburg Rochdale Building. Here, under one roof, are assembled the coöperative store, professional and public offices, and the public library. Practically the entire business of this prosperous community will be conducted in this building. But it is more than a business center—it is a social, intellectual, and religious center. It owes its existence not to kind-hearted millionaires, but to sensible farmers and workingmen who have united their capital so that they may work together in the purchase of their supplies and sale of their products, after the manner of the Rochdale pioneers, described in Professor Fowler's article in the last number of this magazine. The high ideal animating the Kingsburg people is well shown by the following extract from President Hallner's allusion to Rochdale Hall, which forms a part of the building :

This is intended to be a "Faneuil Hall", a "cradle of liberty" and we invite the Patrick Henrys and James Otises, the Garrisons, the Lovejoys, the Wendell Phillipseas, the Lincolns, the Mother Stewarts and Thompsons, and women crusaders, including the Frances Willards and the whole army of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Dickies, the Woolleys, and the good and plump Wheat, and our own Professor Fowler—all these and all their friends, associates and affinities who only cleave to the pure, the true and the good.

Just imagine what California would be if brought under a good system of irrigation, divided into millions of little farms, and with such "cradles of liberty" as that at Kingsburg located in every community! It makes one feel like exclaiming, with the optimistic poet :

" We'll all be happy yet  
You bet ! "

## HOW TO COLONIZE THE PACIFIC COAST.

### SECOND PAPER

#### THE POSSIBILITIES OF COMBINED EFFORT.

**T**HE first paper in this series arrived at the conclusion that private efforts aiming at the colonization of irrigated land have not been generally successful and cannot be relied upon to solve the question, in any large sense of the term; that semi-public agencies, such as railroads and boards of trade, State or local, are useful only within a restricted sphere; and that the historic successes in the line of settlement have been accomplished only by coöperative efforts, of which the most notable instances were the Greeley Colony of Colorado, the Mormon communities of Utah and other States, and certain famous settlements in Southern California. Hence, if we are to follow the leading of experience we will adopt the coöperative method in getting settlers and then proceed to organize their industrial and social plans after the same successful model.

This is easy to say, but can it be done? Is it not entirely impracticable? Horace Greeley is dead. No one can now command his influence as the Colorado settlers did. The Mormon church is active enough, to be sure, but there are a good many of us who are not prepared to join it just yet. Men like Judge North and others who took the lead in Southern California are not to be found every day in the week. How, then, are we to settle California, and a dozen other States of the West, by such coöperative efforts? No attempt was made to answer that question last month. It was merely said that that was "another story." And here is the other story.

#### I.

#### A PROPOSED PLAN OF UNION.

I was invited by General Will S. Green to address a joint meeting of the Sacramento Valley and San Joaquin Valley Development Associations on this subject last January. The meeting drew a large attendance of representative men, as it was held in Sacramento when the Legislature was in session and on the day that the electoral vote was cast for President and Vice-President. I opened the debate by introducing the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That all the active land interests of California should be united in an Association for the enlistment and organization of colonists, and that the Association thus formed should proceed with its work upon the following lines:

1. There should be an Executive Committee, preferably composed of five members, to govern the operations of the Association.
2. There should be employed experts of the highest qualifications to report upon conditions of soil, water supply, markets, products, cost of living, and all other essential facts, before the Association undertakes the sale of any tract of land.
3. There should be a Publication Department to supervise all advertising or other printed matter issued with the endorsement of the Association.
4. There should be a Lecture Bureau to send competent speakers throughout the East for the purpose of presenting the advantages of California to prospective homeseekers, with a view of directing public attention particularly to the lands represented in the Association.
5. Colonial clubs should be formed in Eastern cities and towns as a nucleus for homeseekers and as a basis of permanent organization for the promotion of settlement, year after year.
6. The Executive Committee should employ the best talent for planning colonies and townsites, and advising settlers as to industrial and social arrangements, to the end that settlers may have the advantage of the experience of other communities.
7. The expense of the Association should be met by subscriptions to its capital stock, and the terms upon which land is sold should be such as to return profits to be distributed pro rata among the stockholders, while owners of land disposed of would receive their individual profits besides.

Aside from the arguments which might be made for and against such a proposal as a business proposition, the resolution requires some explanation in order to make its meaning entirely clear. Indeed, it covers so much new ground that I quickly discovered it could not be threshed out in a single afternoon's debate. It aroused a spirited discussion, which was participated in by some of the most prominent men of the State, including General N. P. Chipman, Hon. W. H. Mills, Arthur R. Briggs, Ben M. Maddox, Senator Smith, General Green, and many others. Although nothing definite came of the matter, sufficient interest was manifested to justify a calm presentation of the proposal in these pages.

It should be said that the plan does not contemplate that any lands shall be deeded to the Association, or that that body shall assume the management of land or water properties. It merely proposes a joint agency to take the place of many conflicting agencies, and united instead of scattered effort. It suggests a complete machinery aiming at the systematic development of a class of settlers for California and at their organization into colonies after arrival. In obtaining settlers the Association's power would be quite absolute; in organizing them afterwards its work would be merely advisory. The machinery provided by such a plan as this, while not radically different from that employed by many companies, is much more perfect

and far-reaching. In a word, this was intended to be at least a step in the direction of scientific methods of colonization.

The chief difficulty in carrying out such a plan, assuming that our land interests could be united and sufficient capital subscribed for the undertaking—an assumption that is entirely unwarranted—would be to determine which of the many interests represented should receive the settlers obtained. Naturally, each property-owner would desire to obtain the first settlers, the best settlers, and the most settlers. To a certain extent, this problem would solve itself. The lands controlled by the Association would represent a wide range of prices. One buyer, preferring cheap land where he could raise alfalfa and cattle, would be willing to locate some distance from a railroad. Another buyer would prefer high-priced orange land and the best social advantages. Furthermore, some settlers would insist on Southern California; others would prefer the San Joaquin or Sacramento. The Association would be able to accommodate all of these varying tastes. To this extent the land-owners in the Association would not come into conflict. But we should not be entirely dependent on the individual tastes of settlers to prevent us from getting into trouble on this score.

The Colonial Clubs would be scattered throughout many States and hundreds of cities and towns. The Executive Committee might arbitrarily assign some of these clubs to certain companies or colonies. Let us say, for instance, that General Green has a colony at Colusa and Mr. Briggs another at Fresno. The Executive Committee informs General Green that he shall have the exclusive benefit of the Colonial Clubs in and around Des Moines, Iowa, and notifies Mr. Briggs that he shall enjoy a like privilege at Ann Arbor, Michigan. While they might not be able to control the matter entirely, they could do so in a large degree, while as stockholders they would enjoy a share of the profit in all lands sold by the Association throughout the State.

Let us look at the plan now on broader lines.

## II.

### THE FAILURE OF PRESENT METHODS.

The first justification for the presentation of such a plan is that we are not now colonizing California successfully. Some of the richest land companies in the State have expended very large sums in the effort and made almost a total failure. We indulge in lamentation over our great estates and the backwardness of irrigation in certain

localities, but if it were possible to furnish the owners of these estates with the assurance that buyers could be found in any considerable numbers they would proceed to subdivide their lands and to irrigate them quickly. The fact is that the settler is not forthcoming. Hence, it is worth while to consider any proposal which has merit, even if it is not all that could be desired.

The competitive method on which we have so far relied to obtain settlers is fraught with many dangers. Rivalry in land-selling leads to the wholesale depreciation of one locality by the friends of another locality. The result is injury to the whole State. Since the advantages of California are so striking as almost to challenge belief, it is very easy to discredit your rival's proposition. This has often happened, not only as between individuals and companies, but as between large sections of the commonwealth. The result is that the Eastern public does not know what to believe, but is inclined to set down Californians as a perverse generation.

The State is also badly injured by irresponsible parties who advertise untruths and seek to unload propositions utterly without merit. Many a sad story could be written under this head, recounting the losses of trusting settlers. While the promoters of such projects have seldom realized profits in the end, the State has always suffered from their operations.

The expense involved in advertising fifty enterprises separately and in conducting fifty separate agencies, to say nothing of the injurious effects of cut-throat competition already mentioned, is a considerable handicap. It is the old story of a dozen milkmen serving customers on the same street, maintaining a dozen teams and traversing exactly the same ground, when a single individual or firm could render the same service with greater economy and efficiency. The Eastern field in which settlers are to be sought is enormous. Competition means that it cannot be handled effectively except at vast expense.

Scientific colonization requires the services of expert minds in several different directions. The average enterprise simply cannot afford to employ them. It must therefore take dangerous chances, and a wise head has remarked that "in such cases you may be sure that all the contingencies will contingence."

Finally, the first and last essential of successful colonization is public confidence. This confidence the present method has entirely failed to command. Companies with millions of capital have failed to impress the homeseeking public with the belief that their statements were absolutely

reliable and that they could be trusted to show them the way to prosperity.

For these reasons the present method of individual and scattered efforts is so nearly a total failure, both in enlisting settlers and in organizing their industrial plans, that it cannot be relied upon to effect broad and enduring results in the colonization of Western lands.

### III.

#### MERITS OF THE PROPOSED PLAN.

The proposition is to bring all the active land interests of California into a single organization, as a means of securing their hearty cōoperation in obtaining large numbers of settlers over a period of years. The administration of the work would be entrusted to a small Executive Committee — the smaller the better. This would at once eliminate competition and all the evils arising therefrom. California would present a solid front to the homeseeking public.

Under this plan not a single acre of bad or dubious soil could be offered for sale. The chance of mistakes in regard to water supply for irrigation would be reduced to the minimum, because experts of the highest ability could readily be employed by the combination. Competent statisticians would report on markets, products, and cost of living. Experienced superintendents would advise settlers how to proceed with improvements. In all these vital matters we should be building upon a foundation of ascertained facts and exact information, instead of working in the dark, as now.

All publications and advertising matter would be prepared under one central head. This would effect a great economy, while permitting the service of the ablest men, even of men of reputation. This would add enormously to the influence of such "literature." There would then be no excuse for wild, misleading statements. The responsibility would be centered.

The plan for a Lecture Bureau and formation of a far-reaching system of Colonial Clubs is not at all impracticable. It has been used successfully and more than one flourishing colony stands as a living monument of its feasibility. It is a method which appeals powerfully to the public. They like to meet the sponsors of a colony scheme face to face. There are few subjects which possess more elements of human interest, or offer more opportunities to the intelligent speaker. Furthermore, it is easier to talk effectively to a hundred people than to one. There is a spirit about the thing not easy to explain, but always

deeply felt by speaker and audience. Then such meetings advertise themselves very thoroughly. "Go West, young man," is still a magic phrase of much potency. I know from my own experience that more can be accomplished from the lecture platform in six weeks than can be done from a real estate office in six months—I had almost said six years.

Neither is there any difficulty about forming the clubs. A large element of every community stands ready to join anything, especially if little or no expense attaches to the operation. While the real estate office appeals principally to the pocket-nerve, the lecture and club cater to the social instincts as well. I undertake to say that with anything like an effective consolidation of land interests in California, with reasonable moral and financial backing, not less than 100,000 people could be enrolled in Colonial Clubs within a year. Of these, not less than 10,000 would be buyers and immediate settlers, and from 10,000 to 20,000 more would purchase places on installments and have them improved while remaining at their trades and professions. All the rest would be good advertisers for California and serve to keep the clubs alive, thus furnishing permanent channels for lectures and literature.

And the expense? That would be a matter for careful calculation, but probably \$50,000 would make a fair test of the system. This capital would be raised by stock subscription, or, possibly, in part by donations. A good many counties might be willing to contribute. The Association would make contracts with its members for the sale of their land upon such a margin of profit as to meet all the expenses of the work and leave a dividend for stockholders. While the landowner would look chiefly to the sale of his own property for his pecuniary benefit, he would also share the profits upon every acre of land disposed of, since he would be a stockholder in the Association. It is possible that a plan might be framed by which profits would be equalized, regardless of the locality in which sales were made.

The chief advantage of the proposed method lies not in the economy which it would effect, nor even in the very great degree of efficiency which would come from the provision of such complete machinery. The transcendent merit lies in the fact that it would absolutely compel public respect and confidence. Behind it would stand the combined influence of California. Press and people would vouch for it everywhere. No purely private enterprise could compete with this semi-public undertaking, repre-



senting the organized effort of California to colonize its vacant lands upon a basis of perfect good faith.

The reader will ask: "Assuming that such an organization could be made and operated successfully, so that abundant settlers were found, how do you propose to organize them into colonies and thus realize the advantages which coöperative efforts have brought elsewhere? The test of colonization is, of course, not merely getting the people, but making them prosperous after they are obtained, so that the work of settlement may go on indefinitely."

That is a very pertinent question, which will be dealt with in the next paper of this series.

W. E. S.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## *THE STRUGGLE FOR WATER.*

### *THE ORIGIN OF RIGHTS AND DISTRIBUTION OF SUPPLIES*

**T**HIS report\* is the most substantial result yet achieved by the new branch of the Agricultural Department known as Irrigation Investigations. It was made possible by the coöperation of the California Water and Forest Association, whose Finance Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Timothy Hopkins, raised several thousand dollars to supplement the appropriation of Congress for the purpose. It is probably not extravagant to say that the publication of the work marks the first important stage of the battle for the reform of the water laws of California—a battle that must go on unceasingly, regardless of all obstacles, until the great result shall be fully accomplished and this first of Western States provided with institutions suited to its highest development.

The report makes a beautiful volume of nearly 500 pages, copiously illustrated with maps and pictures. The fact that it has cost the Government about \$6.00 per copy for mechanical production, not counting the expense of the investigations themselves, testifies to its excellence as a matter of paper and printing. The first edition is small and will be in great demand. It is to be hoped that further editions will be called for and authorized in time. And it would be well if large editions of pamphlets, made up of separate reports, could be printed and thoroughly distributed in the various localities covered by the discussion. The introductory report by the Expert in Charge deals with

\*"Irrigation Investigations in California," Bulletin No. 100, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Office of Experiment Station, 1901.

the entire situation on broad lines, enforcing its discussion of California problems with facts and illustrations drawn from the experience of the world at large. A pamphlet edition of this introduction ought to be supplied to every irrigator and public man in the State.

The investigation was made, according to the title-page of the report, under the direction of Elwood Mead, assisted by William E. Smythe, Marsden Manson, J. M. Wilson, Charles D. Marx, Frank Soulé, C. E. Grunsky, Edward M. Boggs, and James D. Schuyler. None of the parties concerned in its authorship are inexperienced or unknown in this field of labor. All of them have been identified for many years with irrigation thought and practice, and not one of them could afford to give anything less than the very best of which he was capable to a discussion of this sort, conducted under the direct auspices of the national Government.

While each of the experts, except Mr. Mead, dealt with a particular stream, all worked upon a uniform plan. They were instructed to take the present water laws of California as the basis of their discussion, to observe how these laws had worked in their practical application to the irrigation industry in the locality they were considering, and what reforms, if any, are required to bring the use of water under more intelligent and successful management hereafter. This program made it necessary for each expert to discuss many different aspects of the water question. Among the most important were the following: How should water be appropriated?—a most vital question because the method of acquiring it originally goes to the very foundation of a stable water right. How should water be distributed in order to avoid incessant conflict among a multitude of users from the same stream? How should water be owned—by the person who makes the appropriation, by the canal which conveys it, by the irrigator who applies it to the soil, or should it be inalienably attached to the soil itself? Are riparian rights consistent with the best use of water in an arid land? Would the private ownership of water apart from land, obtained either through appropriation or riparian rights, involve a monopoly of this natural element, and, if so, would such a monopoly be a dangerous influence in the social and economic life of the State? By what form of enterprise—private or public, State or national—can the storage and distribution of flood waters be effected to the best advantage of the community at large?

In no way except by reading the report in its entirety, with its wealth of facts drawn from the experience of dif-

ferent localities and interpreted by the patient skill of the experts, can the reader grasp the full significance of these vital questions and the answers supplied in this work, of about 250,000 words. But in the brief summaries prepared for this magazine the effort will be to present the most salient evidence and conclusions.

#### I.—THE ORIGIN OF A WATER RIGHT.

The law says that "the right to the use of running water flowing in a river or stream or down a cañon or ravine may be acquired by appropriation." Leaving aside for the present the manner in which this statute is largely nullified by the riparian doctrine, upheld by the decisions of the highest court, let us consider the origin of water rights as laid down in the words quoted from the statute. How is water appropriated under this plan? By posting a notice "in a conspicuous place at the point of intended diversion," stating how much water is claimed, the purpose and place for which it is intended to be used, and the means by which it is to be diverted. Within ten days the notice must be recorded in the office of the County Recorder, who must keep a book for the purpose.

Only this and nothing more! The right to use the water on which the existence of your farm depends—hence, the ability to support your family—rests solely upon this so-called "law of appropriation." How do you know there is surplus water in the stream to which you can properly lay claim? You cannot know—can only guess at it. But supposing the entire supply has already been appropriated, even more than appropriated; can you still file your notice and proceed just as if this were a virgin stream and nobody lived within a thousand miles of you? Certainly; there is nothing to prevent. Nobody has ever measured the stream; nobody knows how much has been claimed, nor how much is actually applied to beneficial use. There has been a popular inquiry of late as to the exact definition of "anarchy." The word means "want of government." And our present method of appropriating water is a perfect illustration of anarchy as applied to the most fundamental need of the community in an arid land. There is this little statute which pretends to give everybody a right to appropriate water, and then a total "want of government" in carrying it out or protecting the rights it originates. The whole thing rests upon nothing but force when it is followed to its last analysis. You take the water if you can get it into your headgate, regardless of your neighbor's needs or rights. You keep the water if you can hold your own headgate open and your neighbor's shut. There are

places in California where this is accomplished by the use of shotguns and organized terrorism. You take the matter into the courts, but it is still the arbitrament of force, though of a different kind. It is financial force now instead of physical. Not that the courts are corrupt—no such impression is intended to be conveyed for an instant—but that they have no basis upon which to decide anything.

Without knowing how much water there is in the stream and how much has been applied to beneficial use, how can the court possibly know when prior rights are infringed upon? Besides, what is "beneficial use," within the meaning of the law? How much water is required to irrigate land in California? If you are using too much you are not making beneficial use, but, on the other hand, are making injurious use and the whole community is the loser. There is no accepted unit of so much water to so much land by which beneficial use can be passed upon by the court. You can litigate and litigate, but litigation cannot lead to justice, save by mere accident, under such circumstances. The man with the longest purse, who can hire the most lawyers and employ the largest array of expert witnesses, can win in the end, because he can have the cause tried again and again until at last all opposition is exhausted. And that is equivalent to government by force rather than by law.

It is upon such a foundation that the best and oldest rights in California are resting today. Vested interests are often quoted in opposition to reform. But vested interests are the ones, above all others, that are imperiled by existing conditions. No man can go to bed at night and be sure that when he arises he will not have to employ attorneys and use his last dollar to defend the water right on which the value of his property entirely depends. He may be rich, but other men are richer yet, and there is not a water right in the State which may not be attacked upon some ground. Judicial precedents count for little or nothing. They are like weather-cocks, now pointing north, now south, and constantly veering to all points of the compass. The trouble is that the foundation of water rights is on shifting sands, rather than on the bed-rock of exact information and eternal justice.

Slender as the law of appropriation is at best, it could not be obeyed to any advantage. Posting a notice at "a conspicuous place" near the point of diversion does not secure publicity, because streams are not diverted, as a rule, at conspicuous places. Such diversions are generally made in willow thickets or among rugged hills remote from

highways. Filing the claims with recorders is equally ineffective. A stream may flow through several counties, so that the total claims could not be found at any one place. It was discovered that in one of the most conspicuous counties (Los Angeles) the records were not kept in a book by themselves until quite recently, but scattered through the miscellaneous records, so that trying to find them was like searching for a needle in a haystack. Even if the records had been perfectly kept and considerable publicity secured little good would have resulted, since no method was provided for showing what appropriations had been followed up by construction and then by beneficial use. Neither was there any system of enforcing compliance with the claims. To the anarchy of the appropriation method was added the utter chaos of records and entire lack of all supervision.

What were the practical results? Every stream was over-appropriated, many times the total flow being usually claimed. In one of the northern valleys, where, at the utmost, the supply would suffice for 150,000 acres, enough water was "appropriated" to irrigate over 200,000,000 acres. On the San Joaquin River the amount claimed was 172 times the normal flow. Similar abuses were found on every stream within the scope of the investigation, while the grotesque and misleading terms in which the claims were couched were so numerous that it would require a good part of this magazine to reproduce them. For instance, one man claimed "the entire flow of the San Joaquin from its surface to the center of the earth." His point of diversion was "immediately opposite a white oak tree on the right bank of the stream." A man on the Los Angeles river served notice that he appropriated "3,000 miners' inches under a 4-inch pressure, to be taken out in a pipe 1½ inches in diameter."

Absurd? No, tragical! All sense of humor is submerged in the sea of litigation that arises from this preposterous method of establishing rights to the most precious of all elements of natural wealth in an arid land. It is calculated that on the Kings River alone \$40,000 has been annually expended for litigation during the past ten years. And nobody is any better off than at the beginning. The same amount of money would pay four per cent interest on \$1,000,000. The wise investment of the latter sum would water every acre in controversy and thousands of acres besides. Men would save their money to improve their homes instead of wasting it in fruitless lawsuits. The present conditions are pitiable, shameful, intolerable.

## II. THE DISTRIBUTION OF WATER—AND GRIEF.

But little space is required to discuss the California law governing the distribution of water. There is no such law. Yet in other arid lands this is one of the most essential features of administrative systems. The French have a maxim to the effect that if government did not exist, it would be absolutely necessary to create government in order to provide for the distribution of water in an arid land. Here each irrigator and canal-owner is a law unto himself. All are Ishmaelites—every man's hand is against every other man, since all are engaged in the fierce struggle for the precious element which is the life-blood of the State.

Here, again, the costly litigation often fails of its object. It is decreed, for instance, that A shall have one-half of the stream when B does not need it. Who is to say what constitutes "one-half?" And, worse than that, who is to say when B "does not need it?" A probably thinks that B does not need it at all, but B thinks he needs it all the time. More trouble among the neighbors, more lawsuits, frequently punctuated by brief but annoying remarks from shotguns. There are places where private arsenals are maintained to facilitate the peaceful distribution of the water supply. It is not always so bad as this, but it is always bad enough, and so it will continue to be until the people of California are able to rise to the level of India and Egypt in the appropriation and distribution of water.

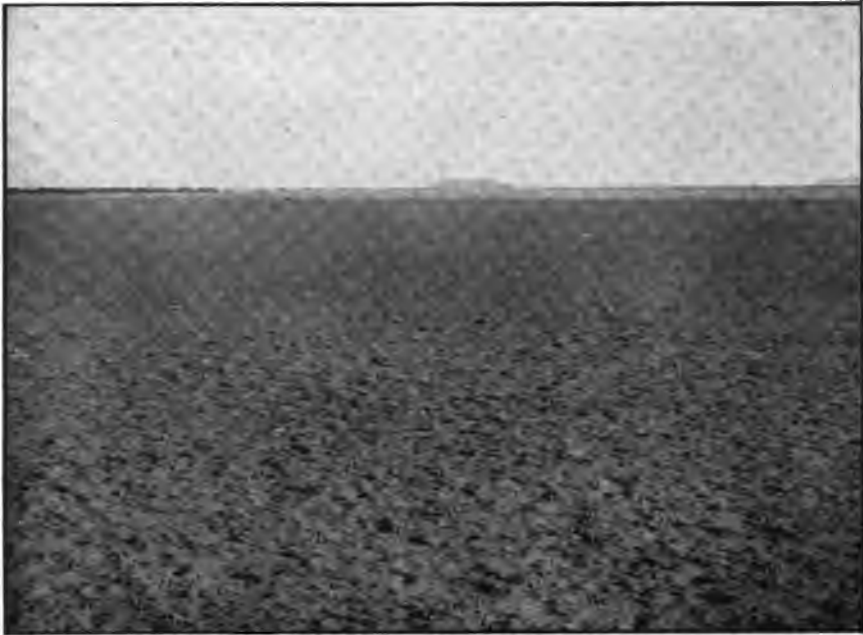
In future numbers we shall get some further revelations concerning the nature and operation of the California water laws. Then we shall see the sweeping remedies for this state of things proposed by the unanimous judgment of the expert investigators.

## THE DESERT TRANSLATED



NE hundred years hence the newspaper scribes of the Pacific Coast will be engaged in telling the wonderful things which marked the course of the twentieth century. Taking down from their dusty shelves in cobwebbed nooks of public libraries the records of the long-gone year of 1901, they will discover prominent notices of an event precisely contemporaneous with the birth of the century they are describing. And then they will proceed to write something like this:

"What is now the scene of the densest population in California, on New Year's Day one hundred years ago, was one of the most forsaken and desolate spots in all the West. We ask our readers to put forth the utmost efforts of their imagination and endeavor to see the wide-stretching Delta of the Colorado River as it appeared in the time of our ancestors. Remove for the moment, if you can, the great city in the heart of this marvelous plain, the scores of villages and



**THE VIRGIN DESERT.** (Imperial Valley).



**RECLAIMED.** (Two Week's Old Sorghum, Imperial Valley).

hamlets that mark the horizon on every hand, the long, shaded avenues leading out through the country in all directions. Imagine that the three great railways now traversing the Imperial valley, and the elaborate network of electric lines, never existed. Rub out for the instant the miles—the tens of miles—of garden, field, and orchard. Close your eyes to the thousands of homes, sugar factories and other industries—in a word, take away the entire fabric of civilization as it now exists in that wonderful region and try to think of it as it was when the sun rose over the Eastern mountains on January 1, 1901.

“No railroads, no homes, no factories, no fields or orchards, and—no water! Silence and desolation! A place so barren that even the coyote shunned it as a hopeless waste! And yet in the first year of the century now dead and gone, the great river was turned from its channel, and broad canals bore its waters into the heart of the desert. And, lo! men came to plant and to build, to live and to rear their children, to break the silence of desolation with voices of industry, and to make the barren waste blossom with all the beauties of Eden. One of the great achievements of the century, it has now become so large a part of the very foundation on which our social and economic life is builded, that it is scarcely possible to conceive of Southern California without it. And yet it is related of some of our ancestors, who must have been stupid fellows indeed, that they persisted to the last that the undertaking was visionary, and that where the desert then was human beings could never live because of the heat and drought.”

Such will be the reflections of those unborn scribes, the writers of the year 2001. Over and over they will tell the story of how the desert was translated. A million acres of fertile soil, and water enough in the Colorado river to irrigate it all without storage! It is a situation which cannot be duplicated in the world. Is it any wonder that it flourishes?

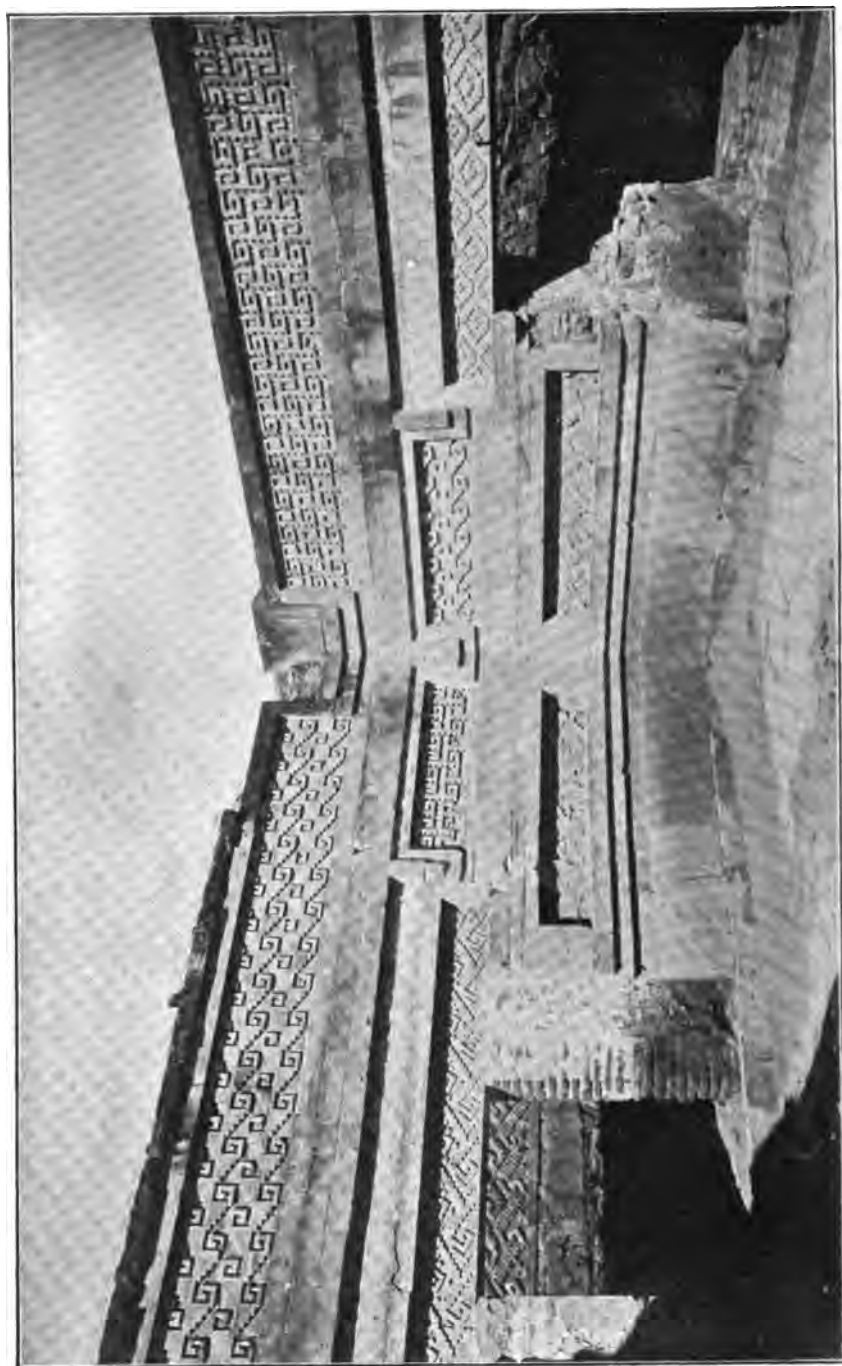


MAIN CANAL OF THE IMPERIAL CANAL SYSTEM





**FRANCIS ASBURY GIBSON (See p. 265).**  
**Born Pittsburg, Ia., November 23, 1851--Died Los Angeles, Cal., October 13, 1901.**



AMONG THE RUINS OF MITLA.

HO-MO-VI.  
MOQUI.





**PAMPAS GRASS, LOS ANGELES.**

**Photo. by Waite.**



A Freak of Tree Growth—Sonoma County.

The black oak and the madroña shown in this photograph have united to form a single tree—a phenomenon almost unique.

Photo. by Shaw.



AMONG THE SONOMA COUNTY REDWOODS.

Photo. by Shaw.

## SANTA ROSA—THE FLOWER CITY— SONOMA COUNTY, CAL.

BY ROBERT A. THOMPSON.

**T**HE first railroads in California followed the central valley, running through the State from north to south—the line of least resistance and the quickest and largest profits. They came in with the transition of the State from an era of gold to a golden age of agriculture. They were the first to make known to the outside world, by systematic and effective methods, the remarkable climate and agricultural range of the country from whence they drew their local support. By these efforts thousands were attracted to the State, and many travelers and tourists became permanent residents of California from what they saw of it in transit.

But, they do not cover the whole State. The ocean coast north of San Francisco trends rapidly to the west, widening the distance between the Sacramento Valley and the Pacific Ocean. Four of the largest, richest and least known of the counties of California are situated in this district. The combined areas of the coast counties Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Humboldt is equal to many States. They front for over two hundred miles on the ocean, extending inland to the east for one hundred miles. They are sparsely populated and comparatively undeveloped, but even as they are, produce more wealth per capita than any other counties in the State. Generally speaking, this rich and inviting section is known only to those abroad whose attention was directed to its advantages through private sources, or to those who had some special reason to investigate its varied advantages.

The coast counties differ in climate, soil, mode of culture, flora and other products, from the interior. The annual rainfall is greater. The season of growth is longer. No irrigation is necessary. There are no droughts. The dry years in the interior are bonanza years on the coast—prices are high and the yield is enormous. Crops are more frequently hurt by too much than by too little rain. The redwood, the most valuable of all American forest products, here finds its natural home. A continuous redwood forest stretches along the ocean front of the Northwest coast for two hundred miles, a timber belt of unsurpassed magnificence and of incalculable commercial value. Individuals of this family of trees attain a height of three hundred and fifty feet, a diameter of twenty feet and a circumference of sixty feet. Their average diameter is from ten to fifteen feet on the best land.

The earth, air and ocean, three of the most powerful forces in nature, combine for the support of a redwood forest. This accounts for the size of the trees and the great number that grow on an acre of land. They possess the power, more than other trees, of condensing moisture from the atmosphere, especially the fogs which prevail along the coast in summer. No one can witness without surprise and admiration the attractive power of a redwood forest on a summer fog. Detached clouds of mist rise as if startled from the sea, float inland and creep through the foliage, quickly followed by denser masses, and soon every leaflet is dripping with moisture, distilled from the sea of vapor in which the forest is submerged.



SECOND-GROWTH REDWOODS.

This process is repeated day after day during the summer season, and tons of water, lifted by this system of aerial hydraulics, are distributed through every nook and corner of the forest. The trees appear like specters supporting the gray canopy of mist above them. The silence is broken only by the scarcely audible sound of the absorption and assimilation of the volatilized overflow of the sea upon the land. The temperature of the fog is 55 degrees. It disappears on reaching the open land or stands as a wall on the outer edge of the forest. The clear air beyond the fog-line carries unseen moisture to all plant life in its path, until, stripped of its humidity, it merges with the overheated atmosphere of the interior valleys as a cool and invigorating breeze.

The redwood splits true. It does not warp. When wet it will not easily burn. Thoroughly soaked it is almost wholly fireproof. It contains no resin. The residence portion of San Francisco is built of redwood. There are square miles of houses close together. There has never been a conflagration in the resident district, because a fire



RUSSIAN RIVER CAÑON.

Photo. by Shaw.

does not spread rapidly. One building will not readily ignite from another. San Francisco was three times destroyed by fire when built of Eastern pine before the redwood came in, or its immense value as building material was known. Never, since. A railroad tie or other detached redwood bolt thoroughly ignited over its entire surface, if left to itself will go out, charred on the outside and sound in the center. It is the most durable wood known, fences forty and even fifty years old are as sound as when built. The second growth of trees from which these first rails were made are over a hundred feet high, and other rails could be split from them. The butt-cut of a redwood tree is very close grained. Green it barely floats in the water; seasoned it takes on a beautiful polish with the rich color of mahogany. Excepting only flooring, it is the best known material for house building from mudsill to redwood shingle roof, including doors, ornamental panel work and balustrades. It makes the best and most lasting railroad ties. The road over the South American Andes, crossing the hip of the volcano of Chimborazo, is now building on redwood ties from the Northwest coast counties of California.



Eel River and Russian River valleys are the largest in the coast counties. The former runs northward to Humbolt Bay. Russian River valley runs southward, fronting on the Bay of San Francisco. It lies east of the timber belt of Mendocino and Sonoma counties. It is one hundred and thirty miles long and has an average width of ten miles. Its soil is fertile, its scenery diversified and beautiful. It has long been noted for its production of Indian corn, which yields sixty bushels to the acre without irrigation. This fact is mentioned as a witness for the soil and climatic conditions, there being no other section of the State where this crop grows without irrigation. All other cereals, stone, seed and citrus fruits, the grape, the olive and especially berries yield large returns. The foothills have a milder climate than the valleys and are equally productive. There is an annual citrus fair at Cloverdale, in Russian River valley, at which oranges, lemons and other semi-tropical fruits equal to any grown in the State are exhibited.

On account of its projection west, the northwest coast receives a heavy rainfall. The rain-bearing winds from the south first strike the northwest coast and seem to advance from north to south, though



AT THE MOUTH OF RUSSIAN RIVER.

Photo. by Shaw.

actually reaching the coast from the south. The precipitation of rain increases as the coast trends to the northwest and diminishes as it recedes southeasterly. The northwest coast is two hundred and fifty miles west of Southern California—hence its greatly increased rainfall. The average annual rainfall in the northwest coast counties is forty inches. The least precipitation in eighteen years of record was greater than the annual average in many parts of the State. The season of rain extends from the first of October to the first of July. There are but three months in which rain does not fall—July, August and September. The hills are green until July and the valleys in some parts the entire year. The mean winter temperature is equivalent to that of May on the Atlantic coast.

The California Northwestern company runs its trains for one hundred and twelve miles through the center of the northwest coast counties. An extension of thirty miles further inland will be completed and running by the first of the incoming year. It is said to be the heaviest freight carrying road in proportion to its length of any road in the United States. This may be well believed by those who are familiar with the vast resources of the country through which the road runs. Three trains leave the Ferry depot in San

Francisco every day for the terminus of the road in Mendocino county, returning in the afternoon. Local trains leave the same depot every hour for nearer points on the line of the road. The new terminus at Willets, in Mendocino county, is within five miles of a great redwood forest and will be the center of a large and important lumber manufacturing interest, offering great inducements for settlement and business enterprise.

Santa Rosa is the largest city west of the Sacramento river and north of San Francisco. It is the natural capital of the northwest coast. It has a population of eight thousand and double that number live within a radius of a few miles. It is the county seat of Sonoma, the largest, most populous and wealthiest of the coast counties. It is the distributing point and railroad center of the northwest coast. Twenty trains arrive and depart from Santa Rosa every day, connecting it with all parts of the county, the interior of the State, San Francisco, Sacramento, the overland trains for the East, Oregon, the Sound cities and British Columbia. The topographical features of a country do not change, however great the change upon the surface.



ACROSS THE ROOFS OF SANTA ROSA.

Photo. by Shaw.

The old Indian and Spanish trails to and from the coast counties crossed at Santa Rosa just as the railroads of today meet there as a center of travel and traffic. It is the only direct railroad pass from the coast to the Sacramento valley, to the East, and Eastern markets.

Santa Rosa is connected with San Francisco by two lines of railroad—the California Northwestern and the Southern Pacific. Beside its railroads, thanks to a progressive Board of Supervisors, an excellent system of public roads radiate from Santa Rosa to all parts of the county.

Sonoma is the most diversified in its products of all the counties of this State. Its superficial area is one million acres. It is bounded on the south by the bay of San Francisco, on the west by the Pacific ocean, on the north by Mendocino county, and on the east by the Mayacmas range of mountains.

At least half the area of the county is valley or foothill land. In the foothills are tracts of alluvial soil which equal the valleys in fertility; they are warmer, drier and better for many purposes than valley lands. The finest wine grapes, citrus fruits, olives, apples

and nuts are grown in the foothills. Of the land suited for the growth of staple crops, grapes, olives, fruit and berries, not one-half is under cultivation, leaving a vast field for future development.

The population of the county is forty thousand, mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits. Its assessed wealth is \$29,000,000. Its annual production of wealth from the soil is \$7,500,000. This is one hundred and seventy-five dollars per capita for every inhabitant, including women, children and all other non-producers. Or to put it another way, it is nine hundred dollars a year for every registered voter in the county.

The view of the great central valley of Santa Rosa, especially from the coast hills opposite its back ground of encircling mountains is of vast extent and beauty. The central setting in this landscape is St. Helena, visible far out to sea, a conspicuous land mark in Northern California, blue as the ocean it overlooks or the sky whose color it reflects.

Russia was once anxious to plant its cushioned claws in the soil of Northern California, and St. Helena is an enduring monument of the



A SONOMA WHEAT FIELD.

aggressive ambition and skillful diplomacy of that powerful nation. Just before their departure from Ross, the Russian settlement on the coast of Sonoma, in 1841, Wossenessky, a naturalist, ascended the mountain, attached a lead plate to its summit bearing the day and date of the ascent and the name Helena which he bestowed upon the mountain in honor of his Imperial mistress, the Empress of Russia, thus marking the end of an unequalled march of conquest and colonization extending from the Ural Mountains in European Asia through Siberia to Alaska and thence to the northwest coast of California.

In the morning shadow of St. Helena the spires and domes of Santa Rosa peer through the trees and foliage in which the city is half hidden. The surrounding level lands and terraced foothills are covered with orchards and vineyards. Three of the largest wineries in the State are in Sonoma county, two of which are in or near Santa Rosa. They have made the wines of Sonoma as famous as the Falernian of ancient, or the Chianti of modern Italy. At the late exposition in Paris Sonoma wine was excluded from competition on



IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST, SONOMA COUNTY. Photo. by Shaw.

a technicality. Were the European wine-growers afraid of a comparative test?

Just west of Santa Rosa is the Gold Ridge country, where the best apples, berries, stone and seed fruits in the State are grown. It is fifteen miles in length by a width of six miles, and is one hundred feet above the level of Santa Rosa valley, which it parallels and bounds for fifteen miles on the west. Its soil is a rich sandy loam, apparently of marine origin, naturally drained and easily cultivated. Apples are a very profitable crop on this fruit ridge. They produce with proper care and culture forty boxes to the tree, worth from thirty-five to seventy-five cents a box. There are eighty trees on an acre. The yield is readily figured, and runs into hundreds of dollars per acre. Prunes yield from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars per acre, and berries one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. The experimental farm of Luther Burbank, "the Wizard of the Garden," is on this ridge, though his home is in Santa Rosa.



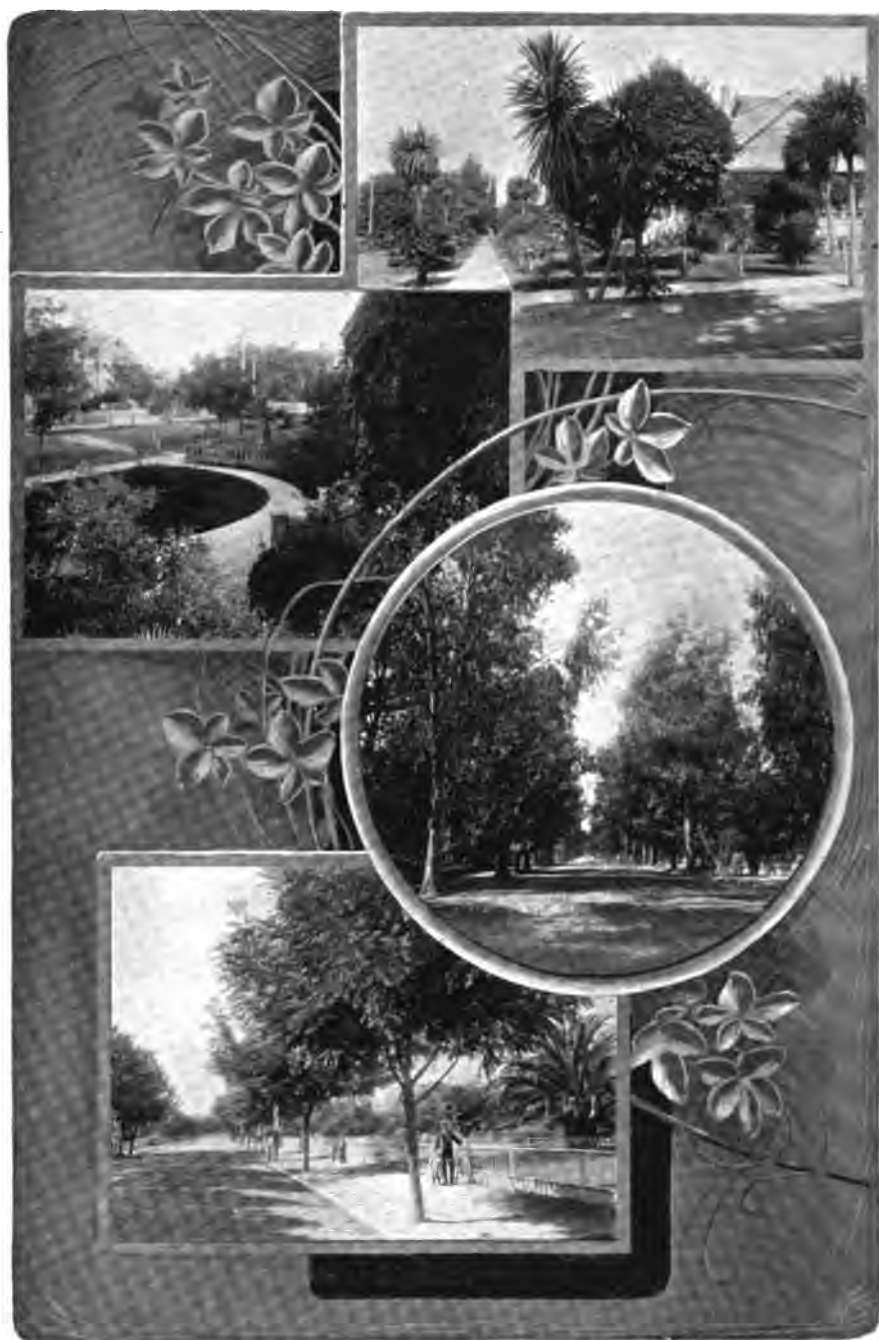
A SONOMA COUNTY VINEYARD.

Photo. by Shaw.



TYPICAL SANTA ROSA HOMES.

Photos. by Shaw.



STREET SCENES IN SANTA ROSA.

Photos. by Shaw.



On the coast south of Gold Ridge there is a district of low rolling hills, open to the sea, bare of trees and covered with a rich sward of native grass, green, or nearly so, the year round. Some of the largest creameries and dairy farms in the State are situated in this ideal dairy country.

Sonoma is a well-watered county. Through all its valleys there are running streams proportioned in volume to the catchment which supplies them. Russian River, the largest in the county, enters it from Mendocino, flows southeasterly for twenty miles, turns west, and finds its way to the Pacific Ocean through a depression in the Coast range. The streams of the smaller valleys, for twenty miles north and an equal distance south, flow into and through its channel to the sea. Excepting Petaluma, Sonoma and the Gualala valleys, it drains the entire county. There are innumerable springs of fresh and mineral water in the county. Among the latter the more noted are the Geysers, Lytton and Taylor's White Sulphur Springs near Santa Rosa.

One of the remarkable topographical features of the county is the cañon through which Russian River flows to the sea. The tallest and largest redwood trees in the State originally grew on the bottom lands of this cañon.

It is a valley through the Coast range rather than a cañon in the strict sense of that much abused Spanish word. The fall from where the river enters the depression to the sea is not more than sixty feet in a distance of twenty miles. It is not rugged or precipitous, but bold and picturesque. The air is cool and bracing. An August morning in this valley can only be compared with the few days on the Atlantic slope, when all nature throbs with the burst of spring. Five thousand people from San Francisco and other parts of the State summered there during the months of July and August of the present year. Here the Grove of Bohemia, the summer camp of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, is situated.

The cultivation of the olive, and manufacture of its products, is an increasing industry in Sonoma County. It now has one hundred thousand trees, mostly in bearing. Olive oil made in Sonoma county took a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition and the first prize at the World's Fair at Chicago. It took thirty years for the Californians to learn the art of making and ripening wine. It may take some time for them to learn how to make olive oil at a price which will compete with the cheaper manufacture of Europe; but American ingenuity will in the end accomplish it. The export of olive oil from Sonoma will then be among its largest products.

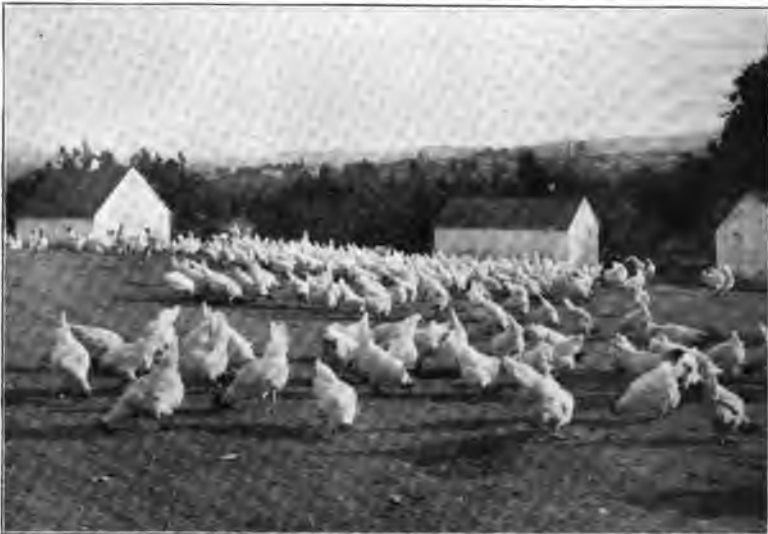
There is a considerable quicksilver production in Sonoma. One mine near Guerneville has been successfully worked for twenty years, and there are other mines of great promise near the Geyser Spring in course of development.

One of the most profitable industries in Sonoma county is poultry raising. It yields an annual product of \$2,000,000 a year, of which more than one half is shipped from Petaluma. This large sum is cash on the nail every day for the amount sold. Like the nimble nickel or compound interest it runs quickly into dollars by the thousands. Petaluma is an up-to-date town with an important manufacturing interest, a large commerce and many beautiful homes. It is divided in its midst by a navigable estuary leading inland from the Bay of San Pablo. Twice in every twenty-four hours the tides of the Pacific ebb and flow through the city. It is but thirty miles by water from Petaluma to San Francisco. It is especially noted as a poultry and dairy center. It is surrounded by poultry farms of all sizes from a few hundred hens up to the great ranges of Leghorns with incubator capacity for hatching 3,000 hens at a setting. Three thousand dollars is paid out every day in cash for poultry products, and nearly as much butter, cheese, and milk and cream. The advantages of poultry raising in Sonoma county are nearness and reliability of market, quick cash sales, length of the season, abundance of green food and certainty of crops without irrigation. On a few

acres of land a poultry farmer can make a good living for a family. A further account of this prosperous city and its manufacturing and commercial interests will be given in a future article.

There is no excessive heat or cold, day or night, throughout the year in Sonoma county. It is at all times moderate even in its extremes. The mean temperature of January is 52°; February, 54°; March, 55°; April, 57°; May, 60°; June, 64°; July, 66°; August, 67°; September, 67°; October, 62°; November, 58°; December, 55°. Average winter mean 53°; average summer mean, 67°. December, January and February are equivalent to May in the New England States, and July and August to May in the Middle States. The trade winds beginning in May lower the summer temperature and the warm current along the coast raises it in the winter months. Santa Rosa is on the same parallel of latitude as Richmond, Va., but its winter climate is that of Southern Florida, ten degrees south of Richmond. The ocean currents of the Atlantic coast are the reverse of those of the Pacific ocean; an Arctic current there increases the cold of winter and the Gulf stream the heat of summer.

The subtle influence of the ocean on the growth of a redwood



A CHICKEN FARM ON THE COTATI RANCHO.

forest has been shown. There is no partiality in nature and the hidden alchemy of the ocean may extend through all gradations of plant life, from the matted chapparal and creeping vine to the kingly redwood with its centuries of concentric rings, its deeply-rooted bole, two hundred feet in the clear, to the spring of its lofty crest. This may account for the productiveness of all plant life in the coast counties, and the range of the harvest, which begins with the ripening of the olive and citrus fruits in December, and overlaps the ripening of deciduous fruits in May. But it is a waste of time to search for a cause of these recurring winter harvests. It is enough to know that they come year after year with the certainty of other laws of nature, and fulfill the scriptural promise to the Israelites of a land—"Where the plowman shall overtake the reaper and the trader of grapes him that soweth seed."

This outline of the location, area and climate of Sonoma county makes it unnecessary to go into details of this, that or the other



product. Given a fertile soil, abundant rainfall, no extreme of heat or cold, and deductions present themselves with mathematical certainty. But if an object lesson is preferred, the green hills, golden poppies, ripe oranges and blooming roses of February, the mythological month of fecundation, will furnish it for the most skeptical.

Santa Rosa, the capital of Sonoma county, dates its municipal existence from the autumn of 1854, when the county seat was removed by a vote of the people from the old capital—the town of Sonoma—to its new home. Its jubilee will be three years hence in September, 1904. The county archives were brought to Santa Rosa in a four-horse wagon, and with them came the now venerable ex-Supreme Judge McKinstry, then District Judge of Sonoma. A masonic hall, store, saloon, Julio Carillo's residence and a hostelry was all the town. The fare at the hotel was rather primitive, and Judge McKinstry fell upon an extra-judicial plan to improve it. The



SOME FANCY STOCK.

walls of the house were of canvas, and what was said in one room could be heard in all the others. One day when the Judge knew the landlord and his wife were in ear-shot he said to a brother lawyer :

"There is no use trying to keep the county seat at Santa Rosa. Justice can't be dispensed on the fare furnished at this hotel—I shall order the sheriff to move back to Sonoma." The scheme worked; there was immense and immediate improvement in the bill of fare.

The landlord, who was more interested in the reality of the new town, than in the hotel, afterwards boasted that he saved the county seat to Santa Rosa by feeding the Judge on fried chickens, antelope steak, trout and such other delicacies as the streams and hunting grounds near the new capital then abundantly afforded. At all events there was no further complaint of the hotel fare.

The city of Santa Rosa was named from the valley, the valley for the stream and the stream was first so called by Father Amoros, a worthy priest in charge of the Mission of San Rafael. Father Amoros left his cure in the summer of 1821 on a proselyting expedition to the then unknown north. On reaching the



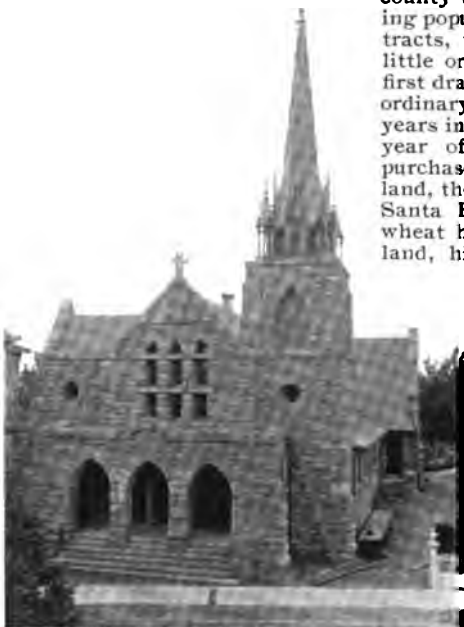
ONE OF SANTA ROSA'S OLDEST CHURCHES. Photo. by Shaw  
(Built wholly from a single redwood log.)

stream he persuaded an Indian girl to accept the rite of baptism and named her Rosa, it being the 29th of August, the feast day of Santa Rosa de Lima. So it happened that the name of the beautiful Limeña was given to the river, valley and city of Santa Rosa.\* Father Amoros died some years later in San Rafael and, according to tradition, he was as rich in virtues as the soil in which his good deeds fruited.

From 1854 to 1871 Santa Rosa made little advance. It was the county seat of a stock-growing, grain-farming population. The land was held in large tracts, there was no diversity of crops and little or no fruit culture. Attention was first drawn to the coast counties by the extraordinary yield in what was known as drouth years in the interior. Just before the drouth year of 1863-4 the late George W. Davis purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land, then bordering on the present city of Santa Rosa. With the yield of a crop of wheat harvested that year, he paid for the land, his farming outfit, and had a small

cash surplus. There are other similar results of a single crop in a dry year — this particular instance is noted because the land is now actually a part of the city of Santa Rosa.

When the first railroad reached Santa Rosa in 1871 it had less than one thousand inhabitants, which increased in the next few years to three thousand, since which time it has had a rapid and prosperous growth. It is now surrounded by many small well cultivated farms. It has a very large outlying hop, fruit and wine interest which centers in the city. Not less than sixteen thousand bales of hops and



A NEWER TYPE.

\* Manuscript letter of the late General M. G. Vallejo.

large quantities of fresh, dried and canned fruits, vegetables, grapes and wine are sold in Santa Rosa. There is a rapidly increasing industry in growing vegetables for canning, especially asparagus, tomatoes and string beans, all of which are profitable crops. The yield of tomatoes per acre is astonishing; they thrive beyond all precedent in the coast atmosphere.

There are four banks in Santa Rosa, "The Bank of Santa Rosa," "The Savings Bank of Santa Rosa," "The Santa Rosa National Bank," and the "Exchange Bank." The Santa Rosa Bank is the oldest with the largest paid up capital; all carry large lines of deposits and are on sound financial bases.

Santa Rosa has made quite a start in manufactures in the last few years. The output of its woolen mill, especially blankets, cannot meet the demand for them in the markets of the East. It has a large tannery, four fruit canneries, several fruit-drying factories, and a large flouring mill. It has a municipal water system, and is the



A SANTA ROSA SCHOOL HOUSE.

Photo. by Shaw.

only city in the United States where water for domestic purposes is supplied free to its inhabitants. The expense of the system is borne entirely by the city.

Santa Rosa has a rural mail delivery extending for a distance of seven miles around the city. It has a gas and electric system to be greatly enlarged in the near future and extended to street car lines and manufacturing purposes. It has a large commodious and strictly modern high school building and an equally well built and equipped business college, with students from all parts of the Pacific Coast. It has a fine public library, three grammar schools, a college and Ursuline Academy.

There are 140 grammar schools, five high schools, 237 public school teachers and 9,726 school children in Sonoma county. The annual expenditure for public schools is \$209,392.17.

Santa Rosa is a progressive city of educational institutions, commercial enterprise and homes. Two hundred houses have been built in the past two years, and there is still a demand for houses to rent. It is a city noted for its fine churches, of which there are at least six elegant structures which would do credit to any city. Besides its



TOBACCO IN NORTHERN SONOMA COUNTY.

Photo. by Shaw.

orthodox congregations it has a People's Church for all creeds—a modern Pantheon in principle if not in architectural grandure.

Rincon Heights, overlooking the city, Rincon Valley and Bennett Valley, east and south, are attractive locations for small farms and suburban residences in easy reach of the town. In fact the city is surrounded on all sides by a highly prosperous population of horticulturists, viticulturists and other farmers.

The affairs of the city are managed by a progressive Mayor and counsel. It has an efficient paid fire department and well kept streets.

Santa Rosa has long been noted for its gardens of rare ornamental trees and flowers. It is the natural home of roses, geraniums, lilies and fuchsias. The latter plant if left to itself will overrun a house with its blossoms, and the hedges of geraniums fairly dazzle the eye with their brilliance. Roses run riot in the trees and bloom in their tops if not restrained. The gardens of the city are worthy of its patron Saint Rose, and the home of the magician of horticulture, Luther Burbank. In a few years a vacant lot in Santa Rosa can be made to bloom with fruits and flowers. It required the strength of Hercules to gather the fruit of the "Garden of the Hesperides." In this modern "Garden of the West" every man may have them overhanging the roof of his domicile or peering in at his windows with no more labor than is required to plant a tree and give it reasonable care for a few years.

No part of the Pacific Coast offers greater advantages than the counties fronting on the Bay of San Francisco, of which Sonoma is one of the most attractive. It is less known and less densely populated than other counties of its class, but the sound of coming thousands may be heard by those who have ears to hear.

It is a country for men of moderate means, because a few acres will support a family, and the soil and climate will supply with it the physical enjoyments of life attainable only by the extremely rich in less favored countries. It is a land with the climate of Southern France and Italy, the fruits of the islands of the Mediterranean Sea, but, unlike those countries, it is not outworn by cultivation or scared by conquests and revolutions. It is fresh from the hand of nature, with the laws, traditions and methods of self-restrained resourceful American citizens.

# AN OLD MEXICAN GRANT.

## ITS TRANSFORMATION SINCE 1849.

**I**N 1849, Dr. T. S. Page, of Valparaiso, Chili, purchased from Gen. M. G. Vallejo a tract of many thousand acres of land in the center of Sonoma county, known as the Rancho Cotati. Dr.

Page bequeathed the property to his children under the proviso that it should be kept as a whole until the youngest of the family reached his majority, which event not long since occurred. So it happened that ten thousand acres of the best valley land in Sonoma county, lying midway between Santa Rosa and Petaluma, was enclosed and held as a whole. It was mainly used for grazing until the last few years, when it was subdivided into tracts of ten acres and upward and offered for sale at moderate prices. But little of the land has been under cultivation. The soil is not worn out, which cannot be said of all land within forty miles of San Francisco. San Francisco is growing rapidly, and land in its immediate neighborhood, suitable for the production of the necessities of life, must greatly enhance in value. In this location the cost of transportation, which cuts such a figure in the profits of farming, is reduced to a minimum.

The whole State is benefited by the subdivision of such a tract as the Cotati. Where only a few men made a living by cattle or sheep-herding there are now hundreds of families who have purchased homes and are making a good living raising fruits, vegetables and berries combined with poultry raising, the most profitable industry in the State considering the small amount of capital required. It is well known that Sonoma county is the best in the State for poultry, owing to its climate, soil and cheap transportation charges. Think of being able to ship a case of thirty-six dozen eggs to San Francisco for ten to twelve cents a case, the empty returned free of charge. Hens pay from 75c to \$1 net per annum. There are farms of two thousand hens on the Cotati, run in combination with fruit culture, the one industry helping the other. The business is so large that it consumes the whole excess of wheat grown in the county and this enables the wheat-grower to get from \$1 to \$2 more per ton for his wheat in the home market than if shipped to San Francisco.

The railroad runs through the tract for eight miles, giving a frontage of the subdivided tracts, counting both sides, of sixteen miles. No subdivision in the tract is more than one or two miles from the road. The price of good land on the Cotati ranges from \$60 to \$90 per acre. Its advantages are cheap transportation, a fertile soil, no irrigation, and therefore no malarial fevers or noxious insects. So called dry or drouth years are the best in Sonoma county. In the drouth year of 1898 two thousand acres on the Cotati produced 6,000 tons of hay worth \$13 per ton, in contrast with almost complete failure elsewhere, beside the product of one hundred and fifty small farms sold off the tract, all of which produced exceptionally large crops. This object lesson illustrates better than anything that can be said the productiveness of the Cotati ranch. No fruit pays better than apples; combined with poultry-raising it is very profitable. The uplands of the tract are a continuation of the Gold Ridge, where the best apples and other fruits in the State are grown.

The land is being sold for the benefit of the heirs of Dr. Page, and is incorporated under the name of "The Cotati Company." Anyone desiring a home in California cannot do so well anywhere else as by addressing the Cotati Company, 302 California street, San Francisco, for full information and details, including descriptive pamphlet and map of the ranch and its subdivisions.

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## Our Irrigation Department.

"THE REASONER,"

SAN LUIS OBISPO, July 6, 1901.

PUBLISHERS LAND OF SUNSHINE,  
Los Angeles:

Gentlemen: I felt a thrill of joy as I opened your copy at the page marking your announcement of a new department of so vital an interest to the West and to humanity. The good that you may accomplish is beyond estimate. Your magazine ought to have the enthusiastic support of every good man and woman into whose hands it may fall.

Yours sincerely,

J. K. TULEY.

From Ex. Gov. Adams of Colorado.

PUEBLO, COLO., Aug. 15, 1901.

WM. E. SMYTHE, ESQ.,

Los Angeles:

Dear Sir: I am glad to note that the author of "The Conquest of Arid America" has opened a department in THE LAND OF SUNSHINE. I consider the reservoir and irrigation question the pressing problem of the age.

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## An Up-to-Date Idea.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE is a magazine in which our State may well take pride, and which every Californian should read. It has published during the seven years of its existence, more valuable and unique information about the West than can be had from all other sources combined. It portrays Western life and conditions as they are, not as some irresponsible writer fancies them to be. In scientific and descriptive articles, in fiction and verse, this standard has been closely adhered to, with most satisfactory results. Its June number announces that, beginning with the July number, twenty pages of the magazine will be devoted to a department under the title of "The Twentieth Century West." This department will be edited by Mr. Wm. E. Smythe, author of "Conquest of Arid America," and will deal particularly with irrigation, coöperation and colonization. These are subjects of practical value to every citizen of the West and their intelligent discussion will point the way to the enactment of better State water laws, the best methods of marketing farm products and various other pertinent matters.—*Palo Alto Times*.

## More Than Any Other.

THE JUNE LAND OF SUNSHINE announces that beginning with the July number the magazine will devote about twenty pages to a department called "The Twentieth Century West," which will deal particularly with irrigation, coöperation and colonization, edited by William E. Smythe, the author of "The Conquest of Arid America." This feature promises to give added value to a magazine which has done more to exploit California than any other.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, July 7.

## Unique.

One of the most unique and consistently appointed stores in Los Angeles, if not of its kind on the continent, is that of the Pittsburgh Aluminum Company, 312 S. Spring Street.

The fixtures of this establishment are painted to effect the same ware that rests upon its shelves and in its show-cases and windows—aluminum.

Solid as is pewter, but more durable, and as handsome, but safer from theft than silver, aluminum is fast taking the place of both as well as of those pretenders, tin and agate ware, as kitchen utensils, table ware, notions, etc.

NOVEMBER, 1901

Vol. XV, No. 5

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Photo. by Mrs. C. T. Brown.

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THE "SPLIT TRAIL," ACOMA.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

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"THE LAND OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 15, NO. 5

NOVEMBER, 1901

## A WEEK OF WONDERS.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



URELY, if slowly, an almost human intelligence as to our own country begins to penetrate the Darkest East. To those of us who have been for well-nigh twenty years belaboring that preoccupied skull with a certain Idea, there has been perhaps rather much suggestion of the processes alleged to be necessary to introduce a joke to the Scotch noggin—or of the sequel to one of Depew's after-dinner stories at a London banquet. A fortnight

later he met Lord Blank. "D'ye know, Mr. Depew, it has just come to me that you were joking."

"By freight, I see," answered Chauncey blandly.

But if by freight rather than express, it is at last really "coming to" the more permeable Easterner that we were *not* joking all these years when we assured him that the World's Wonderland is not in Europe, not in Egypt, not in Asia, but in the West of our own United States; that area for area no other land on earth is half so crowded with marvels of the first magnitude and of such range—in antiquities, scenery, anthropology and picturesquenesses in every sort. On a modest scale, at last—heretofore, the scale was immodestly small to such as care for the good name of a country believed to have brains—Americans are beginning to peck at this incomparable treasure-house. No man now young might hope to exhaust its infinite variety; not half a hundred people have ever seriously entered upon large comprehension of it; tens of millions

of Americans know as much about it as they do of Mars. But it is a distinct gain when even a few thousands arouse sufficiently to attempt its A, B, C.

A party by no means to be reckoned as "tenderfoot," nor open to the general reproach of unpatriotic neglect and ignorance of our own Wonder-Book, has just made a Little Journey in the Wilderness—by which others might profit. They had no supernatural powers. They were just People, like the rest of us. They came out alive and hearty—neither "scalped by Indians," of whom they saw some thousand, nor murdered by Western desperados, two or three of whom ministered unto their thirst for archæologic knowledge: nor even overtaken with the crack of doom because of remotenesses from railroads and hotels. They came out richer for sights and experiences they will not forget. A hasty sketch of what they did in a week, and how, in "hitting the high places" of a little part of the Southwestern Wonderland, may be of use in pricking others. There is no structural reason why anyone of tolerable mind and body may not go and do likewise—and even more. One does not have to be a railroad magnate or a retired millionaire in order to "see things." All it takes is brains enough to care to see them, pluck enough to follow where women and children have led, and about the same money one would expect to spend in the same time in jumping the usual shadows with the rest of the sheep.

A special train of four private cars left Albuquerque, N. M., by the "Santa Fé Route" at 11.45 p.m., Oct. 21, carrying E. P. Ripley, President of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé R.R., his wife, son Frederick, daughters Miss Ripley and Mrs. Jerome A. Ellis, Jerome A. Ellis, Miss Snyder, Miss Payson, Mrs. J. R. McColl; Paul Morton, First Vice-President (son of J. Sterling Morton, of Cleveland's Cabinet, the founder of Arbor Day); J. W. Kendrick, Third Vice-President, with his wife; Howel Jones, a director; J. A. Post; A. G. Wells, General Superintendent of the Santa Fé Pacific R.R., and his wife; Ford C. Harvey, head of the longest and best line of railway eating-houses in the world; H. Maratta, the well-known artist, a "pilot," and the inseparable corps of stenographers.

Sidetracked at the lone section-house of Cubero, 72 miles west of Albuquerque, we saw the sun rise on the 22nd. Robert Marmon, a reliable "old-timer," was at the train at 7.30 with his caravan of comfortable wagons and good teams driven by their Indian owners, and a few saddle-horses—all from the Indian pueblo of Laguna, where he lives. The tail-end of October is already late for an alti-



THE CAMINO DEL PADRE, ACOMA.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



A GLIMPSE OF ACOMA FROM THE WEST.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummla.



Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.  
LORENZO LINO, GOVERNOR OF ACOMA IN 1901.

tude of near 7,000 feet, and a faint drizzle was on ; but it could not dampen people who see such sights through it.

Up the cliff-rimmed valley which opens southward from Cubero (named for the Spanish Governor of the Territory in 1696); past mesas [table rocks] still crowned with the ruins of stone towns whose story was already forgotten when Coronado came by here in 1540 ; past the Ventana (a wind-eroded "window" in a fine and lofty butte of sand-

stone; past the superb cliff—"island" of the Enchanted Mesa, on which a Princeton Professor tried to kill an Indian legend, and succeeded only in killing his own reputation; and on to the peerless Rock of Acoma, "the City in the Sky," the procession wound, amid the titan peñoles which sentinel that enchanted valley.

Leaving their "transportation" at the foot of the great cliff, the party clambered up the Camino del Padre—the wonderfully picturesque "stone ladder" by which the Apostle of the Acomas, Fray Juan Ramirez, ascended in 1629 amid a hail of arrows and with a famous miracle. But now there were no embattled warriors. When the party had scaled the wild trail they were received at the top by the *Principales* and Lorenzo Lino, governor of this little cliff-republic, in all the circumstance of a drab "stove-pipe" and the hereditary cane presented to the governor of Acoma nearly 40 years ago by one A. Lincoln.

The Acomas have their own (though not eccentric) ideas as to the average tourist, and I have known them many times to turn unceremonious visitors away from the foot of their lofty rock; so it is well to come introduced. Several good Acoma friends of mine, now, were most active in "running me off" 17 years ago.

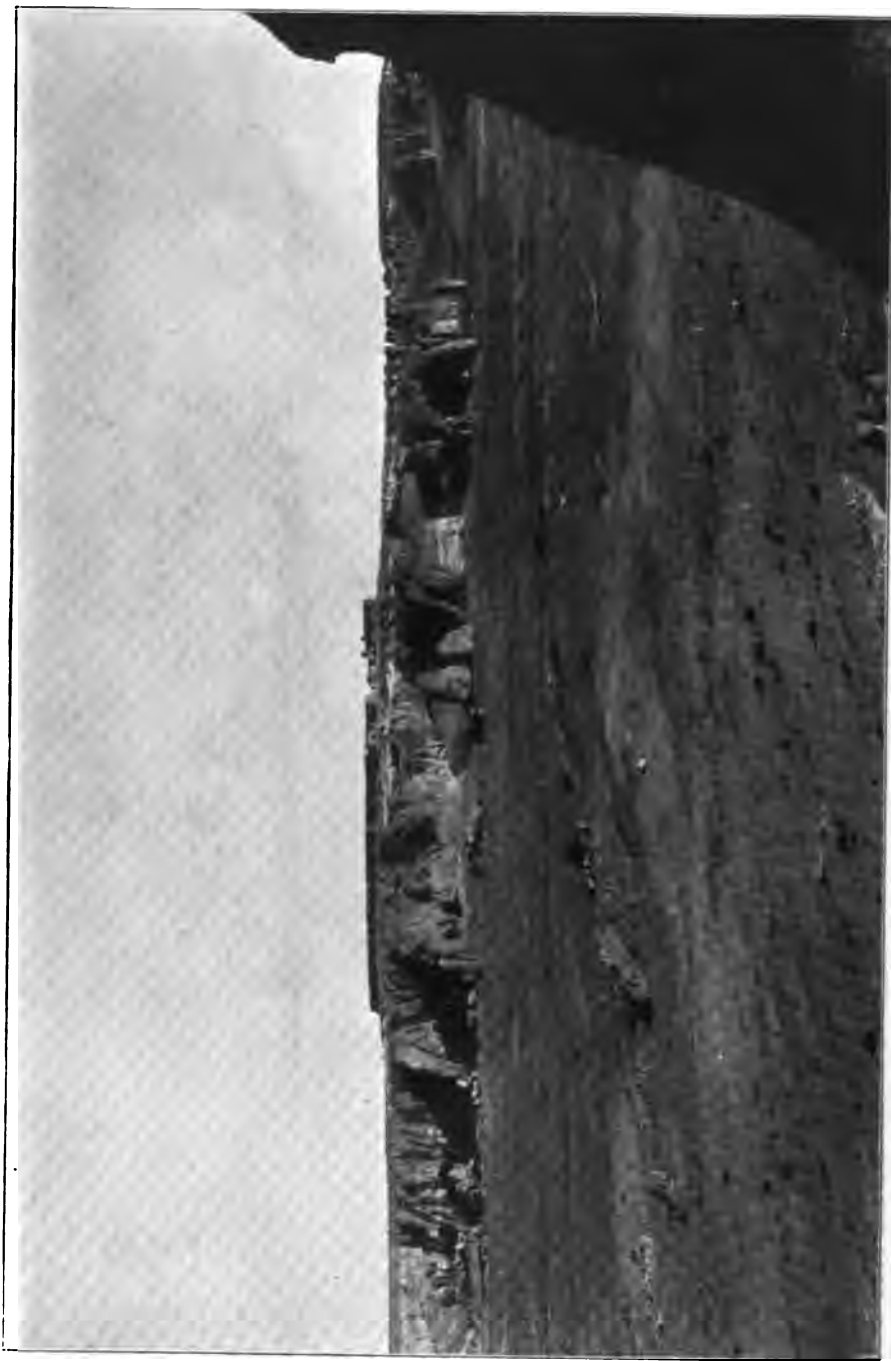
Thanks to arrangements through Simon Bibo, the long-time trader at Laguna, we had not only welcome but accommodations. The governor's big living-room was prepared for the ladies. The men were housed in the home of that dear and wise old man, now nine years dead, Martin Valle, *Principal Mayor*, and many times governor of Acoma. A third very large room was devoted to eating.

In spite of such a Scotch mist as very rarely befalls in New Mexico, the party enjoyed every moment of its sojourn in this strange aerial town, exploring, as thoroughly as might be in so brief a time, a place in which any active person could find some new wonder every hour of every day for a month. The pueblo of Acoma stands on a roughly-oval table-rock, with sides perpendicular or overhanging, 357 feet high. Its area on top is about 70 acres. Its huge old church and monastery—with walls seven and a half feet thick and forty feet high, with great timbers brought on men's shoulders from Mt. San Mateo, 30 miles away; its graveyard nearly 200 feet square, over 40 feet deep at the outer edge, boxed with a stone wall and filled with sand brought up from the plain a man-load at a time; its famous old painting of San José, presented to the pueblo by the King of Spain nearly three centuries ago, and cause of a lawsuit (and almost a war) with the pueblo of Laguna; its terraced houses, three stories





INTERIOR OF THE OLD CHURCH AT ACOMA. Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



**THE ROCK OF ACOMA.**

**Photo. by Chas. F. Lummler.**



THE "STAIRCASE TRAIL," ACOMA.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

high and in three blocks hundreds of yards long—are a few of the things the party saw. They visited the gentle, happy people at home, saw their way of life, bought Navajo blankets, gay tinajas, silver bracelets and earrings made by Vicente the silversmith, prehistoric arrowheads of obsidian or brilliant agates, and other real curios such as one does not find in the shops; and had many other experiences the average traveler would not expect to find in America and never did find elsewhere.

After lunch, all eight ladies of the party—and one gentleman—descended the dizzy “Split Trail,” down which, I believe, only six white women ever passed before. With Mrs. Ripley in the lead, one by one and step by step they were let down the precipitous throat of that wild cleft; were swung by main strength down and around a perpendicular drop whose landing was a boulder 20 inches across, and were handed around the precarious footholds of the lower ledges. It was really a record to be proud of when all stood safely at the bottom of that terrific precipice, which not even a mountain sheep could climb.

One best understands both the beauty and the significance of Acoma only after proving the trails by which the town is reached. The erosion of this, “the noblest single rock in America,” has no known parallel, and certainly no other town in the world is approachable only by such fearsome paths.

From the foot of the “Split Trail”—which cannot be photographed reasonably—we turned a few hundred feet south and came up the beautifully picturesque “Staircase Trail,” with its little stone-hewn steps under towering columns, under sacrificial caves, and close to the chasm across which the soldier-poet Villagran made his wonderful leap Jan. 23, 1599.

By the time we had ascended this third trail, we were summoned to witness the dance Gov. Lino had ordered in honor of the party. There is no space here to describe the strange and impressive ceremonial we call “an Indian dance”—the measured beat of the *tombé*, the perfect rhythm of feet and voices, the symbolic gesturings, the dignity and reverence of the whole rite. But those who have seen such a function—even a hasty “scratch” performance—do not soon forget it, nor yet the kaleidoscopic groups of hushed spectators upon the castellated housetops.

At 4 p.m. the officials felt constrained to return to the world, and their wives accompanied them; but five of the ladies, the younger Mr. Ripley, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Maratta remained on Acoma—and profited. The governor haled in two young braves in eagle-feather war-bonnets, who did a



THE "STOP-OVERS" IN ACOMA.  
(At the corner of the Old Monastery.)

Photo, by Chas. F. Lummis.



A GLIMPSE OF LAQUANA.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

remarkable war-dance—a marvel of precision and rapidity—in the spacious room. Later in the night I found in an upper dwelling—and was allowed to bring the party to witness—a private performance worth crossing the continent to see. Along the north wall of the large living-room an Indian family sat laughing and applauding. Upon a blanket spread in front, full in the firelight glow, the four-year-old son, with eagle feathers in his hair and no other incumbrance than a slender G-string, stepped a sacred dance to the song and pat-pat of his father. The other faces shone with love and pride, and white teeth flashed in fond laughter, but the little man who danced before God was infinitely serious. Not one of our wide-traveled audience pretended to have seen a more perfect baby body; and head and face were in keeping. The stateliness and grace with which this dimpled child stepped his measures; the great dark eyes of him; the poise with which he faced a stranger audience and never fluttered an eyelid; and that wonderful baby form—I think none of us ever saw a more exquisite picture. And all of us who were aliens smiled—but all were too touched to laugh.

The ladies slept well in the governor's beds, and the men camped upon whatever came handiest at Martin's. There was no need to lock doors and windows, nor to watch valises, cameras, wraps or purchases. Everything was safe in this Indian town.

On the morning of the 23rd we sent our properties down the cliff by unchecked Indians; and with due leave-takings, and thanks for the hospitality which had so generously entreated us, we descended by a fourth way—the impressive “Burro Trail,” built within a century, over a massive causeway, and between beetling crags, up which the Acomas bring their stock to be herded at night on the mesa-top. Walking half a mile around the foot of the Rock, we came to the north end, where Zaldivar made his feint in 1599. Here runs the most terrific path to Acoma—“Dead Man's” Trail—its last fifty feet practically impossible to whites (though one fool has climbed it twice with adequate witnesses), and almost never used by the Indians. Several Acomas have lost their lives on it, spattering down on the rocks 350 feet below. But the plucky women of the party did all the possible part of it; rounding “Cape Horn,” and (which is more difficult) coming down as bravely as they went up. These trail nicknames, be it understood, are my own ticketing for convenience' sake, and not compulsory. The Camino del Padre is the only one which has a historic name.

The wagons had been brought around to the foot of this

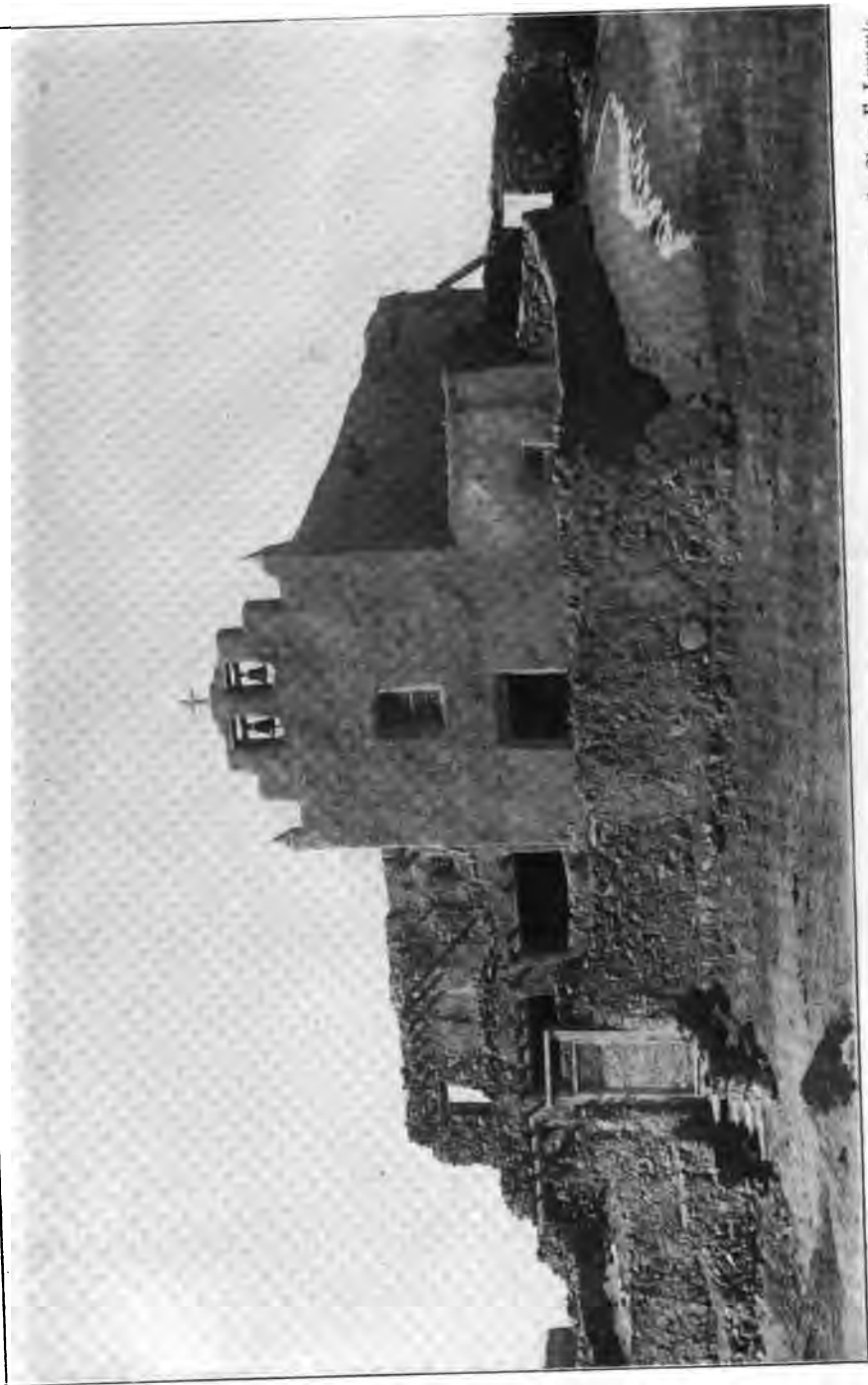


Photo. by Chas. F. Lammie.

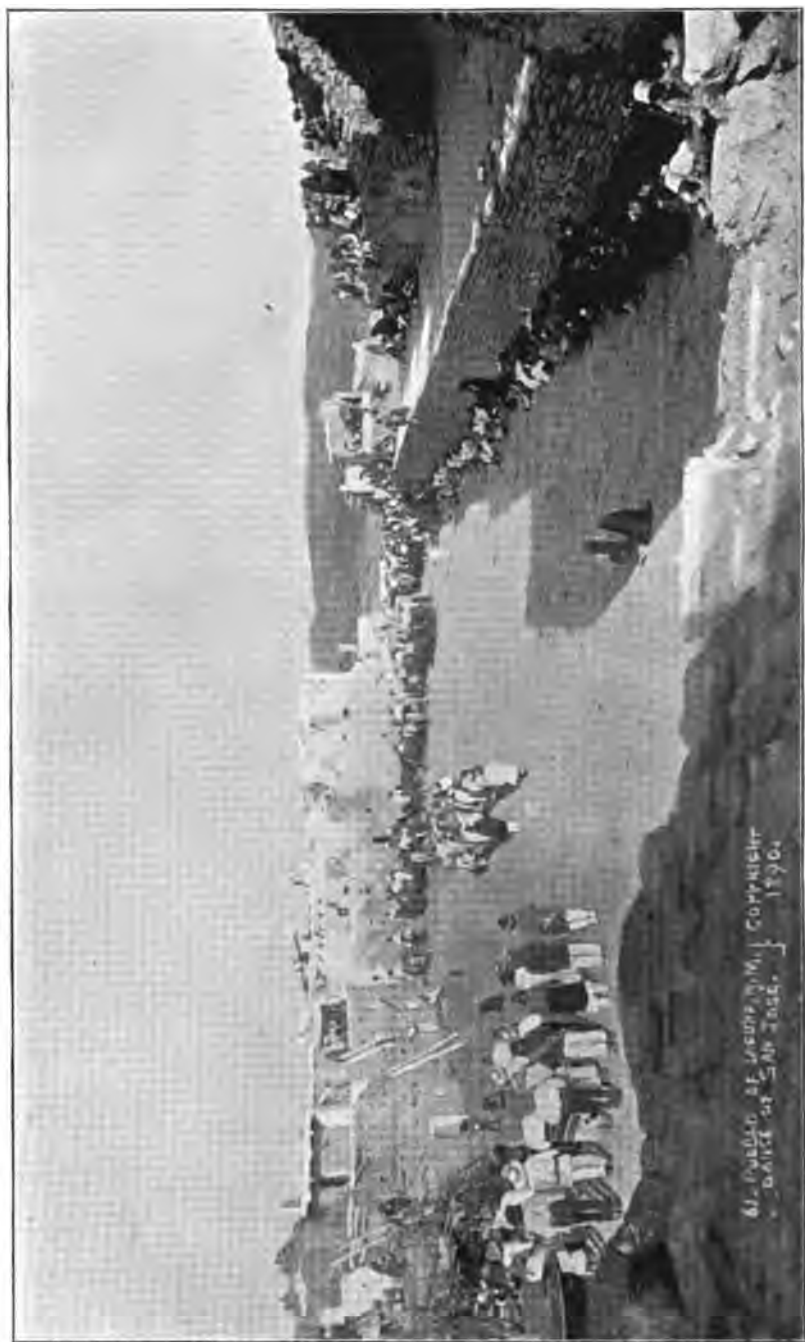
THE CHURCH AT THE PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.





JUANICO, one of the *Principales* of Acoma.

Copyright 1892 by Chas. F. Lummis.



PATRONAL DANCE OF SAN JOSÉ, PUERTO OF LAGUNA.

{Copyright 1890 by Chas. F. Lummis.

last and most desperate trail; and we rolled away to Cubero with no more adventure than the dishing of a wheel whereby a priceless prehistoric tinaja in my lap was smashed to potsherds. The drive is about three and a half hours.

After a grateful dinner on the cars, the special was pulled back to Laguna, six miles east, and sidetracked there six hours, while we explored that picturesque pueblo and selected beautiful tinajas to be shipped us by Don Simon. Laguna is the newest of all the pueblos, having been founded in 1699 by sundry refugees after Diego de Vargas's reconquest of New Mexico. It lies on the sunward slope of a fine dome of rock, about 400 feet above the little San José creek, and half that height above the Santa Fé railroad which skirts its base. The ledge-built, terraced homes of these 500 brown farmers are eminently picturesque and interesting. So are their farming colonies along the creek and the big reservoir they have built. But few passengers on the transcontinental jaunt ever have the spunk to "stop over" there and look. There is no hotel, of course; and large parties, or fussy ones of any size, should not come unforeseen. But reasonable arrangements could doubtless be made with Simon Bibó or Robert Marmon for a brief stop here or for the trip to Acoma.

Between Laguna (which we left at 8 p.m., Oct. 23) and our next stop, is a whole book of things worth seeing—the summer colonies of the two Queres pueblos, the tremendous lava-flows which end near McCarty's, the beautiful prehistoric ruins at Cebollita, the nest of volcanos near Agua Fria, the fine forests and cañons of the Zuñi mountains and San Mateo, the famous "Stone Autograph Album" of Inscription Rock, and many another thing which in the East would be cause for a score of summer hotels apiece. But we were People in a Hurry, and after only the biggest game; so our berths were made down that night on the siding at Thoreau (formerly Mitchell) 129 miles west of Albuquerque, and close to the top of the Continental Divide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





SPECTATORS OF THE DANCE, PUEBLO OF LAOUNA.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

## SOME "FREAKS" IN WILD FLOWERS.

BY GEORGE F. LEAVENS.

**T**HIS comprehensive title (chosen for brevity) may be misleading, for I only intend to describe a few of those aberrant forms I have observed among our wild flowers, without mentioning the far more numerous ones occurring under cultivation.

One strange form of "freakishness" is Albinism, seemingly analogous to that in animals. The white poppy, *Eschscholtzia*, is an instance of this, found very rarely in the fields but frequently seen in our gardens, having been



*A. CALOCHORTUS CATALINÆ.*

there perpetuated. I have observed instances of Albinism in our earliest mariposa lily, *Calochortus Catalinæ*; in the "shooting stars," *Dodecatheon*; and in the tiny ground pink, *Gilia dianthoides*. These flowers are similar in coloring, but differ entirely in form—belonging, in fact, to distinct orders. All are of varying shades of pink or lavender, with deep maroon centers. In the albino form the petals are white, while a pale, yellowish green replaces the maroon. Albinism is found in many species of flowers in various parts of the country, and I suppose throughout the world.

Under conditions peculiarly favorable to growth (either unusually rich soil or abundant moisture), we find the normal number of petals multiplied. Six-petaled poppies are quite common, while more rarely we find five, seven or upward, even to ten, more or less perfectly developed. I once found in Eaton's Cañon a fine specimen of the globe tulip, *Calochortus albus*, with four petals and four sepals, instead of the customary three. Later I found one of the *Catalinæ* mariposas with apparently four petals, but in this case one of the sepals took the form of a full fledged petal, while in another, petal and sepal were joined, which greatly retarded the opening of the bud. Superabundant nutrition also gives us double-headed shooting stars.\*

But the main purpose of this article is to describe a very remarkable aberration of form occurring in the *Catalinæ* mariposa, especially interesting, as it may throw light on Nature's methods in forming new species. The illustration A shows the *Calochortus Catalinæ* found in such numbers on our hills during March and April; while in B we have an abnormal form of the same flower, and in C a representation of the *Calochortus albus*, of our mountain cañons; which blooms during May and June. I surely need not call attention to the startling resemblance between the deviant *Catalinæ* and the allied but very different species.

The *Calochortus Catalinæ* grows on the open hill slopes, more or less in the sunshine, amidst low chaparral or wild oats and grasses; while the *Calochortus Albus* is mainly found well up the moister, steep, northerly slopes of the

\* Since this was written we have made a trip to near the San Fernando tunnel, where we found an unexampled profusion of the regally beautiful *Calochortus clavatus*, one of the yellow mariposas. Among them was one perfectly developed four-petaled blossom, with eight stamens instead of six, and four stigmas in place of three. Another one with only three petals had four stigmas, while one of the stamens was either double or cleft. We also found a double-headed bud, the only one among the thousands of mariposas we have gathered. Unfortunately, it was mislaid, so we were deprived of the pleasure of seeing it open.



B. ABERRANT FORM OF *CALOCHORTUS CATALINÆ*.

mountain cañons, beneath the live-oaks, and entangled with maiden-hair ferns and rank grass, where the sunlight sifts down through the overhanging foliage only a few hours during the day. The buds in a bouquet of mariposas continued to unfold successively for a week or more after they were picked, becoming smaller, less developed, and more and more pale and waxy. These "freak" lilies were among the last to expand, when the vital force was at a low ebb and nearing extinction. They had been kept for days under artificial conditions of shade and moisture, crudely analogous, perhaps, so far as results go, to those existing where the *Albus* makes its home.



C. CALORCHORTUS ALBUS.

Now is it not possible that during a high wind the seeds blown from some hilly slope or mesa lodged and germinated in the moister soil of a shady cañon, and that the plant, missing its accustomed vitalizing sunshine, failed to develop its full form and stature, its flowers taking on the pale hue of a sedentary life instead of the ruddy glow of its parents' hearty, active, wind-tossed, sun-kissed existence; its descendants growing year after year less like their progenitor, until in the course of centuries a new species was evolved? Of course this is purely symbolic. I don't mean to say that one of the forms here described is a lineal descendant of the other. The ancestor of the *Albus* may be extinct, or it may have been the splendens,



which appears on the sunny mountain-side at the same time of year—early summer. This is immaterial. There are upwards of 40 species or varieties of *Calochortus* found in California, from the sea-coast to high up on the mountains, at ten thousand feet or more elevation, as well as on the desert. Miss Parsons says of the genus:

"They have a tendency to hybridize, and the various forms sport and vary, and run into one another in such a wonderful manner that the exact determination of all the species is an impossible task to all but a few experts—and even they are not certain about them all yet."† So we here have a generic characteristic favorable to the required variations.

This variability of the *Calochorti* suggested another thought, and that is that the genus is a new one. Reckoning time by geologic periods, it has not yet had time for its different species to become distinctly and definitely separated from one another. Such instances certainly seem to form links in the chain of reasoning by which the evolutionary origin of species is proved.

It has so frequently been found that the forms of flowers serve some distinct purpose in the plant's economy, e.g., their fertilization by the visits of insects; and this adaptation is so wonderful and so impressive, we are led to forget that form, texture and color may arise from extraneous conditions; may be due to increased or diminished vitality or other causes not essential to the existence of the species.

Pasadena, Cal.

## THE PERIL OF THE SIERRA MADRE.

BY T. P. LUKENS.

THERE is critical danger of the wasting of our beautiful southland. Our far-famed orchards and flower-gardens are certainly doomed unless we do some vigorous work, and soon, to arrest the progressive destruction of our watershed.

If you think this the sentiment of an alarmist, go with me to the mountains. As we ascend the almost barren slopes, I will show you the remnants of once huge pines and spruces. Many of the cañons and ridges were milled in early times. The accumulated loppings were burned to permit sheep grazing, and the fire swept on over vast areas again and again, until there are but few of the old monarchs left.

† Wild Flowers of California, p. xli. See also Mr. Shinn's article in *THE LAND OF SUNSHINE* for April, 1901. *Wizards of the Garden*, p. 279.

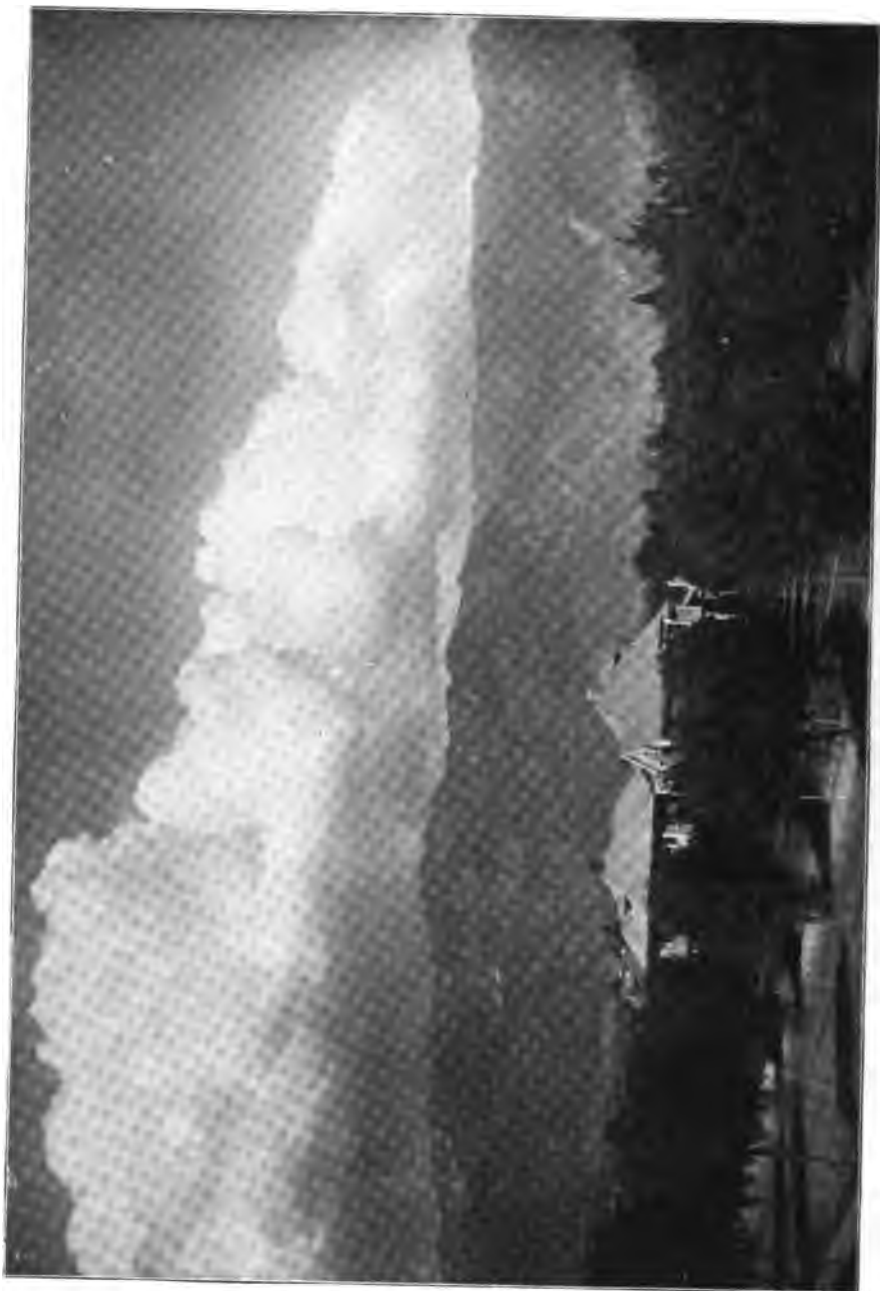


A LITTLE UNKNOWN AREA IN THE SAN GABRIEL RANGE



TUBERCULATA PINE.

Stand with me on the crest overlooking the desert. See how fast those burning sands are encroaching southward. There are two distinct factors which are causing this condition. First, the denuding of the southern slopes of the mountains has removed the chief factor in condensing the aqueous vapor the southerly winds have gathered in passing over the Pacific; inasmuch as the tree-covered mountain is much cooler than the same mountain bared of trees. Records of rainfall prove that the greatest precipitation on our east-and-west ranges is on the crest and on the north slope of the first range, being greatest where there is the densest forest, decreasing rapidly toward the range nearest the desert. Thus with the south slope de-



THE SAN GABRIEL RANGE FROM PASADENA.



MACROCARPUS SPRUCE.

nuded, the supply of rain for the desert range is materially lessened.

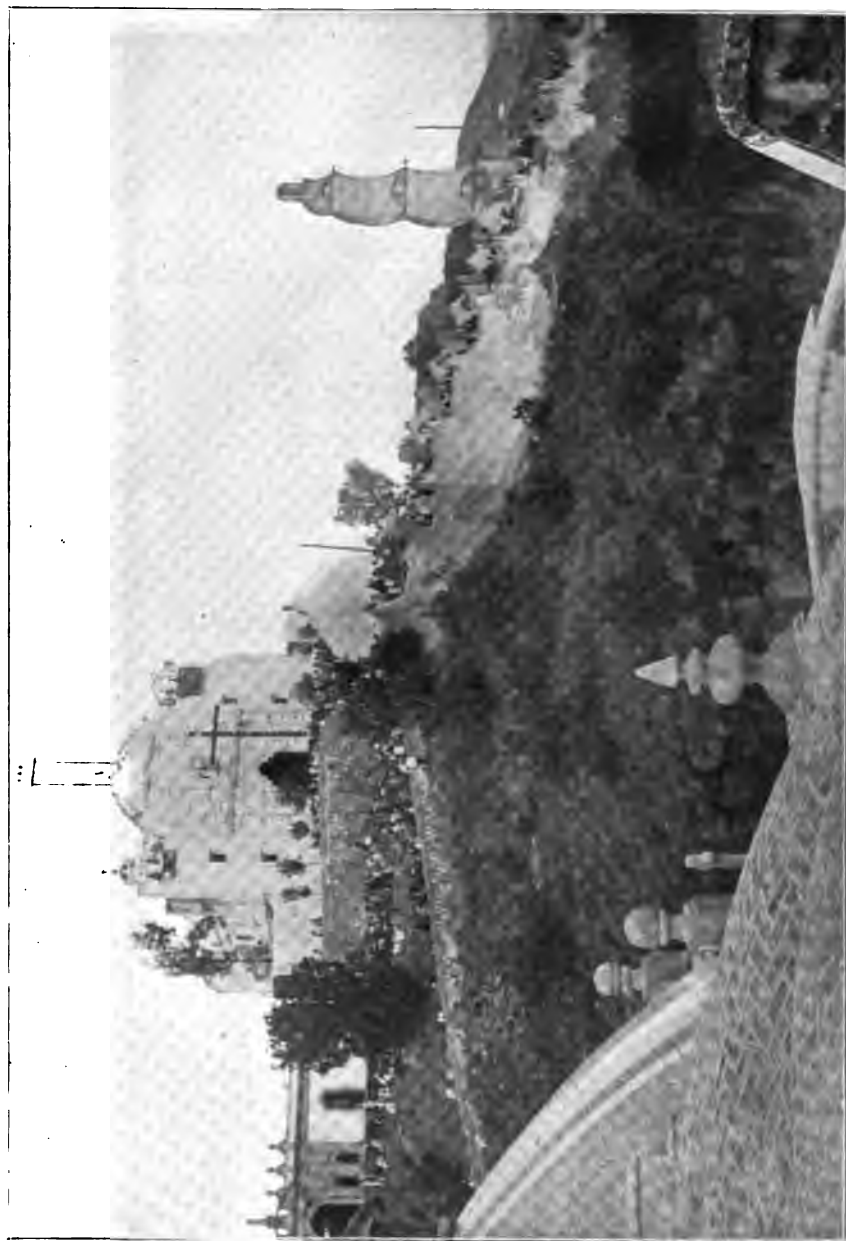
Second—The repeated burning, chiefly by sheep men, and the excessive grazing by sheep and cattle. In my investigations last summer, I found a most distressing and alarming condition. The north fork of the Mojave River, where forty years ago—before sheep were driven in the mountains—there flowed a large stream through all seasons, and the watershed was well covered with nut-pines and alders, it now is bare, and the river-bed is dry in a few days after a storm. But little better is the south fork of the same river, “Holcomb Creek.” All humus is gone,



BRUSH-COVERED AREA ON THE SAN GABRIEL RIVER.



BURNED AREA, SAN GABRIEL CAÑON.



THE CHAPEL OF GUADALUPE, MEXICO. (See "A Guadalupe Wooling," pp. 350).



leaving no mulching whatever, and many of the trees have been killed by these causes. This was a large stream before the destruction of the forest growth and the herbaceous plants. Now it is dry four months in the year.

Over all the areas where sheep ranged continuously, there is not one conifer less than thirty-five years old, except in dense thorn brush or rough rocky places. The sheep eat every one as they pass, and trample every other living thing. Thanks to the Department for excluding these hoofed locusts! But what destruction have they wrought! Many years of careful and intelligent work in preventing fires, and in reforesting, will be required to rehabilitate the range.

It does not necessarily follow that an area once forested will reforest itself if left alone. With the condition our once forested mountains are in, and the aridity increased so greatly by the denudation, the matter will go from bad to worse, if man does not take hold and help. Nature is helpless where man persists in destroying her machinery. Aid her a little and she will perform wonders. First of all, prevent fires. It is the imperative duty of every citizen to coöperate with the Department of the United States Government in the care of our reserves. The system is not perfect. But the system of patrolling by the forest rangers has done a vast amount of good. While there has been a good deal of area burned each year, the rangers have put out hundreds of small fires, that would have burned well nigh all our mountain covering. A good deal of unfavorable comment has been indulged in on the work done by the Interior Department, but it has come from the other fellow who wants the job.

Where there are fifteen men patrolling the San Gabriel reserve of 550,000 acres of steep mountains, there should be one hundred and fifty men, well equipped. Then, with a system of trails and fire-breaks, there would be no more big fires. Is it reasonable for us to sit back and wait for the government to do all? If our house is on fire, we do not wait for the fire company to come, but work to save, assisted by other willing hands. If the people of Southern California will manifest an interest in this all-vital question by doing something, Uncle Sam will do his part; but we must manifest an interest in our own welfare.

The mountains of Southern California, by the nature of their structure, and the frequent shakings they have had, would be the best water conservers if well clothed with trees to retard the run-off from storms and permit percolation. All the water we have for use in the valleys first falls on the mountains. If these were well clothed there

would be an abundance of water for all purposes, and destructive floods would be a thing of the past.

Then, what shall we do? First of all, prevent fires. Not only exercise great care yourself while in the mountains, but caution others; and when a fire does start render every assistance possible to put it out. Laws inflicting ever so severe punishment for setting fires have but little effect. In the eleventh century, Germany passed a law, and enforced it, that whoever set fire to the forests should be bound hand and foot and drawn three times through the fire. But their forests were burned, until the country was well-nigh ruined. Agriculture became unprofitable, floods and drought alternating. Finally, a rational system of guarding against fire, and reforestation, restored the original conditions, while the forestry work is self-supporting.

Now that sheep are excluded from the reserves of Southern California, the greatest menace has been removed. Nearly every fire now is started by gross carelessness. Campers often build fires without first clearing away all light material. Again they set fire to an old log, and when they break camp the fire is not thought of. High winds spring up and scatter the sparks. Every fire should be put out with water. Covering with earth is not safe, as there is a great deal of humus in the soil which will burn for days.

By far the greater number of fires are started by smokers, who light their pipe or cigar and throw the match to one side. If it falls on a bed of dry leaves, and there is but a spark left, the wind will soon fan it into a flame. There are many records of this happening where the party is walking or riding, thus not seeing the fire until it has gone racing up the slope of the mountain.

It is claimed that fires are sometimes caused by lightning. While it is true that many trees are struck by lightning, but few are set on fire; and in case they are, the rain that invariably accompanies the storm extinguishes the fire. If we had no other destroyer than the elements our forests would be all right. It is man with his ax and match that does the mischief.

Plant the seed that Nature has stored for us. See that Pine tree, *Pinus Tuberculata* or *Attenuata*, growing upon the hot slopes of our mountains. For more than one hundred years it has resisted fires, and stored its seed securely all this time for such an emergency. How little trees have bounded forth from the seed I have liberated from their well-sealed home! Plant them where nothing else will grow, and they rejoice and spread their branches soon to shade the surface from the scorching sun and drying winds,

while their roots penetrate every crevice, holding back the water, and giving it up to us in the summer.

Prof. J. W. Tuomey of the Forestry School spent much time in Southern California last summer, at the head of forestry investigations. In a recently published letter he says:

"When in our Western forests, one is constantly impressed by the change in relative humidity wrought wherever the forest has been removed. Springs have disappeared and cañons and ravines are now dry, where there were formerly perennial streams. Under the leaf-mold and debris of the forest, the soil is always moist, while on denuded areas in the same locality it is parched and dry. Everywhere the deep mulch forming the floor of the forest grasps the descending rains and melting snows and guides them into the deeper recesses of the earth. Where the forests have been destroyed, or even the mulch and litter forming the forest floor, as it so often is by fire or the excessive grazing of sheep, the rains for the most part, instead of sinking into the soil, pass over the surfaces, carrying silt and other debris into the streams and reservoirs, causing vital injury to irrigation enterprises.

"So also in the semi-arid regions, where there are no forests, or where they have been destroyed, the wind has a free sweep, resulting in an enormous increase of evaporation. In some instances the evaporation from a water surface exposed to the free sweep of the wind reaches a maximum of thirteen inches in a single month. In exposed situations, snows a foot in depth are frequently lapped up in a single day without fairly moistening the soil beneath. We do not appreciate how great the necessity for the preservation of the forests is to the irrigable West."

There is approximately three million acres within the boundaries of the forest reserves of Southern California, which includes practically all our mountain area. The average annual rainfall on our mountains is approximately forty-eight inches. If they were well clothed with trees, at least one half of this would be available for use in the valleys during the summer, which would represent a reservoir of six million acre-feet capacity.

The forest reserves are under the care of the Interior Department; and recently the direct management of the National reservations, so far as it relates to practical and economical forestry, has been transferred to the Bureau of Forestry. This insures in the very near future the adoption of a National forestry system, that will be developed with vigor and intelligence.

The field for this work is large, embracing as it does an

area of 46,800,000 acres in forest reserves alone. The investigations and study of the forestry question have been largely on economic lines, and the relation of forestry to the water supply. While the former is of great interest to all, the latter directly and vitally concerns us. The department must look after the interests of all. If Southern California were the only region to be considered, we would soon have our mountains in shape. Now let us work; first to do all in our power to prevent fires. Organize fire companies in every settlement to coöperate with the officers in charge to fight fires.

When you go in the mountains to camp, never leave camp without extinguishing all fire with water, even though you expect to return in a short time. Never build a fire near a steep bank or near a tree or inflammable material. After lighting your pipe, never drop the match until you are absolutely certain that all fire is extinct. Some of the most destructive fires have started at the base of the mountain where land was being cleared. No one should ever burn brush and loppings, in or at the base of the mountains, except in the winter months; for in the summer, fires will start from a mere spark, so dry does everything become.

But few people realize the difficulties and danger of fighting a fire in the mountains. When it has once spread out and started up a steep slope, there is nothing for man to do except to get out of the way. Hence the great value of fire-breaks and trails, which hold the fire in check on the ridges, and enable men to reach points of vantage quickly.

Twenty thousand dollars, with what the forest rangers could do, would prepare the San Gabriel reserve so that fires would be reduced to the minimum.

Where fires have denuded our water-sheds in the past, and as fast as other areas are denuded, there should be trees planted at once before a growth of grass and weeds forms a mat of fire-inviting material. A uniformly forested area is not nearly so susceptible to fire as a brush area, and is a much better water conserver.

It is a well known fact with students in forestry that the temperature in dense shade under trees fifty feet or more in height is much lower than under brush. Also, the soil under trees holds a much greater percentage of moisture than the soil under brush, although the surfaces under each are apparently equally shaded. While this is true, we should guard zealously all brush-covered areas; but when the brush is burned, then the seeds of pine trees of varieties indigenous to the locality should be planted at once.

How often have I encountered those who say, when approached to help us in this work: "I care nothing about it. It will not benefit me in my lifetime. Let the next generation take care of itself." What if our forefathers had held the same sentiment? What condition would we be in? Let us do something for future generations; and in this case we will be richly rewarded during our own.

Pasadena, Cal.

### THE FALL PLOWING.

BY ISAAC JENKINSON-FRAZER.

Across the fallow fields of Space,  
God speeds the storm plow's furrow;  
The rain-seed scattereth He apace  
And guides the wild-goose harrow.

Moosa, Cal.

### SIERRAN DAISIES.

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.



YE who rend the earth apart  
For hidden veins of yellow gold,  
And pierce her ancient-seething heart,  
For ages past grown still and cold—

Come out of all your tunnels black,  
Throw down your futile picks and drills,  
For here above, the wealth you lack,  
In lavish splendor gilds the hills.

Did God himself stoop down to say,  
You golden, thronging daisies bright,  
Just where the hidden treasure lay  
That you have found and brought to light?

What need to tear the mountain side?  
What use of toil and sweat?—Behold,  
An El Dorado glorified,  
A solid hill of yellow gold!

Norwalk, O.



## A GUADALUPE WOOING.

BY AMANDA MATHEWS.



HUNDREDS of pilgrims toiled along the dusty highway leading from the City of Mexico to the sacred village of Guadalupe. The aristocracy of the road journeyed in heavy carts, each drawn by a pathetically small and discouraged donkey, while a few others were so fortunate as to have a burro with baskets for the children.

A small peon in white cotton blouse and trousers, red sash and big sombrero, who was trudging along bravely in spite of a slight limp, was overtaken by a buxom woman of his own class, taller, broader and older than himself.

"*Adios, amigo*," she said, this being the usual salutation of the road.

"*Adios, amiga*," he responded, somewhat shyly.

"Do you travel alone?"

"My little grandmother has gone on ahead in a friend's cart," he answered with pardonable pride in revealing such intimate relations with the aristocracy.

"It is very fine to ride in a cart." Her subtle flattery of manner made him feel as important as though he owned a dozen carts.

"What might be your worship's name?" she continued.

"I am Pablo, and your servant. What is your own gracious name?"

"Juana, at your service. Do you live in Mexico, Pablo?"

"I am *portero* in the house of Don Pancho Nuñez, and I take pleasure in placing at your orders the little room under the stairs where I live with my grandmother."

They jogged on together amiably for some time, more and more pleased with each other, more and more personal and confidential in their intercourse.

"Pablo, what favor are you going to ask this year of our gracious Lady of Guadalupe?"

Pablo sheepishly drew a *milagro* from his bosom, a tiny figure of a kneeling woman.

"I am going to pray fervently for a wife. My grandmother is too old to make the *tortillas*, and, moreover, she scolds me all the time she is awake. If she only had a daughter-in-law, I would be left in peace at least half the day, which would be a great blessing. Tell me, Juana, the desire of thy heart."

The woman untied a knot in her blue *rebozo* and produced a little silver man.

"I am going to pray for a husband," she confessed; "but if your grandmother hadn't such a violent disposition—"

"The saints forbid that I should speak any evil of my grandmother, who is a worthy woman and means well."

"Then," she said doubtfully, "perhaps it might be arranged."

Something in the patient limp and drooping shoulders appealed to sturdy Juana, and Pablo, looking up, caught an expression of protecting, half-maternal tenderness which caused him to break forth impulsively:

"I swear, Juana, that I love thee with all my soul."

"*Muy bien*, Pablo," she answered calmly, with a friendly arm about his shoulders, your grandmother may abuse me all she likes—that is the respect due to the old—but if she abuses you, there will be war between us."

"Juana *mia*, you are an angel."

"No, Pablo, you do me too much honor. See, there comes the electric car."

"How can it go so fast without even one little burro to pull it?"

"They say it is that stick on top."

"But what holds up the stick?"

"They say it is the devil. If I put up my hand, Pablo, the car would stop."

"But why should you want it to stop?"

"You little stupid! Why should we plow the dust with our weary feet when we might ride?"

"What is the cost?"

"Nine cents apiece."

"Eighteen cents is a large sum of money, Juana, and would buy much *pulque* and many cigarettes. Besides, you say it is of the devil."

"I will pay it, Pablo."

"Well, my life, I doubt if it will stop for your little hand, but you may try."

"What joy! It was like flying," remarked Pablo complacently, as they climbed down from the car in front of the church at Guadalupe. Near by, a little old woman, whose beady black eyes twinkled out from a mass of wrinkles, was being lifted from a cart, when she perceived her grandson, who dutifully hastened to her side, followed by Juana.

"Ingrate!" she screamed, "you send your poor old grandmother jolting over the rough road in a cart and you ride like a lord in the electric car."

"I paid for him," interposed Juana stoutly.

"Does that make it any better? What right had you to pay for him? You pig! You shameless one! You yard of red tape!"

"Grandmother," ventured Pablo, timidly, "this is the woman whom the Virgin of Guadalupe has given me for a wife, but (he quailed before the lightning in the old woman's eyes) of course she needn't stay if you don't like her."

Stung by such base desertion and too proud to let the others see her tears, Juana turned and marched away. Pablo would have followed her, but his grandmother's skinny arm held him back.

It was the eve of Guadalupe Day. The village was thronged with pilgrims, the stately towers and domes of the great church stood up dark and majestic against the starry sky; hundreds of the faithful had spread their *zarapes* in the stone-paved churchyard and were sleeping huddled together for warmth.

A solitary woman carrying a pine torch made her way with difficulty among the sleepers. It was Juana. Her inflamed eyelids betrayed the recent storm, but her features had settled back to their usual stolid calm. Love had triumphed over anger and disillusion. A cracked idol is better than no idol at all, so she was seeking her recreant lover.

Pablo, aroused by the light of the torch in his face, beheld his true love bending over him like a vengeful Amazon. "Come," she said. He glanced uneasily at his grandmother, but she slept peacefully. He rose and followed Juana, muttering incoherent apologies mingled with vows of undying affection, but she made no response until they had left the churchyard and climbed some distance up the steep village street.

"Here we can talk in secret," she said, as she took out a key, opened a heavy door, and conducted Pablo through a large, empty room into a smaller one at the back. Here she thrust the torch into the dirt floor.

"Pablo, I want you to wait here until I bring your grandmother to terms and then I will come for you."

Her companion did not look pleased at this proposition.

"She will think I am dead," he answered, edging uneasily toward the door.

Juana planted herself firmly in the doorway,

"And when she finds it out, she will be very angry," he continued weakly. He next tried to crowd past Juana, but finding this impossible, he threw himself sulkily on the floor by the torch, with his back to her.

"There is no other way, Pablo. It will be of no use for you to call out, as the walls are thick, and I have rented these rooms for as many days as I please, so no one will come." A full minute she stood contemplating Pablo in gloomy silence, torn by conflicting emotions; love and scorn, contempt, and the yearning tenderness a mother feels for a naughty child she has to punish, all struggling for mastery. She turned away, and Pablo heard her latch the inner door and turn the key in the outer one.

The next morning a wildly excited old crone stormed up and down among the crowd seeking her grandson and the strange woman with whom she connected his disappearance, cursing them by every saint in the calendar. When she discovered Juana sitting alone by the plaza fountain, she seemed all at once to shrivel up still smaller and her voice sank to a pitiful quaver.

"Where is he? Where is my Pablito?"

"How should I know?" answered the younger woman indifferently. "You took him away from me."

"Oh, my poor boy! My dear boy, always so good to his old grandmother! Where is he?" she wailed.

"He said yesterday," remarked Juana carelessly, "that if you would not allow him to marry me, he was going to hide and starve himself to death."

"Oh, my angel grandchild! May the Virgin of Guadalupe forgive me for a wicked old woman! Even now he is dying of hunger! Find him, woman, and he is yours. You have my blessing! Only find him quickly! Go!" she cried, wringing her hands. Juana darted away and was soon lost in the crowd.

The church was filled to the doors with kneeling devotees holding lighted candles. Clouds of incense rolled up from the altar, half obscuring the fair face and gracious figure of the Virgin of Guadalupe, that famous Virgin who appeared, painted in supernatural beauty, on the blanket of a pious Indian nearly three centuries ago.

This morning her glance seemed to fall benignantly on an insignificant little lame *peon* in the front row, who knelt between two women, each of whom clasped one of his hands. The grandmother surveyed him anxiously lest even the bountiful breakfast which she and Juana had provided might fail to save him from starvation, while the younger woman leaned towards him with an expression of utter adoration, showing that, after the manner of womankind, she had persuaded herself that he was everything her heart could wish.

Castroville, Cal.





## A NAVAJO INITIATION.

BY WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.



ANY works, not without value, have been compiled on limited subjects from the constantly growing literature of ethnology, and there are many writers seeking subjects in this field. To such, I would recommend the comparative study of rites of initiation. To my knowledge, no general work on this subject has ever been written. This is an age of secret societies. Never, perhaps, in the history of our race, have these organizations been more numerous or stronger in membership. The advance of civilization seems rather to increase than diminish them. What was their origin and development? What is their tendency?

With regard to such initiation rites, and to other initiations which are not secret, it is generally thought that the severities were greater in the early days than they are now, that they have gradually become milder and more symbolic; but I doubt if this is a uniform rule. I have among my scraps a number of recent cases in which members of secret societies, regarding lightly the sanctity of their oaths, have sued in open court for damages received in some rude initiation. From this we may conclude that even in this day among civilized people, some rites have elements of severity.

No more painful ideal of initiation has ever existed than that of the Mandan *ókeepá*, seen by Catlin in 1832 and described by him in his works. So terrible was his description that many doubted its truth, yet since his day others have witnessed the *ókeepá* and testified to the correctness of his account. I number myself among the corroborating witnesses; I saw the work of the last day at the ceremony in 1870. We have accounts of other Indian initiations almost if not quite as cruel as that of the *ókeepá*.

But among the Navajos of New Mexico, a tribe not further advanced in civilization than the Mandans, and not less inclined to war, I have witnessed an initiatory rite in which only a semblance of punishment was enacted and no real pain inflicted. Furthermore, I have never witnessed, or heard of, a more severe ordeal except in elements of fast and vigil practiced by the Navajos.

The rite I am about to describe occurs during a great nine-days' ceremony called *Klédze Hatál*, or the Night Chant. This is really a healing ceremony. It is celebrated primarily for the cure of a rich invalid, who pays the heavy expenses; but the occasion is devoted to other purposes also, to prayers for the benefit of the people at large, and among other things, to the initiation of youths and maidens, and sometimes people of maturer years, into the secret of the *Yèbitsai*.

I have several times witnessed this initiation and have myself submitted to it, in order to obtain certain privileges which pertain to it. So I shall speak of it, not as I saw it on one occasion, but as I saw it on many occasions, and I shall add some information derived from the medicine men who direct it.

On the fifth night of the Night Chant, an hour or two after sunset, "the basket is turned down," as the Navajos express it; in other words, a basket is inverted to serve as a drum; this is done with many mystic observances. A crier at the door of the big medicine lodge cries, "*Biké hatáli hakú!*" "Come on the trail of song;" a moment later the singers begin to sing, and the drummer to pound

on his basket-drum. At the same time the two men who are to enact the part of yéi or divine ones at the ceremony, begin to dress, adorn and paint themselves. At last they put on their masks. While they are dressing an assistant prepares the two yédaestsani, or implements used in the initiation of the females. A buffalo-robe is spread on a blanket west of the fire, and, after a special series of ten songs have been sung, the divine masqueraders leave the lodge.

These two implements for initiating the females consist each of an ear of yellow corn, which must be tipped with four grains arranged compactly together. To the ear, four branchlets of yucca are tied.

After the masqueraders (yéi let us call them) are gone, the singing stops and there is an expectant silence in the lodge. The yéi have gone to conduct or drive before them, rather, the candidates to the lodge. Soon the procession enters—the patient first, a number of candidates for initiation following, and the yéi bringing up the rear.

The divinities represented on this occasion are Hastseyalti, or the Talking God, and Hastsebaad or Yébaad, a goddess. Hastseyalti is also called Yébitsai, or maternal grandfather of the gods or geni. The person who enacts the goddess is a man, but feminine pronouns will be used in speaking of him. When these gods now enter the lodge, Hastseyalti carries in his hands two large leaves of yucca baccata, while Hastsebaad carries a spotted fawnskin containing pollen.

On entering, the patient sits in the south of the lodge; the candidates sit west of the central fire and buffalo robe, facing the east in a curved row. The males sit in a squatting position in the north; the females sit to the south with lower limbs extended toward the east; the mothers sit south of the girls. The candidates enter the lodge with their heads bowed and faces hidden in the folds of their blankets, and they remain thus after sitting until they are otherwise bidden. The males disrobe under their screening blankets, taking off everything but their breech-cloths. Meanwhile the yéi keep up an occasional hooting and stand facing the group of candidates. When the males are all ready the yéi stand facing that one who sits farthest north. The goddess whoops as a signal. The candidate throws off his blanket, rises and takes one step forward. The goddess applies meal transversely to the shins of the candidate from south to north. The Talking God advances and strikes the candidate in the same place with a yucca leaf. He carries a leaf in each hand; he strikes with one leaf, holding its point to the north; changes the leaves in his hand and strikes with the other leaf, holding the point to the south. The goddess then applies meal from below upward to the right side of the chest and to the left side, from nipple to collar bone, in the order mentioned. The god follows, striking in the same places and in the same order, once on each side, with his yucca leaf held upright, and changing, as before, the leaves from hand to hand between strokes. The candidate turns sunwise around with his back to the yéi, is sprinkled with meal and struck on the shoulder blades in a manner similar to that in which he was struck on the breast. He turns round again, facing the yéi, and extends his forearms, hands clinched, palm side up. Meal is applied transversely across the forearms from south to north and from north to south, and they are struck with the yucca leaves, pointing alternately in these directions in a manner similar to that in which the shins were treated. The Yébaad or goddess always applies the meal and Hastseyalti, the Talking God, always applies the yucca wands and always changes them in his hands between the strokes.

The candidate returns to his place in the line, sits down, bows his head and covers it with his blanket. The youth sitting next him in the south then rises, and submits himself to similar operations at

the hands of the *yéi*, and so on, down the line until all the males have been powdered and flagellated.

As the leaf of this yucca, which is often called Spanish bayonet, is two feet or more in length, very stout and very much like a large bayonet in size and shape, it might be supposed that the stroke is painful; but I did not find it so in my own case, and I have questioned Indians who were initiated at a tender age and have been told that they did not suffer from the stroke. The punishment is symbolic only.

The females are not compelled to rise while the *yéi* are operating on them, nor to remove any of their clothing except that portion of the blanket which covers the head and shoulders. Neither are they flagellated, but they must still keep their heads bowed. Instead of yucca wands, the implements of corn and spruce, called *yédaadestani*, are used and merely pressed against their persons. The parts of the females, alternately sprinkled with meal and pressed with the implements are the following, in the order mentioned: The soles of the feet, the palms and forearms (which lie extended on the thighs), the upper parts of the chest, to the collar bones, the scapular regions, the top of the head on both sides of the parting of the hair. The *Yébaad* sprinkles the meal from below upward—for example, on the feet she sprinkles from heel to toe—and always first on the south or right side of the body and then on the north side. *Hastséyalti* presses his implements simultaneously on both sides, and between applications, while his companion applies the meal, he changes the implements in his hands. Throughout the work, on all the candidates, each *yéi* gives his own peculiar cry with the performance of each act. Each candidate covers his (or her) head with his blanket when the *yéi* are done with him.

The difference between the treatment of the male and the female candidates in this rite is worthy of consideration in view of the wide spread opinion that the savage has no consideration or respect for his females.

Now, while the candidates are all seated again in a row, with heads bowed and faces covered, the *yéi* take off their masks and lay them side by side on the buffalo robe, faces up, and tops to the east. The female mask, that of *Hastsébaad*, lies south of the male mask, that of *Hastséyalti*. The men who personated the gods then stand with uncovered faces turned toward the row of candidates. The latter are bidden to throw back their blankets and look up. They do so, and the secret of the *Yébitsai* is revealed.

And the secret of the *Yébitsai* is this: The *yéi* are the bugaboos of the Navajo children. These Indians rarely inflict corporal punishment on the young, but instead threaten them with the vengeance of these masked characters, if they are unruly. Up to the time of their initiation they are taught to believe, and, in most cases, probably do believe, that the *yéi* are genuine abnormal creatures whose function it is to chastise bad children. When the children are old enough to understand the value of obedience without resort to threats they are allowed to undergo this initiation and learn that the dreaded *yéi* is only some intimate friend or relation in disguise. After this initiation they are privileged to enter the medicine lodge during the performance of a rite.

Some Navajos neglect this initiation until they have reached mature years, and though it is, of course, well known that they no longer believe in the bugbear, they are not admitted into the lodges while esoteric work is in progress. On the other hand they are not anxious to intrude themselves, for the oldest among the tribe profess to believe that if they were to witness the secret ceremonies without having been duly initiated they would sooner or later be stricken

blind, or would catch the disease which is being driven out of the patient.

To attain the highest privileges in these rites one must go through this ceremony four times—twice at night and twice in the day. I have seen many adult men and women, and some even past middle life, going through their second, third or fourth ordeals. It is not until one has submitted himself for the fourth time to the flagellation that he is permitted to wear the masks and personate the gods.

The next part of the ceremony is the application of the mask. He who masquerades as a goddess, takes the female mask and applies it in turn to the face of each of the candidates—proceeding along the row from north to south—and adjusts the mask carefully to the face so that the candidate can look out through the eye-holes and understand fully the mechanism of the mask. The mask is then laid in its former position, south of the other mask on the buffalo-robe. The actor takes good care that the eyes of the candidate are seen clearly through the eye-holes in the mask. If they are not, it is thought, blindness would result.

The next part of the performance is the act of sprinkling, or sacrificing to, the masks. Each candidate, in turn, beginning as usual in the north, rises and walks to the east of the recumbent masks, passing by way of the west and north. Standing facing the west he (or she) takes a pinch of pollen from the fawn-skin bag, which now lies west of the masks in charge of an assistant. He sprinkles it in a line downwards on each mask from the tip of the forehead to the mouth, then upwards on the right cheek or margin, and lastly upwards on the left (south) cheek or margin. He powders first the mask of *Hastséyalti* in the north and then that of *Hastsébaad* in the south. Any pollen that may adhere to his fingers is brushed off so that it may fall on the mask (but not on the eye-holes, for this would endanger the sight of the devotee.) This done, he returns to his seat and resumes his clothing. When the candidates have finished sprinkling, others in the lodge may follow their example. Each person should pray in silence for what he most desires while sprinkling. Great care is observed in sprinkling the masks, for this part of the ceremony is of the gravest import. Before they begin, the children are told carefully how to proceed, and the younger ones have their hand guided by the actors. If one sprinkles upwards on the nose of the mask it is supposed that the act may hinder the fall of rain and occasion drought; if he sprinkles downwards on the divine cheeks, the act may injure the growth of crops and even the growth of the sprinkler himself.

The last act is the fumigation. Hot coals, taken directly from the fire, are placed at intervals in front of the line of candidates; around these coals they gather in groups of three or four. The powder called *yádedinil* is sprinkled on the coals, and the dense odorous fumes arising therefrom are inhaled by the candidates for a few seconds. This completes the initiation. They now sit around the lodge wherever it suits their convenience and listen to the songs of sequence, which, beginning while the candidates were sacrificing to the masks, continue for about fifteen minutes after the services are completed. The last two of the *atsá'lei* songs and the song for turning up the basket are sung. Then "the basket is turned up" and put in the west edge of the lodge, and the work of the night is done.

Usually the night initiation is conducted only on the fifth night of the *Clédjohatál*, but on one occasion I have seen candidates admitted also on the sixth night. The next repetition of the rite occurs out of doors and in the day time.

# VERDADERA RELACION, DE LA GRAN

DIOSA CONVERSION QUE HA AVIDO EN EL  
Nuevo Mexico Embiada por el Padre Fray Estevan de Perea, Custodio  
de las Provincias del Nuevo Mexico, al muy Reverendo P. Fr. Francisco  
de Apodaca, Comissario General de toda la Nueva España, de la  
Orden de S. Francisco, dandole cuenta del estado de aquellas  
cõversiones, y en particular de lo sucedido en el despacho  
que se hizo para aquellas partes.

*¶ Con licencia del Señor Provisor, y del señor Alcalde Don Alonso de Bolaños.  
Impresso en Sevilla, por Luyz Estupian, en la Calle delas Palmas. Año de 1632.*



Salieron desta Ciudad de Mexico, a quatro de  
Setiembre de 1628. años, doze Soldados, diez y  
nueve Sacerdotes, y dos Legos, Religiosos de  
S. Francisco, en compañía del P. Fr. Estevan de  
Perea Custodio, embiados de la Religiosissi-  
ma Provincia del Santo Evangelio, con la li-  
molma, y expensa de su Magestad, que cõ Ca-  
tholico pecho, siẽdo su Ceptro como el Cadu-  
ceo de Mercurio, vara vigilante tachonada de  
ojos, para la conservacion destas conversiones, en cuya defensa gasta la  
mayor parte de sus Reales haberes: vara al fin de la paz, y justicia,

Con los ya referidos Religiosos fuerõ otros nueve a costa de la dicha  
Provincia, todos con gallardo aliento, y espiritu dispuesto a todo trance  
de trabaxos, y pehigos, oprobrios, y afreças, por dar a conocer predicado  
el nombre de Iesu Christo Con toda alegria, y conformidad, caminarõ  
hasta el Valle de S. Bartholome, sin ofrecerse cosa particular Aqui se re-  
fresco la gente cõ algunos alivios para el desavio con q̃ llegaron: y no lo  
fue pequeño en esta ocasiõ, huyrse de la manada treinta mulas a las ye-  
guas cimarronas, q̃ con muchas diligencias q̃ se hizieron, no parecieron  
las quinze. Aqui por ser la vltima poblaciõ, y necessitar de bastimentos  
para 150 leguas de despoblado, q̃ restã hasta el primer pueblo del nuevo  
Mexico.

## EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

*From Documents Never Before Published in English.*

### PEREA'S REPORT ON NEW MEXICO IN 1632-3.

THE "Truthful Report" of Fray Estevan de Perea, for the first time accurately translated below, is a sequel to the precious "Memorial" of Fray Alonso de Benavides, of which a critical translation, with voluminous notes, was printed in this magazine in the six numbers from October, 1900, to March, 1901, inclusive. Perea succeeded Benavides as Father Custodian of the Missions of New Mexico; and this rare document advances by nearly three years our knowledge of affairs in this important period of the early history of New Mexico. Father Perea had a very different style from that of his predecessor; and was, at the time of this writing, much less familiar with the country. But he was animated by the same heroic zeal; and his report is of serious importance to the student of the Southwest. It should be taken, of course, in conjunction with the translation and annotation of Benavides, and will be included in the sumptuous edition of the *Memorial* now in press under direction of the editor.

# TRUTHFUL REPORT OF THE MAGNI-

FICENT CONVERSION WHICH HAS BEEN HAD IN  
New Mexico. Sent by the Father Fray Estevan de Perea, Custodian  
of the Provinces of New Mexico, to the very Reverend Father Fray Francisco  
de Apodaca, Commissary-General of all New Spain; of the  
Order of St. Francis, giving him an account of the state of those  
conversions, and, in particular, of what has happened in the Expedition  
which was made to those regions.

¶ With permission of the Señor Vicar-General, and of the Señor Alcalde Don Alonso de Bolaños.  
Printed in Seville, by Luy's Estupiñan, in the Street of the Palms. Year of 1632.

There sallied from this City of Mexico, on the 4th of September of the year 1628, twelve soldiers, nineteen Priests and two Lay-Brothers, Religious of [the order of] St. Francis, in company with the Father Fray Estevan de Perea, Custodian. [They were] sent from the Most Religious *Provincia* of the Holy Evangel, with the alms and at the expense of His Majesty, who, with Catholic zeal [doth this]; his Sceptre being like the Caduceus of Mercury, a vigilant rod garnished with eyes, for the conservation of these conversions, in whose defense he expends the greater part of his Royal incomes; a rod, in fine, of peace and justice.

With the Religious already mentioned went nine others at the cost of the said *Provincia*; all with exalted courage and spirit ready for every hazard of hardships, perils, opprobrium and affronts, to make known by preaching the name of Jesus Christ. With all gladness and concord they traveled unto the Valley of San Bartholomé, without any particular thing occurring. Here the people were refreshed with certain comforts for the want in which they arrived. And it

was no small thing that on this occasion 30 mules fled from the drove to the wild mares; and despite many efforts that were made, 15 of them did not appear [again]. Here—since it was the last settlement, and there was necessity of provisions for 150 leagues of wilderness [*despoblado*] which remain [from there] up to the first pueblo of New Mexico—the necessary stores [*matalotaje*] were provided, with four ox-wagons, to relieve the 32 [wagons] of His Majesty, which went very loaded. As little did anything of novelty occur in this stretch of road, until the full-running [*caudaloso*] Rio del Norte—at which Pole [*i. e.*, the North] it has its birth. They reconnoitered the country on Palm Saturday, 7th of April of 1629. They were well received by the natives and succored with some refreshments, of fishes and other things of the country; to whom they gave, in exchange, meat and Maize. They gave there a three days' rest to the beasts, which had arrived very fatigued, by reason of not having drank in as many more [*i. e.*, in three days]: Because the season was of a drouth, and the country sandy and sterile.

From here they went to a place, up the river, which they call de Robledo. And one day's journey before [reaching Robledo], the Father Fray Martin Gonzalez, Preacher, died; a son of the Monastery of St. Francis, of Mexico; whose death was as much lamented by all as envied for his much virtue and Religion. They arrived at the town [*villa*] of Santa Fé, where all went to the Monastery to give thanks to God, Eulogies and praise to the Seraphic Father St. Francis for such recognized favors as on the long journey they had received through his petitions; their devout love making up for the lack of votive offerings and donative services. The Fathers celebrated their Chapter; since, when they arrived, it was Easter of the Holy Ghost. And having consummated the election, the Religious were apportioned to the pueblos and colonies of their administration, in the great pueblos of the Humanas, and in those called Pyros and Tompiros—which, since there was not a supply of Ministers, had not been baptised. The Alms of His Majesty were apportioned among these Missions and Doctrinal Schools [*Doctrinas*] with that which appertained to each one. And for the said conversions [were allotted] the Fathers Fray Antonio de Arteaga, Preacher; Fray Francisco de la Concepcion; Fray Thomás de San Diego, Reader of Theology; Fray Francisco Letrado. Fray Diego de la Fuente. Fray Francisco de Azebedo—Priests—[and] Fray Garcia de San Francisco and Fray Diego de San Lucas, Lay Religious. The Indians received them with glad rejoicings; and preaching to them through the interpreters they carried, they instructed and catechized them in the mysteries of our holy Faith; those Gentiles begging for the sacrosanct water of Baptism [and] thirsting for it, wherein is seen how God giveth unto the soul to know through the Baptismal absolution.

To the nation of the Apaches of Quinia and Manases, went the Father Fray Bartholomé Romero, Reader of Theology, and Fray Francisco Muñoz, Preacher. And since it was the first expedition into that bellicose and warrior Nation, Don Francisco de Sylva,\*

\*Governor Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto. Very little is known of him. He was governor of N. Mex. in 1629, but when his term began and when it ended we are not aware. Even his name has been boggled, and even Bancroft does not get it right—evidently being unaware of the two beautiful inscriptions carved on El Morro or Inscription Rock by the governor's expedition to Zuni mentioned below by Fray Estévan. A facsimile of one of them was printed in this magazine for August, 1896, p. 103; and both are given in my *Strange Corners of Our Country* (The Century Co., N. Y.) pp. 177, 178. They read, translated:

"Here passed the Governor Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto, who has already subjected the impossible by his indomitable Arm and his Valor, with the wagons of the King our Lord; a thing which he alone Brought to this Outcome. August 9, [One Thousand] Six Hundred and Twenty and Nine. That . . . to Chini I passed and carried the Faith." [that is conducted the missionaries.]

"The Most Illustrious Sir and Captain-General of the provinces of New Mexico,

Governor of these Provinces, went along escorting them with twenty soldiers. Although this precaution was not necessary, because on their part [the Apaches] there lacked resistance, and the pleasure with which they begged for the Holy Baptism was more than enough.

The Governor having returned to Headquarters [*El Real*], the journey to the Crag of Acoma was arranged, and that to the Provinces of Zuni [Zuñi] and Moqui, with ten wagons and 400 cavalry horses [caballos de armas], with everything important for the voyage, 30 soldiers well armed, and much better in spirit and fervor; the Father Roque de Figueredo, Fray Francisco de Porras, Fray Andres Gutierrez, Fray Augustin de Cuellar, Priests; Fray Francisco de San Buenaventura and Fray Christoval de la Concepcion, Lay Religious. These were accompanied by the Father Custodian and his companion, and the Father Solicitor Fray Thomas Manso. This journey was begun on the 23rd of June of the same year. They arrived at Acoma, which is distant 36 leagues from the *villa* [Santa Fé] and Main Camp [*Real*] of the Spaniards, its direction [being] to the West. Their apprehensions assured a good reception by the Indians of the Crag [*Indios Peñoles*], who spontaneously proffered admission. For by force or industry it seems impossible to be able to enter because of the inexpugnable situation, since it is a cliff high as Mount Amar in Abasia, or as the insuperable steep which Alexander won from the Scythians. In this stronghold, to reclaim it to the Faith, remained the Father Fray Juan Ramirez, Priest, at the recognized peril of his life—though his was already disposed and offered unto God—among those Barbarians so valiant who in other occasions fought so well that the Spaniards experienced, to their damage, the valor of their opponents.\*

In quest of the Province of Zuni [Zuñi], of which they already had news, they went traveling against the West. They passed a Mal Pais ["Bad Lands," lava flow] of ten leagues of burnt cliffs, since by ancient tradition it is said that there burst out, there, a great inundation of fire†—as we know of some volcanoes of the Indies, Piru, Guatemala and Mexico. They arrived at the Province of Zuni, distant from the *villa* [Santa Fé] 56 leagues; and its natives, having tendered their good will and their arms, received them with festive applause—a thing never [before] heard of in those regions, that so intractable and various nations with equal spirit and semblance should receive the Frailes of St. Francis, as if a great while ago they had communicated with them. From the which it is gathered as evident that God hath already disposed this vineyard for these laborers alone. At once the Governor issued an edict that no soldier should enter a house of the Pueblo, nor transgress in aggrrieving the Indians, under the penalty of his life; it being settled that with

for the King our Lord, passed by here on the return from the pueblos of Zuñi on the 29th of July of the year 1629. And he put them [the pueblos] at peace at their request, they asking his favor as vassals of His Majesty. And anew they gave their obedience. All of which he did with the persuasiveness, zeal and prudence, like such a most Christian, such a careful and gallant soldier of tireless and [erased] memory. . . ."

These dates indicate either an error in one of them, or that two expeditions were made to Zuñi in such quick succession that one must have been from some point at least as near as Acoma.

\* For Fray Ramirez and the storming of Acoma, see *The Spanish Pioneers* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), p. 125. Acoma and the path by which the missionary first climbed to the town are illustrated in the opening article of this number.

† The famous lava flows of the Cebollita Valley; see *Strange Corners of Our Country*, p. 183. Perea is perhaps first to mention the Acoma legend of the "Año de la Lumbre" or Year of Fire. The Indians claim that the eruptions were witnessed by their ancestors, and there is no reason to doubt the legend. The latest flows are geologically recent.



suavity and mildness an obstinate mind can better be reclaimed than with violence and rigor. This country is placid and fertile, abundant in waters, agreeable with green fields, shady with groves of Ilexes [*Encinos*], Pines [*Pinabetos*], Piñon trees and wild grape vines. All those [Indians] of this Colony are very observant of superstitious idolatry. They have their Temples with idols of stone and of wood, much painted, where they cannot enter, except it be their Priests—and these by some trap doors which they have on top of the terrace. So likewise they have gods in the mountains [or woods; *montes*], in the rivers, in the harvests, and in their houses—as is recounted of the Egyptians—for they give to each one its particular protection. Here they [the Spaniards] saw a notable thing; and it was some enclosures of wood, and in them many Rattlesnakes that, vibrating their tongues, giving hisses and leaps, are menacing as the fierce Bull in the arena. And [our men] desiring to know the object of having these serpents imprisoned, they told them that with their venom they poisoned their arrows, wherewith the wounds their opponents received were irremediable. They live with civilized [*politico*] government; their pueblos with streets and continuous houses like those of Spain. The women dress themselves in Cotton, and the men in buckskins and hides. The country abounds in maize, beans and squashes, with every kind of hunting and other chase. And to give that people to understand the veneration due to the Priests, all the times that they arrived where these were, the Governor and the soldiers kissed their feet, falling upon their knees, cautioning the Indians that they should do the same. As they did; for as much as this the example of the superiors can do.

A house was bought for lodging of the Religious, and at once was the first Church of that Province, where the next day was celebrated the first mass. And hoisting the triumphal Standard of the Cross, possession was taken, as well in the name of the Roman See as in that of the Imperial [throne] of Spain. To the first fruits of which there succeeded, on the part of the soldiers, a clamorous rejoicing, with salvo of arquebuses; and, in the afternoon, skirmishings and caracolings of the horses. And because the presence of the Governor was already more necessary in the Headquarters of the *villa* [Santa Fé] than in that place, he arranged to return, with the Father Custodian and his companions. The Father Fray Roque de Figueredo pleaded exceedingly to remain there to convert those Gentiles. [He is] well known in this Kingdom for his much prudence, virtue and letters; endowed with so many graces, and the principal and most necessary [ones] to administer and teach these Indians in the Divine worship, as they [now] are. For he is eminent in the Ecclesiastical chant, counterpoint and plain; dextrous with the instruments of the Chorus, organ, bassoon and cornet; practiced in preaching many years in the Mexican [Aztec] tongue and in Matalzinga: of clear understanding and quick to learn whatsoever difficult tongue. Him—while he was *Definidor* of the Province of the Holy Evangel, and a person that all that [Province] looked upon with especial love and respect—God disposed and fashioned with labors for this conversion (a style He observes with His servants). As unto St. Paul, whom with violent calling he prepared for Preacher to the peoples. The which proves well the words that Christ our Lord said of St. Paul,\* that He had shown him the much that it availed to suffer for His holy name. The Governor took his leave with the regret due a company so Religious and holy. With the Father Fray Roque remained Fray Augustin de Cuellar, Priest, and Fray Francisco de la Madre de Dios, Lay Religious, and three soldiers. The Father Fray Roque convoked

\*So runs the text—a palpable reversal. Paul used such expressions many times—e. g., Philippians, 3, 8; II Tim., 2, 12.

the Indians of the pueblo—the greatest was called Zibola, [and was] the head town of the rest—and, by the interpreters he carried, gave the Indians to understand the cause of his coming, which was to free them from the miserable slavery of the demon and from the obscure darknesses of their idolatry; and to make them dwellers of yonder great House (so they call the Sky), giving them to understand the coming of the Son of God to the world. The which they heard with much attention, since they were knowing people and of good discourse; beginning at once to serve the Religious by bringing them water, wood and what was necessary. In this prosperous condition the affairs of Zuni were going; whose progress shall be treated soon in their place and occasion.

¶ *Because this report is very long and will not go on one sheet, it has been divided into two; and so the second part, very copious, will come out presently after this one.*

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As these pages go to press, the president and architects of the Landmarks Club are in Pala to arrange for the repairs necessary to the preservation of that picturesque chapel, an *asistencia* of the Mission San Luis Rey. Work is expected to begin at once, that the building may be protected against the heavier rains of the winter.

At Capistrano, under the careful supervision of Mr. Richard Egan, the Club is replacing the tile roof over the refectory. It was leaking so badly as to endanger the walls.

There is urgent need of more money to carry on these undertakings; and the Club urges all good Americans to assist. Membership is \$1 per year; larger donations are welcome in proportion.

Previously acknowledged, \$4,363; new donations, Prest. David Starr Jordan, Stanford University, Cal., \$5; \$1 each, Chas. Dwight Willard, Mrs. Chas. Dwight Willard, Los Angeles; J. D. Sweeney, Tehama, Cal.; Miss Stella M. Stiles, Miss Lida Lennon, Chico, Cal.

TO LOVE WHAT IS TRUE, TO HATE SHAMS, TO FEAR NOTHING WITHOUT, AND TO THINK A LITTLE.



Life is of the little things. Our big events we <sup>NOT</sup> come along to, and leave behind; but in and of—<sup>MADE IN HEAVEN.</sup> and too often *for*—the trifles, we have our being. It is curious how that little modest creature Man, who alludes to himself as Lord of Creation, is really become the slave of the littlest things in it.

For instance, if between now and tomorrow every match and match factory were swept from off the earth, civilization would stand still. No savage would suffer, but the Spoiled Man, who thinks he is Smart, is so subject to the easy little sticks that without them he would be helpless to create that marvelous element upon which every detail of comfort and progress now depends. He would shiver and curse and go hungry, and maybe cry, until some rude person saved his life. Lord of Creation!

We boast our big inventions as though they were <sup>THE MOTHER INVENTION OF ALL.</sup> really basic. But the greatest invention ever made by man—an invention as much more profound and vital than the locomotive or printing press or telegraph as they are more important than a curling iron—was made by that unnamed, unwashed, unstitched savage who first rapped two accidental stones together; and saw a spark; and made more sparks; and observed one that fell on dry leaves, and grew with the wind, and blossomed into the Red Flower—and “felt good” on a cold day, and bit if he touched it. He was the greatest benefactor of Man. A patent has never been issued since on which his heirs and assigns would not have an equitable claim for a royalty. Without him there would not be a Home on earth; nor an art, nor a trade; nor transit, nor Letters, nor governments—nor even National Federations of Women’s Clubs. We should still be naked, blue, unthatched, carnivorous savages, as he was.

Now the same sort of man that invented Fire <sup>HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS.</sup> has never lost the power of it. He can still conjure the Red Flower at will—the most beautiful and the most useful thing in all the living world. And even

in contact with his Spoiled Brethren, while he uses the easy-sticks to light his cigarette, he will not kindle with them the birth-fire of his baby, but goes to the sacred hearth for the Cacique's coals. Within a year or so it has happened to me to hear perhaps fifty different men, now ponderable in our social fabric, relate how, in their hopeful youth, they tried to make fire by "rubbing two sticks together," as they had read that the Indians did. But the Indians knew how to rub! And I have known some of these same men—who handle hundreds of thousands of their fellows, and hundreds of millions of their fellows' money—go all day long aching for a smoke, or all night shivering in camp, because no one had a match! So subservient are we become to a sorry little splinter with a grain of amorphous phosphorus on the tip!

NOT  
SO VERY

And yet the world moved, and men lived and loved and made bad history, and women raised biscuits and babies, and nations came up and went down before these petty tyrants rose over us. Matches were not from everlasting unto everlasting. They are not a century old. It was only in 1805 that fire began to be made by chemistry—all you needed, after Prof. Chancel of Paris, was a bottle of asbestos saturated in sulphuric acid, and some pine splints dipped in sulphur and tipped with chlorate of potash and sugar. Friction matches date only from 1827, when Walker began making his "Congreves"—a shilling for a box of 84 with a piece of sand-paper to scratch them on. The modern match, with its safer form of phosphorus, came along in 1845.

My father, born in 1825, was telling me a few months ago how he had to light the fire in Maryland. They had the old tinder-box—a round tin holding a charred linen cloth and with a tight cover to smother the linen again. Into this tinder he struck sparks with the flint and steel; and when it "bit" he touched to it a cedar splint he had split and tipped with sulphur. That is the way we built the morning fire, within the memory of one still useful American. How many breakfast fires would be lighted tomorrow if tonight every other facility were removed and beside each stove were placed the tinder-box and flint and steel and sulphur dips?

ALL THE  
GOOD  
WE CAN.

Now no one is fool enough to deny that a match is a convenience; or that we ought to get all the good we can out of conveniences. But the greatest convenience in the world is to be independent; and the structural trouble with our "modern conveniences" is that they tend to become our modern masters. They are so

many and so seductive that instead of serving us they rule us. We cannot get along without them—and that is servitude. The Lion uses matches—half a gross or so a day—but despises them and is not subject to them. In his humble opinion, the most perfect and the most companionable fire-making tool ever invented is the flint-and-steel-and-tinder; and its best form the Spanish-American *mechero*—a round wick tinder in a self-smothering tube. Under ordinary conditions it lights as quickly as a match—and in winds where any match is futile. Any smoker, particularly, has found, if he travels much, how fugitive is the alleged convenient match. A valise full *might* do for a week's travel. Or there are people who would just as soon beg matches from strangers. But one *mecha* is good for a trunk-full of matches, and is as easily replaced as one match—maybe.

Chancing to run out of tinder wick, this summer, LOOKING  
FOR  
LIGHT. amid a penance in the East, the Lion went to buy a new one. He verified the metropolis of Chicago—every big cigar house, every department store, every store alleged to sell supplies for hunters and travelers. All in vain. A few elderly men remembered—on being shown—having seen such things; a few old men brightened and recalled that they used to use them. But in all the Quickest City in America there wasn't a tinder. So the Lion had to get a child's skipping rope in a department store, and a fathom of cotton torching from a ship chandler; and pull out the worthless hempen core of the skip-rope, and pull a strand of the cotton into that estimable jacket. And not three months later, in the wilderness, several of those who had laughed at his quest were glad to ask him to "light that red snake" when their safety-matches were useless as snowballs in the Place Other Fellows Go To.

Perhaps this seems a trivial text from which to MEN  
AND THEIR  
MEASURE. make a preachment. Not so. Nothing is a trifle which takes the Juice out of Men. When a man cannot command the most intimate necessity of his kind without a nurse's assistance from the Diamond Match Co., it is time for him to take a look at himself. It is fine to be a leader of men; but it is even better to be competent unto one's self. For the Lion's part, if he couldn't make fire without begging pardon of a Match Trust, he would take a day off, borrow the wherewithal from some antiquary or some Mexican, and learn to be—in one thing, at least—as self-sufficing as the dullest Indian is. We all love Mastery—and with reason. But it is a futile thing unless, like charity, it begins at home. The man who can

sway men, and be invited to pay \$25 for a horsehair portrait of himself in every *National Biography*, but who would freeze to death unless he had a box of parlor matches to take care of him—well, if he will stop to think, perhaps he will perceive that this is rather small timber for the foundation of the bigness he seems to have.

JUST

FOR  
PRACTICE.

The Lion doesn't commend anyone to live without matches; nor to walk always when there is an electric car handy; nor to get down from the shoulders of the Past and try to live the world over from its foundation in one lifetime. But he does believe very seriously that the man (or woman) who depends too much on the easy circumstance of today, and lets the Man-Muscle atrophy for want of use, and becomes helpless and abused if robbed for a day of crutches our own grandparents didn't dream of as necessary to enable them to Stand Up—makes the worst bargain a human being can make. And in a programme of life now unfortunately rather unusual, he has seen what he takes to be solid proof of this belief. He has seen so many of the flower of our civilization in little venturings away from their urban Nurse, and seen them so helpless physically and so betrayed mentally—unable to see straight the biggest things God ever did, because there were no streets. He has seen—and lately—a very few city people whose heads were higher than their stomachs; who could endure gladly what was "discomfort" compared to the Waldorf-Astoria, (but would have been luxury to their own grandfathers) for the sake of such intellectual thrill. But he has seen some of "the loveliest people that ever were"—at home—so lost in a child's camping-trip that he had to say: "Gentlemen, if my wife were such a baby, I'd spank her, So Help Me!"

TIME

TO OPEN  
OUR EYES.

There is neither exaggeration nor sensationalism in Mr. Lukens's "The Peril of the Sierra Madre," printed upon another page. It is a sober and expert statement, by a man of that rarest of types—a really Good Citizen. We snuffle the phrase to mean almost anyone who refrains from arson and perjury; we underline it for the man who hands out a double-eagle to the canvassing committee or shines in Good Government mass-meetings. But there should be some special term for the man who devotes himself to serving the commonwealth in the larger things which the average stall-fed "Good Citizen" never dreams of. Mr. Lukens is of those *Benemeritos*. He has been at work actively for years, personally, unselfishly and at his own expense, trying to save a great heritage for a lot of people of whom not one in fifty knows

enough to thank him. He has done more than any other one man to check and prevent the ruinous forest fires which have ravaged our mountain chain, and to reforest the burnt areas. He has been the most effective agent in stirring the government to aid in these critically necessary works. He deserves a monument in and from Southern California—and the best monument to him would be an epidemic of common sense and foresight among his fellow-citizens

The forestation of the superb range which backbones Southern California is literally vital. Unless we do something to protect our watershed, and do it soon, the whole region will become uninhabitable. If our boasted intelligence is worth anything, it might as well be applied here.

A thousandth part of the energy and interest we have devoted in a couple of years to losing money in oil, a tithe of the mental strain that is now devoted to reverent discussions of the Fakir of East Aurora, and of the Influence of Greek Art on the Minds of Those Who Haven't Any—would save our mountains and keep them safe. We would realize that the murderers, batterers and sneak-thieves, for whose discouragement we maintain a legal machinery that costs hundreds of thousands annually, are cheap and trivial criminals compared with those who menace our watershed. Persons who wilfully or carelessly start fires in our forests should be sent to the penitentiary for not less than one year—or to the idiot asylum for life. They would be, if we realized the harm they do us. But all the average citizen remembers about mountains is that they are hard to climb. He forgets that God made them On Purpose, and that they have something to do even with business.

It is not a local disease. Americans are notoriously the most careless people in the world about their forests—and careless, in such case, means stupid. In maturer countries they have learned that a forest is a treasure; but here God spends His time for a hundred years to build a noble tree—or a thousand to make a forest—and along comes a fool with an ax or a scoundrel with a match, and undoes it in hour. There are thousands of Californians, alas, who read club papers, and occupy the chief seats in the Synagogue, and thrust out their chests in the business world, but so naked of sense and feeling that they would just as soon murder a tree as not—even out here, where natural trees are so few. But they will have to learn something. They may not care for the contempt of thoughtful people; but they will care when "hard times" come—and hard times will come here within a decade, unless we pretty widely abandon our present stupidity. Since the ladies

are about the only intellectual people left, suppose they try their Clubs upon the heads of the community to some purpose of real good. In this cool weather the usual topics of discussion will keep, meantime.

THE FOX  
AT THE

It is evident that there are strong subterranean forces at work to break down the barrier which for a generation this country has maintained against Chinese immigration. There is more than a remote danger that the Exclusion Act, now about to expire, may not be renewed. There would be "a great deal in it" for a good many people if our doors were opened to unrestricted immigration from China; and those people are moving to secure it. Of course the Chinese want to come. It is money to them. Of course the vast transportation interests want them to come. It is money to them. And a great many employers of labor would profit. But the country as a whole has to "pay the freight," and the country cannot afford it.

The old days and the old bitternesses are gone—the hot passions and violences of word and deed in that long, stubborn fight of a dozen years to restrict John. There are no more Sandlotters nor Kearneys. Even in California, which made the national fight, and which was and is most directly concerned, all the old race-hatred has died out. Relieved of imminent peril, we have lived soberly with John and know him as he is—a quiet, rather human, steady-going, effective person without whom it would be eminently inconvenient to do. He has won a good deal of esteem in this 20-years' trial, limited. Not even the hoodlum pulls his queue, nowadays; and when we have a President to receive or a fiesta to make, we invite John to participate—and his half-mile of the procession, aflame with silks and gold, is the gem of the function. But all this is because we do not have too much of a good thing. Just enough John is as admirable as fire in a cookstove, but we take pains with our flues that the fire may not spread to the woodwork.

A  
NON  
SEQUITUR.

The arguments in favor of an open door are very near the mouth—and, to such as think with their emotions, very satisfactory. This is the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave, an Asylum for the Oppressed, and so on. *Ergo*—but there is no "Therefore" about it. A man might as well come to a cider-mill and say: "I haven't any apples, but I've a thousand acres of potatoes spoiling on my hands. It's your business to take them. Aren't potatoes as good as apples? Didn't the same God make both?"



Doubtless He did. But we in the United States are looking for something that can be *made into cider*. Almost any apples will do—big, flat, sweet ones, mean, little, sour ones, green apples, and apples pretty far gone. But they have to be apples.

Now the sober judgment of all thoughtful men who know the facts is that too much Chinaman will not digest well in a republic; not because he is yellow, not because he is foreign, not wholly because he is cheap. But because he *stays* foreign. He does not become a citizen. He is not assimilated, and he is not assimilable. He has no home, no wife, no child—and is prone to the vices of the homeless man. He is a convenience but a drain. He sends most of his money out of the country; and at last his bones follow his money. As for his heart, it is never here at all. Now the United States was never meant for people who do not think it good enough to be buried in. It can—and does—swallow and digest the most incongruous and the most unpromising elements. The poorest Hungarians, Poles, Italians, become Americans—still ignorant, brutal, raw, but in the clutch of those wonderful gastric juices of a Government Of the People, By the People, For the People. Hopeless as they look, they do digest. They become more American than they came; their children become more American yet. They come to stay. And they have children.

The Chinaman does not come to stay. He comes to go as soon as he can afford to. He has no children—and if he does, in the one case of a thousand—they are Chinese children; pretty, picturesque, dear, but irreconcilably alien.

Now, to people who think, that is enough. This republic—nor any republic—cannot afford either of the two horns of the dilemma. It cannot afford a class of non-assimilable aliens nor a class of hired serfs. It cannot afford a considerable population unwilling to live and die here. It cannot afford any large element which neither votes nor breeds. It cannot afford a large class that sends all its savings out of the country. It could not afford Germans whose bones should lie uneasy till they got back to Germany. It is a country where every man must be At Home—not an exile for wages. It is a country which has paid twice as many lives and thrice as many millions as any other country ever spent to find out that it had been a fool, to get rid of the most convenient alien that ever came to it—and it is still paying through the nose for that lesson.

Least of all can California afford to be overrun with

homeless aliens. The greatest curse of the State, economically, is enormous holdings of land. They are possible with servile labor. They will be impossible when American boys have a chance. Is there any man so ignorant he needs to be told which is the better allotment of 100,000 acres, so far as the welfare of the State is concerned—one owner or a corporation; 1,000 vagrant hirelings “bunking” in haymows or “shacks” (for the Chinese have to have better quarters on our ranches than Americans get)—or, on the other hand, ten thousand little farms of ten acres each, each owned and occupied by an American family? Which makes the better community? Which adds more to the assessment roll of the State and to the strength of the nation?

THE TIME  
OF GIVING  
AND HOW.

As Christmas draws near, possibly there are a few of us who will stop long enough to think what it means. It is rather a pity that with so many law-abiding persons the real Christmas Spirit has become forgotten. It is the most beautiful of festivals—the only festival in the calendar whose central thought is to make others happy—but in our modern practice it is largely vulgarized to a mere perfunctory giving of gifts to people who don't need them but do expect them. And they are generally people who can Do Us Good.

The Lion is not a religious person in any ecclesiastical sense. But he would be mighty sorry to be without some sort of a religion that can respect what is respectable—and the Christmas Spirit is one of the most respectable things now in danger to become extinct. On all sides he sees cynical babies too “smart” to believe in Santa Claus, poor little heirs of poor little elders who cannot understand that beautiful myth—or that such a myth is truer than any cash balance. And he is sorry for these. Such as do not know how to live are even bigger fools than they who do not know how to die; and to live or die decently one has to believe a few things that are not in the multiplication-table.

While we are Christmasing, why forget those who *need* our thought? The Babies do—and we are not so like to forget as to spoil them. But there are others.

In this richest and happiest section of a rich and happy nation, we have several hundred Original Americans to whom this December brings no joy. It is the stated month for evicting them—by the law of our half-read Supreme Court—from the home their fathers have lived in for centuries. I mean the Indians of Warner's Ranch, whose case has been set forth here.

We are enjoying their country; they are about to be

kicked out of it. Our assessment roll runs up into the hundred millions; they are a sight of starvation. We have such homes and such luxuries as our own fathers never dreamed of; they are about to lose the shabby huts they love, and to have no homes whatever. Are we "well enough off"—in heart or pocket—to spare them a little Christmas? Or are we not?

Anyone who thinks we are, can send contributions of money, or of really useful articles, prepaid, to Rev. H. B. Restarick, San Diego, Cal., who is an active worker in the present movement to do something permanent for these shamefully misused people. And the Lion does not believe anyone's own Christmas will taste worse for having remembered them.

In the October number acknowledgement was made of receipt of \$65 from a friend for permanent aid of these Mission Indians. R. H. Shoemaker, of Pasadena, Cal., now adds \$5 to this fund.

With every day that goes over our heads it becomes plainer that we have stumbled upon that extraordinary phenomenon, a President who Presides. Perhaps nothing could remind us more vividly how far our politics have drifted from the old anchorage than our surprise at reading the new news. For this is just what Washington would have done, if there had been in his time any politician with brass enough to request him to do what we have come to expect the presidents to be asked. But Washington is a long way back—and the politicians are equally "forward."

But here is the President of the United States telling the reverend Senators that he won't appoint a man they recommend unless he's fit to be appointed! The face of him! What does he think we elect Presidents for, except to pay the dirty debts of Congress? What does he imagine we vote for Senators for, except to reward their heelers? The man must think that principles haven't changed since he was a Police Commissioner.

Well, he can afford to think so, and we can afford to have him. Americans are pretty careless; but they really prefer decent government—and in their hearts they know what it is, no matter how they may have let indecent politics prosper. And they love a Man. They admire a president with a soul of his own. They will forgive almost anything to that sort of a person. And the more stubborn he is (with reasonable tact) in reminding the politicians what this government is really for, the more solidly he will have at his back the American people.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

HERE  
IS A  
MAN!



wasted opportunity: "Don't you think Seton-Thompson exaggerates the beasts?" To which the only polite reply I could make was, in effect: "Doubtless, to a person whose only example of natural history is the Tammany Tiger. But if you would get Out Doors once you would discover that God also has exaggerated. Seton knows Nature and tells it; you don't know Nature, and are astounded when it is brought to you." And other remarks as unaccustomed. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Seton not only knows, he can prove he knows. The extraordinary beauty of his telling—and it takes a poet to interpret the Mother of all poets—is by now well enough known to a very large audience; but the vital thing is that it is true. Mr. Seton has his documents by the cord—not modern New York mems. of stolen smartnesses, but veritable data, sketches from life and notes of fact. His work is on such lines as the modern scientific student follows—I know personally his procedure and hope to be able to judge of it. And some feeling of this has gone abroad; so that it is known for an event when this earnest man puts forth a new book.

His latest volume, *Lives of the Hunted*, is worthy of its predecessors in physical beauty and unique value and charm of content—though it includes some of his less mature work. But such stories as "Krag, the Kootenay Ram," "Chink," and particularly "Tito, the story of the Coyote that learned how"—these have in English literature no parallels except in this man's own work. For certain rhetorical reasons I cannot count this volume a classic—as *Wild Animals I Have Known* unquestionably is—but no one else in the Three Americas has written anything in its sort at once so true and so beautiful. From almost any point of view this book is worth 99 per cent. of the novels of the year. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153-7 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.75, net.

A CLASSIC  
OF THE  
DESERT.

A poem and a prophecy all in one—and above all, and rarer than all, a true book about the West—John C. Van Dyke's *The Desert* should be read by every Westerner who has mind enough to care to know something of God's Country. Dr. Van Dyke is a very typical Easterner of the taller sort—grown by emergence to the spaces; a lover of Nature and a gentle interpreter of her; and of a rare eloquence in her despised behalf. Perhaps not many of us realize now how unfamiliar Nature has become to the overwhelming majority of Americans—whose fathers knew her at least by sight. And the man who can nudge this incubator generation so courteously yet so forcibly as Dr. Van Dyke does, merits our gratitude.

His theme in this volume (a sequel "Study in Natural Appearances" to his *Nature for Its Own Sake*) is the Southwestern

Desert—the Mojave-Colorado—the loneliest and most beautiful area on earth. In a dozen chapters, all beautifully written and nearly all well-taken, the author describes the build, the color, the life—and the lack-life—the terror and the charm of this bewitched land. It is but honest to admit that he has astonished this reviewer—who knows a little of the desert and was not looking for its poet just yet. One learns by bitter proof to distrust beforehand the book on the West; it is not the least victory of Dr. Van Dyke that he has in his own case wholly overcome this prejudice.

The giant cactus is not "properly Saguaro" but Zahuaro; there is not a "horizontal line" in the desert—nor have I seen one in God's creation. I doubt if Dr. Van Dyke ever found any "agate beads" on the desert. If he "has not seen the flowers that grow on the waste after the rains" luck has been against him. I have seen that same desert so carpeted that in five hundred miles I do not believe my horse made one step which did not crush a wildflower—precious, tiny ephemera, born of the rain, sprung swift as the dragon's teeth of Cadmus to their full stature of two or three inches, wiped off the slate perhaps in a fortnight by that inevitable sun—but, while they lasted, such a tapestry as doubtless never covered any other land on earth.

But the blemishes in Dr. Van Dyke's book are wonderfully few; and its virtues are many and great. Almost wholly from the æsthetic side, and scant in touch of the historic side—the fact and the fashion of the heroism that has watered that desert with such blood as little runs in human veins nowadays—the book is thus far the first classic of the desert, and will have further reference in these pages. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.25.

Just why James Jeffrey Roche, a cordial and welcome writer otherhow, should have felt prepared to "do" the *Byways of War, The Story of the Filibusters*, someone other than this reviewer must say. For I do not know. The book is not historical nor judicial, so far as concerns Walker, its supreme text. It is peppered with ignorances of Spanish and Spanish America; and all in all it is not done with the conscience we think we have a right to expect of Mr. Roche. They were not buccaneers—by three-score years—"who first sailed round the world." Sebastian de Elcano first performed that little feat—though the Encyclopedia Britannica never heard of the gentleman, as he was not English. Mr. Roche's dictum as to the Spanish policy toward the Indians is ignorant and British. What sort of French name "Raoulx" may be, the Canadians who now possess Boston can doubtless tell; but even we Western ignoramuses know the butchery of Spanish in "Santa Ana" (the Mexican dictator who made an exception and sported an extra N), "San Vincente," "Monté," "rancherio," "Poco Tiempo," "D'Avila," "Puntas Arenas," "Jose," "Munoz," "Alerté," "Don Salazar," "consegreda," and many other blunders which disfigure these pages. The "new town" of Panama is not "three miles inland," but so insistent on tidewater that the most notable feature of it is its sea-wall. *Ancho* does not mean "easy," nor does *Angosto* mean "hard." In general, Mr. Roche's notions of Spanish-America are musty. As for the pirate Walker, history has pretty fairly fixed his status. He meant well. So did Jefferson Davis. Their misfortune was that the laws of God and man disagreed with them. Mr. Roche has it in him, I am sure, to write better books. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

A PIRATE  
VERSUS  
HISTORY.

Doctors we have, and diseases, and of both too many—since neither do enough diseases finish the doctors, nor doctors enough conclude the diseases. Perhaps one medico

INFLAMED  
AS TO THEIR  
CITIES.

to each infirmity—the best medico, of course—would be enough ; certainly one disease to each doctor were an elegant sufficiency.

But under the most unmerciful category we should still have to retain John H. Girdner, M. D.—and should preserve him gladly. For if he has not invented, he has diagnosed, a new disease, whose victims are counted by the million. *Newyorkitis* is the title of his book ; and this inspiration is well carried out in the 164 pages of an unusual and suggestive essay. “Newyorkitis” is a sweeping term which includes Bostonitis, Chicagoitis, and every other inflammation of the Urban Appendix in man. In a word, it is the disease of those who know no better than to live in great cities—a sort of paresis, as this veteran New York physician more than once points out. His description of its pathologies is eminently entertaining, and very far from flippant. Perhaps it is doctor-like that he prescribes palliatives and antipyridines instead of a radical cure. A layman might give the city-dweller a more drastic prescription:

B.

Get Out.

But the book is as useful as it is interesting. The Grafton Press, New York.

THE RECORD  
OF A

PURE LIFE.

Dignity and a quiet elegance mark the outward form of Graham Balfour's two-volume *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*; and the biographer has done his work in fashion rather commensurate. Calm, just and judicious, well-ordered and comprehensive, there is no reasonable doubt that this will last as the standard “Life” of that strange, almost disembodied spirit whose candle has shone so bravely in a naughty world. Indeed, it is in many ways a model of what a biography should be, not only by its equity but by the patience and aptness with which it has selected from Stevenson's own words so much of the telling of the story. The unspeakable pathos of that unequal existence, the vicissitudes of the fire-like spirit in its shabby tenement ; the joy of life in the body of that death, the good cheer amid what should have crushed a robust frame, the fairly Greek poise of this unquenchable soul, the unearthliness and yet the concurrent humanity of this nature rather elfin than man—these are well and seriously given to be known. In this day of pictures one might wish more illustrations than two portraits and a map in over 500 octavo pages. Foolish pictures are a sin ; but illustrations which illustrate are a duty. For example's sake it would have been well to include, in the chapter on Stevenson's sorry year in California, the scenes he touched. We might even have had the picturesque Simoneau, whose little inn at Monterey is so exalted by Stevenson [see this magazine for Nov., 1900, p. 325] ; and as much is true of all the other scenes with which he was associated—in Great Britain, in America, and in the South Seas. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York. Two vols., \$4 net.

C. F. L.

FROM A  
POSITIVIST  
VIEW-POINT.

Ten addresses given by Frederic Harrison before various clubs, colleges and universities, during his visit to the United States last spring, have been published under the title of *George Washington and Other American Addresses*. The range of subjects is wide—from the character and literary work of King Alfred to an estimate of the closing years of the nineteenth century, somewhat at odds with that of the clamorous “prosperity” shriekers. Mr. Harrison's rank as student of history and leader of positivist thought in England is too secure—and too well earned—to need the assurance of any critic that what he says is worth hearing and heeding. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.75.—C. A. M.

Among the oldest and most popular of the world's stories is that of the Master Thief—the man who pits his own wit, resource, and reckless courage against the organized forces of society and takes what he wants from between the paws of its watch-dogs. Mr. Hornung's *Raffles* is of this type, and not the least attractive. Those who have followed his fortunes and foreseen the inevitable disaster will be glad that he does not meet his fate at the hands of any catch-poll, but gallantly and on the battle-field. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.—C. A. M.

THE  
ENTERPRISING  
BURGLAR.

After all, even the most brilliant and daring of the old-time nimble-fingered gentry were but petty rogues and their gains too trifling to count. The Kings of the Craft do things on a larger scale today; nor, rightly considered, does the lack of hazard to their personal safety detract from the credit due them. Indeed we recognize their greater merit by inventing new titles of honor in place of "thieves," "highwaymen," "swindlers," and the like, and speak of "promoters," "politicians," "financiers" and "trust-magnates." In *The Autocrats*, Charles K. Lusk has drawn a powerful picture of a modern Knight of the Road. His victims are a city-full at once, his accomplices are the men chosen by the people to protect them. He buys a newspaper or a Common Council with equal ease and readiness; and so far from fearing halter or prison-cell, he looks confidently forward to a seat in the United States Senate. The pity of it is that the story is so true a picture—in essentials, if not in detail and circumstance. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.—C. A. M.

THE  
MODERN  
DUVAL.

That William Barry is a scholarly and cultivated gentleman, of keen insight, broad sympathy and admirably blended wit and humor would appear clearly enough from his latest book, *The Wizard's Knot*. That he is Catholic priest, doctor of divinity, even professor of theology, would never be guessed by those who know him only through his stories. The scene of this one is Ireland, and the time the black famine-year of '46. The tale grips one from the first paragraph and the interest never flags. The dialogue fairly sparkles, yet is never strained or improbable. Altogether it is a book one would not willingly have missed reading. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.—C. A. M.

A TALE  
OF THE  
FAMINE.

The wealthy villain in *Justice To The Woman* "dines sumptuously on port wine and soft-shelled crabs," while "the woman who should be his wife eats crusts dipped in tea." As he richly deserves, he loses his money as well as his digestion, and when he finally offers to make the wronged woman his wife she declines, even though he "should bring all the licenses and all the preachers in Border City." A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.—C. A. M.

THE  
MEAT HE  
FEEDS ON.

Quite the right sort of a boy's book—clean, wholesome, with plenty of stirring action, and successful achievement at the end of it—is Elizabeth Gerberding's *The Golden Chimney*. The boy hero, with some inspiration from a girl cousin, some assistance from more experienced heads and hands and with no more obstacles than are good for him, extracts a nest-egg for fortune from an abandoned smelter. Readers of this magazine will remember Mrs. Gerberding's recent story—shorter and in a different vein—in these pages. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. \$1.00 net.—C. A. M.

"THE  
GOLDEN  
CHIMNEY."

Ray Stannard Baker saw a great variety of persons and things in Germany, from the Kaiser and Ernst Haeckel to the recruit in the army, and from the Reichsanstalt to the

FROM  
KAISER TO  
BEER MUGS.

wooden beer-mugs, and has told of them entertainingly in *Seen in Germany*. He has the eye and the style of the better type of newspaper man. The book is attractive to the eye, barring a few gross blunders in proof-reading. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$2.00 net, \$2.15 postpaid.—C. A. M.

HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT. "He who seriously desires any worthy attainment can gain it, if he unites that desire with perfect faith that the good he wishes will come to him." Floyd B. Wilson's *Paths to Power* is devoted partly to expansion, demonstration and illustration of this theme; partly to specific directions for coming into such control over one's own forces and such harmony with the Infinite as shall bring his best ideals within the grasp of each one. The essays show wide reading, earnest and profound thought and the power of convincing statement. Grant Mr. Wilson's premises, and his conclusions are not to be avoided. R. C. Fenno & Co., New York. \$1.00.—C. A. M.

GOOD RAILROAD STORIES. Vivid, dramatic, life-like and stirring are most of Frank H. Spearman's ten stories of railroad life on the mountain division of a Western railroad, now collected under the title of *Held For Orders*. If no one would write for publication until he knew his field—and his characters—as Mr. Spearman does, there would be fewer publishers and much cause for thankfulness. Jay Hambridge's drawings are as convincing as photographs. Even so must have looked "Terza" and "Shackley" and "Jimmie the Wind" and the rest of them, and no otherwise. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.—C. A. M.

AGAIN HORTON AND GREECE. In *The Tempting of Father Anthony*, George Horton draws an entertaining picture of life among the peasantry of modern Greece. The local color is convincing and judiciously applied, while the fun—albeit somewhat of the rough-and-tumble order—is amusing. So long as the temptations of the would-be saint are engineered by mere devils, he overcomes them valiantly, but when a real woman tries her hand he promptly succumbs. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.—C. A. M.

WOMEN AND THE PAST. From her wide study of the records of the past, Amelia Gere Mason has emerged with the conclusion that "other women have been as clever as we are, and as strong, if not individually stronger; many have been as good, a few perhaps have been more wicked than most of us; and the majority have had a great deal more to complain of." Her *Woman In the Golden Ages* is mainly a sympathetic study of the character and accomplishment of the women whose names have come down to us from three "golden ages"—those of Greece, Rome and the Renaissance. It seems clear that, even as now, women were then quite up to the deserts of the Rest of Us. The Century Co., New York. \$1.80 net.—C. A. M.

¶ Eyes to see, patience to wait, wit to understand, and the gift of telling—these are some of Dallas Lore Sharp's endowments. His *Wild Life Near Home*, ("home" in this instance being a corner of southern New Jersey) will be a treat to every nature-lover—and might even aid in the conversion of the unregenerate. Bruce Horsfall's artistic and truthful illustrations add much to the charm of the text. The volume as a whole is an admirable specimen of book-making "as is." The Century Co., New York. \$2 net.

No better peg on which to hang a tale of adventure has been found than Henry of Navarre. Hamilton Drummond has chosen him as the player who moves *A King's Pawn*. Ambition, revenge and fealty are the master passions in this stirring tale, love entering barely at all. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.—C. A. M.





Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

Is Theodore Roosevelt to be a genuine Irrigation President—one who will make the reclamation of the arid public lands a leading policy of his administration? It is persistently reported, apparently on the best authority, that he will give conspicuous recognition to this cause in his first message to Congress. In that case, we shall have a new national issue and the men of the West are perfectly certain that it will gain in prominence until it shall finally become triumphant and add a new and brilliant page to the country's history. Just how far the President will go in his first recommendation remains to be seen, but he was clearly on record in favor of national irrigation nearly a year before he came to the Presidency, and this fact alone is sufficient to encourage the friends of the movement to bring their measures forward with redoubled energy next winter. The presence of a friendly mind in the White House brings to the old soldiers of the cause—the Old Guard of Irrigation—a joy which it would be quite impossible to express. John Greenleaf Whittier, looking back over his career at the age of eighty, advised young men as follows: "Choose some true but unpopular cause and give your full strength to it if you would know what life's victories are." Never was there a truer cause than this one which makes for the economic independence of future millions. Never was there one with less popularity ten years ago. The young men who took it up at that time, and earlier, are beginning to feel that they may possibly live to "know what life's victories are." This is an appropriate time to review the history of the movement since it became an organized force in the life of our times, and to consider the various steps by which it has risen to its present commanding position. Such a review may be useful to many readers of these pages who have become interested in the subject only during the past three or four years.

AN IRRIGATION  
PRESIDENT.

The first session of the National Irrigation Congress assembled at Salt Lake City in September, 1891. The formal call was issued by Arthur L. Thomas, then Governor of Utah, but the movement was actually born one wintry day on the bridge which spans the Platte River at Ogalalla, Nebraska. The year of 1890 was a disastrous one in the Corn Belt. The crops had been burned up by the sun which poured down from skies of brass and by hot winds that came out of the South like the breath of a

HOW THE  
CAUSE  
WAS BORN.

furnace. Men had prayed for rain and indulged in fasting and humiliation, but the rain came not. Finally, it occurred to some one that it would be better to stop praying and begin to dig ditches to turn the rivers upon the soil. Thus was born a movement in Nebraska which revolutionized the economic character of the western half of that State. This movement held its first meeting at Red Willow, which was followed by others throughout the western counties. After a very enthusiastic meeting at Ogalalla some of the leaders strolled out upon the long bridge over the Platte and fell to discussing the possibilities of a new national movement which should save half a continent for civilization. The matter took shape at a State convention held at Lincoln in the spring of 1890. A committee was appointed to enlist support and arrange for the first national gathering. This committee induced Governor Thomas to issue a call inviting the various States, cities, counties, commercial and agricultural bodies to send delegates to Salt Lake in the early autumn of 1891. And there was launched a movement which has finally developed a new national issue and now counts among its supporters the President of the United States.

THE  
FIRST  
CONGRESS.

Before consenting to issue the call for the Congress, Governor Thomas consulted many leading public men throughout the West for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any proposition upon which they could be united. He found such a proposition in the plan of having the general government cede the entire public domain, except mineral lands, to the several States in which they are situated. Hence, he shaped his call to this end. The frankly avowed object of the convention was to consider the advisability of this policy of wholesale cession. A more representative body than that which came together at Salt Lake has seldom been assembled in the West. From California, among others, came C. C. Wright, W. H. Mills, John P. Irish, Will S. Green, M. M. Estee, L. M. Holt; from Nevada, Senator Stewart and Francis G. Newlands; from Montana, W. A. Clark, Governor Toole, A. C. Botkin and other foremost citizens; from Wyoming, Senators Warren and Carey, Elwood Mead, Andrew Gilchrist, J. A. Johnston; from Colorado, Platt Rogers, then Mayor of Denver, some of the prominent men of Greeley, and many others conspicuous in the industrial life of the State; from Kansas, James S. Emery and J. W. Gregory; from Utah, Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, C. C. Goodwin. These are but a few of many names composing what was really an unusually brilliant gathering. Ten States and Territories were represented. Governor Thomas opened the convention with a felicitous speech, in which he set forth the importance of irrigation in connection with future development, and explained his action in outlining a definite proposition in his call for the meeting. During the three days in which the convention sat, there was but one topic discussed, and it brought out a series of very able speeches. At the conclusion, a resolution was adopted demanding that the

arid public domain be transferred to the States. The action was practically, if not quite, unanimous. There can be no doubt that it represented the best sentiment of the West at the time. But some wonderful things have happened during the last ten years.

It is a matter of historical interest, at least, to consider THE  
this policy of cession, even though it is now abandoned by CESSION  
nearly all who advocated it in 1891. At that time no one PLAN.  
dreamed of public irrigation works to be built by the nation. California had recently entered upon a policy of public works constructed by districts, and there were doubtless many who looked to reclamation by means of great reservoirs and canals to be created by the States. But that Uncle Sam himself could be induced to look upon irrigation as a legitimate part of his general scheme of internal improvements, no one then thought or believed, so far as the writer is aware. It must be remembered that at that time private irrigation enterprise was extremely active and had encountered no serious setback. Men saw fortunes in the work of conducting water to public lands so that they could be settled under existing laws. Public sentiment gave every encouragement to such undertakings. It was not realized that such private enterprise might prove unprofitable to the capital employed, or that there were dangers to the community in this form of development. Everybody wanted the lands watered and settled without delay. Capital seemed eager for the work. It was believed that if each State controlled the public lands within its borders, it could readily arrange for their speedy reclamation on lines attractive alike to investors and to settlers. This would give an enormous impulse to business throughout the West and open new outlets for the nation's surplus population. Furthermore, this policy of self-reliance would command the approval of the East, and could therefore be carried out with very little delay. At that early time, however, the inadequacy of existing local water laws was keenly realized, and the managers of the movement strove earnestly to unite all the States upon a uniform code similar to that of Wyoming.

After the adjournment of the Salt Lake Congress two MEMORABLE  
years elapsed before another was held. During this time LOS ANGELES  
the plan of ceding the lands developed strenuous opposition, CONGRESS.  
particularly in California. The strongest newspapers in San Francisco and Los Angeles bitterly assailed it as a land-grabbing scheme. They declared that the big irrigation companies, aided and abetted by the railroads, were bent on getting possession of the people's heritage, and that Western legislatures simply could not be trusted to avert such a calamity. The Congress which assembled at Los Angeles in October, 1893, was very largely composed of Californians, with representatives of the seven southern counties predominating. The sentiment was overwhelmingly opposed to the plan of cession. But the result was a compromise. The platform declared that the irrigation problem "is national in its essence;" then provided for the appointment of five commissioners in each State, acting under

the authority of the Irrigation Congress, to make a thorough canvass of public sentiment and render full reports at the next year's convention. It was believed that with such reports as a basis a definite policy could be formulated which would represent deliberate and well-considered conclusions. But it may be truthfully said that the Los Angeles Congress gave birth to the first public sentiment in favor of national irrigation works. Lionel A. Sheldon was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions and one of the leading figures of the convention. In an impassioned speech he declared: "Speaking for myself, I want to say that I do not believe this problem can ever be solved until the nation constructs reservoirs and canals to reclaim the public domain." This was received with a storm of applause. From that moment public sentiment veered away from the idea of cession and began to point unmistakably in the direction of outright national irrigation. But years were to pass before this new line of thought should crystallize into a definite policy, backed by the grim determination of the men of the West.

THE  
DENVER  
PROGRAM.

The next Congress, held at Denver in the fall of 1894, received elaborate reports from the several State Commissions. These reports represented a wide variety of opinion, but the trend was strongly in favor of putting the burden of action upon the broad shoulders of Uncle Sam. How could this be accomplished? It was decided that two things should be attempted, as follows: First, the officers of the Irrigation Congress should endeavor to rally public sentiment in the West in favor of the reform of local water laws, taking those of Wyoming as a model; second, the Congress at Washington should be asked to create a National Irrigation Commission, consisting of one representative each of the Pacific Coast, of the Rocky Mountain Region, and of the Great Plains, charged with the duty of investigating the whole subject and formulating a definite policy to be submitted later to the President. This Commission should draw upon the Interior, Agricultural, and War Departments for facilities at their command in prosecuting its investigations. It was believed that this dual plan would lead to the best results—that while it was the longest way around it was also the shortest way home. In the meantime it avoided the two horns of the dilemma, kept the movement in the West united, provided a period which could be used for the education of national sentiment, and laid the indispensable foundation of a code of just water laws throughout the Arid Region. The Denver deliverance was a disappointment to many at the time, because they were impatient for immediate results. Probably the writer was as much responsible for this program as any other individual, since he was National Chairman and official head of all the commissions whose reports formed the basis of the action. What was done seemed to the writer then far wiser than any declaration in favor of a specific plan for reclaiming the arid lands, either State or national. And, looking back at it now after a lapse of seven years, it still seems the wisest thing that

could have been done at Denver under the conditions which existed in 1894. The only real reason for regret is that the plan was not carried out. There was then no money to wage a battle of continental scope. The men who had carried it that far had done so at the cost of bitter personal sacrifice. The time had come when they could no longer give it their exclusive attention. But the cause they had inaugurated moved slowly on and at last found workers who could command the necessary support to make it more vital and powerful than it had ever been.

Subsequent sessions of the Irrigation Congress were held at Albuquerque in 1895, Phoenix in 1896, Lincoln in 1897, Cheyenne in 1898, Missoula in 1899, Chicago in 1900. The progress of Western thought gradually led up to the Chicago declaration for national irrigation works, with water rights limited to actual beneficial use. The most important events contributing to this result were the reports of Captain Hiram M. Chittenden, indicating the national character of water storage for the reclamation of public lands, and the accession of George H. Maxwell to the chairmanship of the National Committee of the Irrigation Congress. Captain Chittenden's reports carried a weight which they gained from his official connection with the government and from his standing as a scientific man. Mr. Maxwell had the discernment to make the most of such an endorsement, the genius to organize powerful financial support, and the energy to wage tireless battle for the cause. He has rallied the commercial interests of the country, particularly of the Middle West, behind the demand for the utilization of this supremest opportunity to widen the home market for all American products. This is the story of the progress of the cause from the Ogalalla bridge to Washington—from the dim vision of enthusiasts to the realization of a great national issue to be fought out now in Congress and White House.

And now that this stupendous journey has been accomplished what is it, pray, that we want? Irrigation? Yes, of course, but on what terms and conditions? What precise measure do we favor? In the last Congress there were a number of bills representing as many different methods and no one of them commanded any general support, or was even generally known, in the West. They served only to draw the fire of the opposition and to induce certain prominent Republicans—like Senator Platt, General Grovesnor, and Chairman Cannon of Appropriations—to remark that the declaration in their national platform in favor of irrigation was only a campaign amenity to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. But Roosevelt was not President then.

One thing is not open to dispute. That is that when the nation shall have put the flood waters into reservoirs the States must assume the burden of distribution. Congress has no power to deal with the non-navigable streams. Well, then, nearly all of these streams have been appropriated and over-appropriated.

CHITTENDEN  
AND  
MAXWELL.

NOW  
WHAT DO  
WE WANT?

ONE  
THING  
CERTAIN.

priated. Rights to their flow are entirely unsettled and involved in a tangle of litigation. In most States there is no exercise of public authority in distributing these waters. Will the nation build the reservoirs without an absolute guarantee that the supply thus impounded will be delivered in good faith to the public lands? Surely not, if it knows it business. How can most of our States—California, for instance,—give such a guarantee? Only by a sweeping reform of their water laws which shall include the readjudication of all existing rights, so that they can no longer be open to question; State supervision over future appropriations; and rigid public administration over the distribution of the supply among multitudes of users. These reforms must precede national works and Congress will fall short of its duty if it fails to make the performance of this an imperative condition of the construction of reservoirs in any State or Territory.

OTHER  
KNOTTY  
QUESTIONS.

There are other important things to be determined before we can hope to harvest the fruits of the coming national policy. Existing land laws have almost totally failed to prevent speculators from getting lands intended for settlers. How can this point be guarded in new legislation? What is to be the size of individual entries on these irrigated lands? Many million acres belong to railroads and are so located as to be completely intermingled with the public lands. It is impossible to irrigate the one without making the supply available for the other. Upon what terms are these private lands to be watered? These are a few of many new questions that come to the surface with the rise of national irrigation as a practical issue. We seem to be on the right road and drawing near to our destination, but we should not deceive ourselves with the hope that all these complicated questions are to be disposed of in a month, or a year. The battle now enters upon a new and most interesting phase but must still go on for an indefinite time in the future.

TRIUMPHANT  
CO-OPER-

ATION. The steady growth of coöperation is in the highest degree encouraging to those who believe that this is to be the strongest force in the future economic life of this Western land. The most hopeful thing about it is that it comes as a matter of natural evolution rather than as the result of agitation. The wheat-growers got together in September to consider how they might combine the producers engaged in that stupendous industry. The following month saw a similar meeting of the olive-growers. Both are seeking to follow where the raisers of oranges, of prunes, of raisins and other fruits led the way. All this comes about in response to the instinct of self-preservation. It simply does not pay for the individual to deal alone with the commission-house or the railroad. But it does pay for the mass of individuals to pool their issues and sell their products precisely as they would do if they were one instead of thousands. In the same way the Californians have begun on a considerable scale to coöperate in purchasing their supplies. They have their wholesale store in San Francisco and retail establishments distributed throughout the State. Gradually, surely, almost silently, we are laying the foundations of a new civilization in these valleys in which the common man shall enjoy better conditions of living than he ever knew in the past. And to do this thing is the God-given mission of the West.

## HOW TO COLONIZE THE PACIFIC COAST.

### THIRD PAPER.

#### INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

**I**N these papers it has been contended that the great examples of successful colonization in the West are coöperative settlements, notably those in parts of Colorado and Southern California and all of Utah. Last month it was suggested that all the active land interests in California might well form a union in order to employ the methods which were used in the enlistment of Greeley, Anaheim, Riverside and Salt Lake. Getting the settlers is, however, but half the battle. The other half is to organize them upon such a basis that they will be prosperous, contented, and an inspiration to similar movements hereafter.

To accomplish this, the methods of the successful settlements referred to must be imitated still further. But is it possible to command for this business undertaking the spirit and the leadership which created these notable communities during the past fifty years? Yes, in my opinion, we can not only equal, but surpass, anything yet done in this line. To a certain extent, we can begin where the others leave off. We can avail ourselves of advantages which did not exist twenty-five or fifty years ago. We can found a system of colonization that will go on widening the sphere of its operations and bearing larger and richer fruit long after we shall have passed from the scene. When we have made one thoroughly successful colony by methods capable of general application the problem is solved. How shall we make it?

#### I.

##### THREE KINDS OF SETTLERS.

There are three distinct classes of settlers who will enter into the making of every well-organized colony. They are as follows:

First, those possessing sufficient capital to purchase land, make improvements and sustain themselves until the land comes into bearing. This would mean a capital of \$2,000 and upwards.

Second, non-resident buyers now in receipt of assured incomes elsewhere—people who do not desire to move at present, but will come later when their places are ready to support them.

Third, those who possess insufficient capital and can only make homes by borrowing money and then working for wages while their places are being improved. Some of this class have a part of the capital required, while others possess only enough to bring their families and household goods to the colony.

For convenience, these three classes will be referred to as Independents, Non-residents and Borrowers, respectively. The ideal colony plan must offer to all these classes the opportunity to live, to labor, and to make homes. And under good plans, each will be a source of strength to the community. I have addressed many colony meetings in the East and corresponded with thousands of people who

wanted to get homes in the West. I have always found each of these elements in evidence. I believe we can handle them all, and that, if we do not, we shall fall short of solving the problem of bringing the surplus man to the surplus land.

## II.

### WHAT IS A SANE COLONY PLAN?

If we make out of hand just such a colony as we consider best for California, and best for the surplus population of the East, what will that colony be? What will be its industrial character? What its social and civic institutions? How will it be governed? In answering these questions, we must not forget that we have before us, in Colorado, Utah and Southern California, several very successful communities from which we can learn valuable lessons. Neither must we forget that every attempt to realize the communistic ideal has failed, and that nearly every successful undertaking has been dominated during its early days by strong men who possessed large authority. My view is this:

Farms are small—five, ten or twenty acres, with not over forty for the maximum. It is a mistake for men of small means to attempt the improvement of large areas, especially under irrigation. Furthermore, high social advantages are closely related to the small farm-unit.

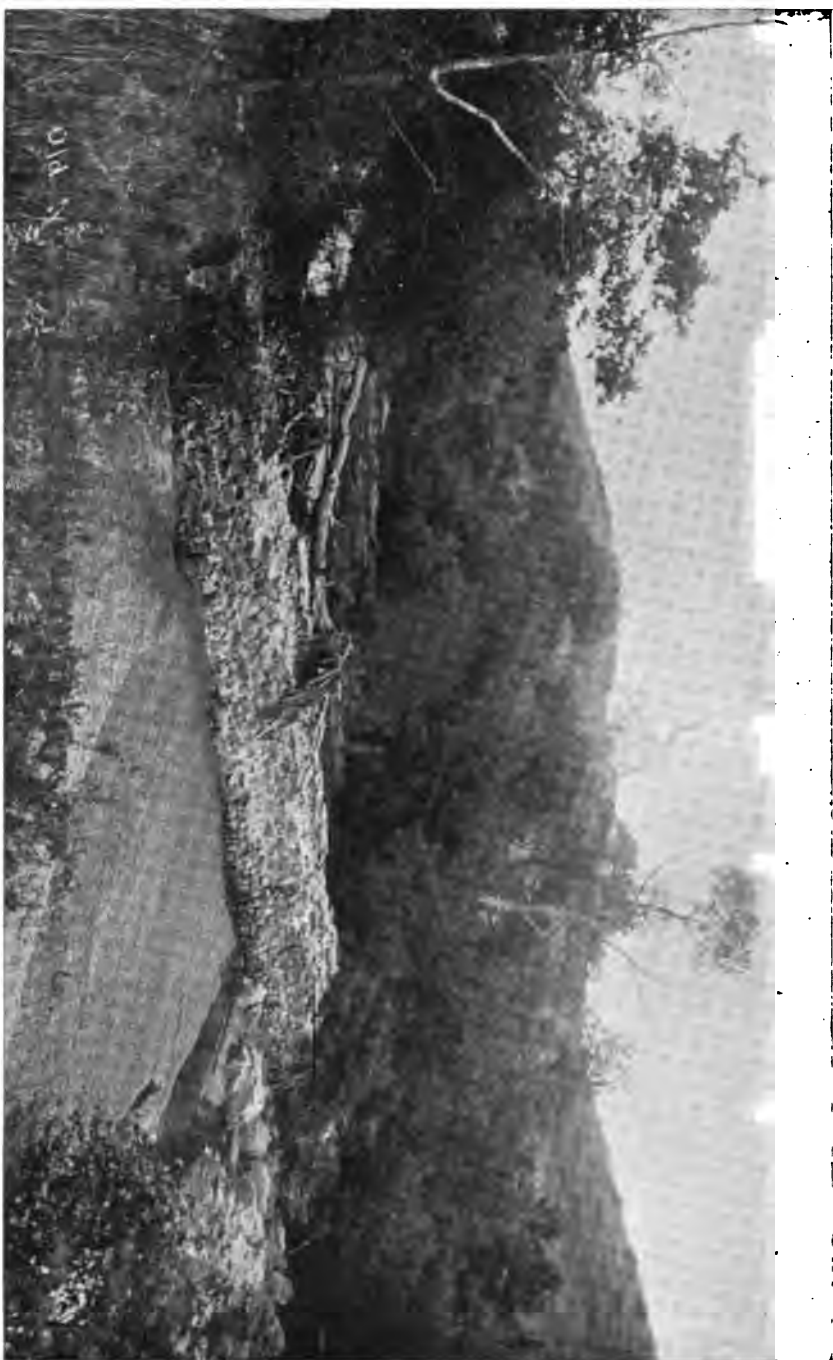
The most diversified production is encouraged. The ideal arrangement is to have each family produce the variety of things it consumes.

Supplies are purchased and products sold in common, so far as possible. The cooperative store, affiliated with the Rochdale Wholesale in San Francisco, supplies the means for purchasing; the various fruit exchanges supply a considerable part of the means for selling, but require to be supplemented with numerous small local industries, such as creameries, canneries, and pork-packeries.

Under these industrial plans each man possesses his own farm and thrives in proportion to his industry, thrift and ability. But none of the settlers are exploited by storekeepers, commission-houses, or combinations controlling the various industries which utilize the raw materials produced by the farmer. This is not Socialism. It is business common-sense, and the logical fruit of our modern economic conditions.

On the social side, the aim is to combine, as far as possible, the advantages arising from neighborhood association with the independence which comes from tilling the soil. To this end it is desirable, that many, if not most, of the settlers have their homes in a central village on lots of generous size. Experience in many Western communities has proven that this is feasible. Centuries of experience in Europe prove the same thing. And you will never turn the tide from the cities to the country until you find a way to satisfy that social instinct which is one of the strongest traits in human nature.





AN OLD FRANCISCAN DAM.

The village community enjoys many facilities entirely beyond the reach of ordinary farmers. They have a common system of domestic water supply, which is cheaper and more satisfactory than individual wells. They light their houses with electricity, enjoy good streets, sidewalks and parks, and have a public building which includes auditorium, library, and club-rooms for both men and women. Furthermore, the presence of such a population, living in the midst of such advantages, must in time create values for town property which will enrich the community. If Horace Greeley's wise plan be adopted, as in the case of his famous Colorado settlement, profits from this source will be available for public improvements.

The government? There is nothing better for small communities than the New England town meeting, but it cannot be safely trusted with the powers of administration until the community is well established and past the dangers sure to surround its pathway during the first few years. Until the lands are all sold, until the farms have become self-sustaining, and until the community indebtedness is wiped out or perfectly secured, the founders of the colony retain absolute control of its affairs. This authority is exercised by a single individual—the executive selected by the founders. Those who cannot agree to this plan are not invited to join. Long and bitter experience has shown that it is for the best interests of the settlers themselves that superior ability should be in a position of secure control during the formative period at least. The town meeting rules in New England to-day, but the Massachusetts Bay Company was all-powerful until communities were thoroughly established.

Such a colony plan as this meets the industrial and social needs of the time. Thousands will gladly join it if they have confidence in its management. None of its principles are untried. Some of them have been demonstrated at Greeley, others in Utah, still others in Southern California.

### III.

#### THE PLAN IN OPERATION.

How can such a plan be practically realized by the associated land interests of California? The question can be answered here only in the briefest way.

Let them select a tract of, say, 15,500 acres where all conditions of soil, water, transportation, and markets are favorable. Let this tract be subdivided and set apart as follows: For townsite, 500 acres; for Independent settlers, 6,000 acres; for Non-residents, 6,000 acres; for Borrowers, 3,000 acres.

The Independents buy their land and pay for it like ordinary settlers. This feature requires no explanation.

The Non-residents pay for their land on installments extending over, say, four years. The price they pay includes improvements, such as clearing, plowing, fencing, planting, and care of crops until they reach maturity. It would be feasible to extend improvements to building a house and barn, which would increase the purchase



SWEETWATER DAM, SAN DIEGO COUNTY, CAL.

price in proportion. But aside from house and barn it is probable that about \$30 per acre will have to be expended in improvements and care to bring the place to maturity by the time installment payments are completed. That is to say, a total of \$180,000 will be collected for the improvement of the 6,000 acres set apart for Non-



LAKE HEMET DAM, RIVERSIDE COUNTY, CAL.

residents. Almost the entire sum will be paid out for labor of men and teams.

There has been reserved for borrowers 3,000 acres, which will accommodate 150 families on 20-acre farms. These Borrowers reach the colony with little capital—possibly with none to speak of. They require a loan of, say, \$1,000 each, or a total of \$150,000. This is sufficient to pay for their land and interest in colony property, on the basis of \$20\* an acre for the one and \$10 a share for the other; to provide shelter; to grade and fence land; to buy seed and nursery stock, team, implements, poultry, and one or two cows. These things constitute the foundation of a home and future independence. They leave no margin for the support of the Borrowers while their lands are coming into bearing. How is this support to be provided? From the proceeds arising from the labor of this class of settlers. They will be employed a large part of the time in improving the lands of the Non-residents, for which \$180,000 will be paid, chiefly for labor. They will also be employed in improving townsite, erecting public buildings and industries, and creating public utilities, such as the system for domestic water supply. Not less than \$100,000 will have to be expended in these ways. Of this amount at least 75 per cent will go to labor. Adding this \$75,000 to the sum of \$180,000, to be paid by Non-residents, makes a total of \$255,000 available for the employment of the Borrowers. Spread this over four years and it amounts to \$63,750 per year. Dividing this by 150 families gives \$450 per year for each family. At the end of four years the Borrowers will be self-sustaining. Many will be earlier.

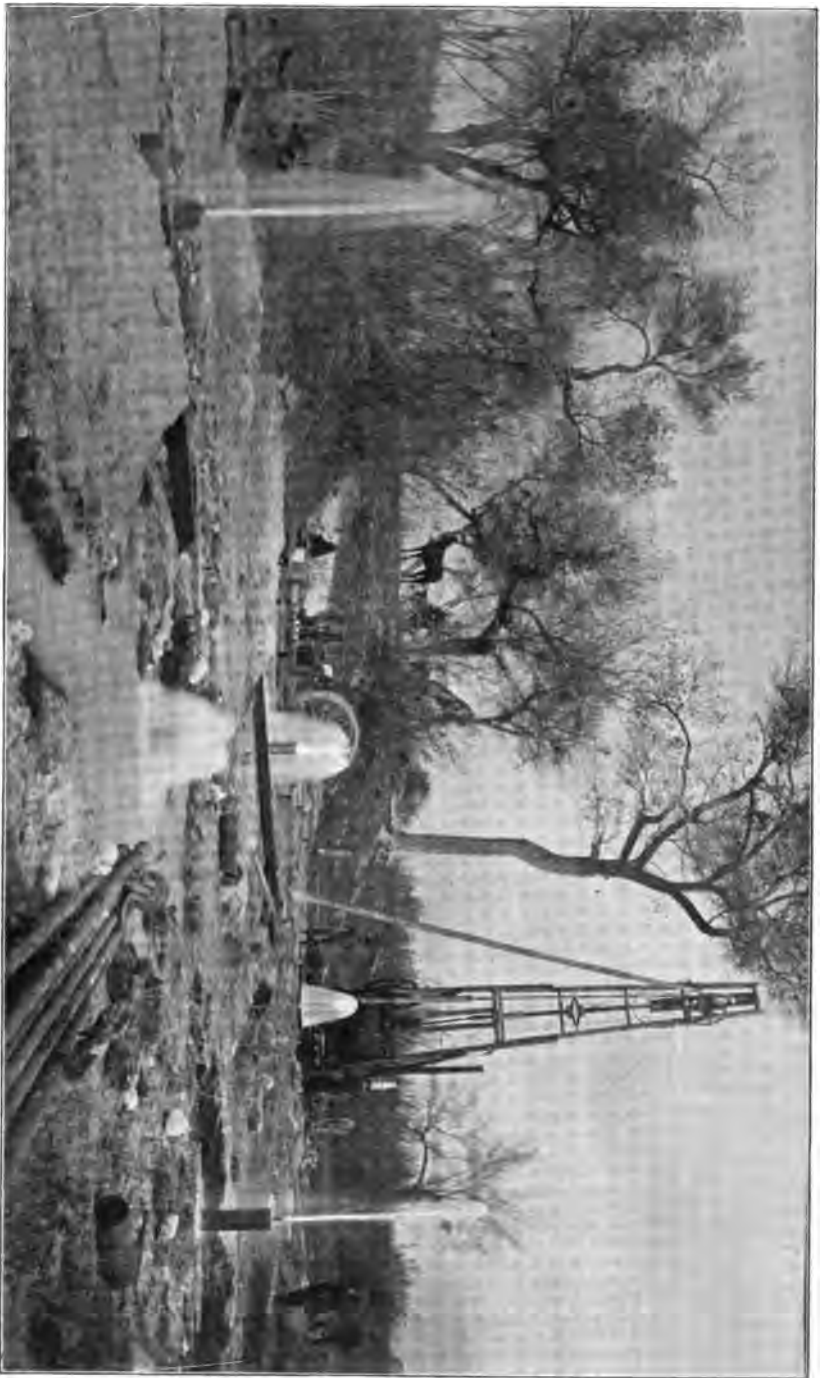
The colony requires a capital of \$250,000, to be expended about as follows:

Loans to settlers.....	\$150,000
Townsite improvements..	25,000
Industrial plants.....	25,000
Light and water plants.....	25,000
Working capital, stores, industries, etc.....	25,000
	<hr/>
	\$250,000

The proper expenditure of this fund will create one of the most beautiful colony centers that ever blossomed on the face of the earth. It will have all the improvements of the best modern town, together with commercial machinery for the purchase of supplies and sale of products on the best possible terms.

"Yes," says the reader, "but where is the \$250,000 coming from?" The founders—in this case, the associated land interests—incorporate a local colony company, with 15,000 shares (one for each acre of agricultural land) having a par value of \$10 each. Each colonist is required to purchase as many shares as he does acres. This is equiva-

\* The richest land and best water supply in California (on the Colorado Delta) may be had for \$20 per acre. Some of the finest lands under the Turlock system, in Stanislaus county, and some of the best in Glenn county, are offered at this price. When higher priced lands are to be sold the Borrowers must possess some capital of their own, or borrow more money from the fund, or defer some of their purchases of implements and live-stock until they have saved money from their wages. Aside from some spare time of their own, they can count on the assistance of their families in improving their places, or upon income earned by their family in other work.



ARTESIAN IRRIGATION SUPPLY, RIVERSIDE COUNTY, CAL.

lent to adding \$10 an acre to the price of the land, all of which goes to the colony itself. The sum of \$150,000 thus realized is placed in a sinking fund for the payment of bonds. A bond issue is necessary, because the entire amount of \$250,000 must be available at the beginning, while income from sale of colony shares and from other sources will be realized gradually after improvements are made. Thus the colony company must borrow \$250,000 at its inception. This will be secured upon the following property, to be transferred to a trustee:

1. Three thousand acres of land, to be improved in small diversified farms by Borrowers.
2. Townsite with its many valuable improvements.
3. Industrial plants, such as cannery, creamery, pork-packer, grist-mill, etc.
4. Local public works, such as electric lights and domestic water plants.

Bonds to run 20 years, with option of payment after five years; interest four or five per cent.

Interest on bonds is \$12,500 per annum. Of this sum, \$7,500 (being the interest on \$150,000) is paid by Borrowers and deducted from their wages. The balance comes from profits of store and industries and earnings of sinking fund.

The sinking fund will be provided as follows:

1. By repayment of \$150,000 by Borrowers.
2. By sale of 12,000 colony shares at \$10 each to Independents and Non-residents.
3. By sale of town property.

The assured receipts from the first two items complete the sinking fund and leave a balance of \$20,000. But the income from sale of town property will also make a large item, possibly sufficient, under favorable circumstances, to alone retire the bonds. This done, the colony owns free and clear property in the shape of industries, stock on hand, public buildings and works, which alone makes its capitalization of \$150,000 full paid.

Very likely the reader will say now: "This is feasible enough provided (1) that you can sell the bonds promptly at par; and (2) that you are able to secure good business management."

Very likely the bonds can be disposed of at home. Some of the strongest influences in the State, including banking interests, will be concerned in the project. But that the bonds can be disposed of in the East, to moneyed men who are profoundly interested in opening outlets for surplus population, I *know*. They would not hesitate a moment if they could deal with such a body of landowners as that projected in the October number of this magazine. As to management, it has already been said that this rests absolutely with the founders for the first five years. They select a man of ability, tact, and practical experience, and give him full power. Ultimately the power will rest with the stockholders of the colony, but during the formative period they agree that it shall be exercised exclusively by the founders through the executive they name.

There are many other details which cannot be given in the space now available, but reasonable inquiries will be cheerfully answered hereafter.

#### IV.

#### CLOSING REFLECTIONS.

In the debate which followed the submission of this plan to a public meeting at Sacramento last January a prominent citizen declared that such a proposition could never be realized in California.

He admitted that its most important features had been carried out elsewhere, particularly in Utah, but said: "We have no Mormon Church, and you cannot make a success of any plan of coöperative settlement without it."

Well, where does this leave us? It is admitted that we are not colonizing California successfully today—that banks and landowners are groaning under the burden of great holdings which they would sell if they could find customers. Shall we give up the effort to settle the fertile land of this great State? If not, shall we turn the task over to the Mormon Church? There is no other alternative, unless we have the genius to devise new methods to take the place of those which have failed.

I believe there is no single feature of the proposed union of active land interests, or of the suggested method of getting settlers, that is not practical and sensible. I believe the industrial and social institutions outlined in this article can be justified equally upon commercial, economic, and ethical grounds. So believing, it was a joy for me to plead for these ideas against the criticism of some of the strongest men in California when the matter was discussed at Sacramento. And it is a joy for me now, after the lapse of the better part of a year, to repeat the proposal with renewed emphasis. If private parties are ever to sell their lands and build colonies fit to live, I believe it must be by some such method as has been presented in these three papers.

But is it necessary to leave the destinies of California to be worked out by private enterprise? May it not be true, after all, that colonization is a function of government? The answer to that question leads us to New Zealand. And of New Zealand we shall see much in these pages during the coming year.

## THE PERILS OF WATER MONOPOLY.

VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD'S EXPERIENCE.

**"I** FILED on this water, and it is mine to do with as I please. I can run it into a gopher hole if I want to. I can sell it, or rent it to my neighbors, or I can waste it in the sand, and neither the Government nor State has any right to object."

Expressed with brutal frankness, that is the prevailing theory of water ownership in California and several other Western States. The remark is quoted from Elwood Mead's introduction to the report on "Irrigation Investigations in California." It is credited to "an intelligent and fair-minded ditch owner," and Mr. Mead says there is not the slightest doubt that it expresses the commonly-accepted opinion about the ownership of water in this State.

This being so, the people of California are standing face to face with the problem of water monopoly. It is the most dangerous influence which could enter into the economic life of this State, and of the other States which look to California for leadership. It is infinitely more perilous than railroad monopoly, because it is always a physical possibility to parallel one iron highway with another. But the stream which furnishes the only source of water supply cannot be paralleled. The reservoir occupying the strategic position in re-

lation to a given watershed cannot be duplicated. Even with the fairest and most economical use of water resources of every kind, from flowing stream, from storage, and from wells, we shall always have more land than water with which to irrigate it. Hence the ownership of this precious element is more vital to our civilization than any other question with which science and statesmanship has to deal.

The water monopoly in California is now protected by two stout bulwarks, both of which must be destroyed before the State can begin the wise use of its natural resources and broaden the foundation of its industrial life to accommodate many millions of new population. The first of these bulwarks is the riparian doctrine, which declares that water must always flow in its original channel in undiminished quantity. The second bulwark is the doctrine that water belongs to the man who appropriates it by posting a notice on the bank of a stream, filing a copy of it in the county records, and proceeding to build a canal.

In the first case the water belongs absolutely to the persons owning land along the banks of the streams. In the second case the ownership is vested in the appropriator, who may then proceed to sell his property to those who require it as the most important means of their existence. There never were two ideas more utterly inconsistent than these doctrines of riparian proprietorship and appropriation. One says the water shall not be taken from the stream; the other says it may be taken under certain vague conditions for which no means of enforcement are provided, save litigation in the courts. But though it would seem impossible that the two doctrines could exist side by side, it is nevertheless true that they do exist under the illogical laws and conflicting judicial decisions of California, and that both of them assist in the creation and protection of the water monopoly.

No topic which came within the range of the government's investigation was more important, and none was more luminously treated by Elwood Mead and the board of experts who worked under his direction. In presenting their conclusions to the California public it is eminently desirable that the matter should be put in the broadest possible way. Our people should understand not only that these patient, skilled, and unprejudiced investigators condemned the riparian doctrine, the private ownership of water apart from the land, and the monopoly which they beget and sustain, but that the experience of the wide world through all the ages is arrayed upon the same side of the question. You may pooh-pooh the conclusions of nine experts, even though they be unanimous, and even though they represent the Government of the United States. But you cannot thus easily dispose of the solemn warnings conveyed in the expressions of eminent men in all countries and illustrated in the laws and experience of various lands which dealt with irrigation long before the first ditch was made in California.

#### A DEADLY PARALLEL FROM SPAIN.

Mr. Mead says in his introduction:

"The European country which most nearly resembles California is Southern Spain. The rainfall is less, so that irrigation is indispensable. Spanish water laws are the outcome of a thousand years' experience, in which local customs widely different in character have long operated side by side in different districts of the same province. There has been time enough to work out to a final result the influence of different doctrines of water ownership. In Valencia, the most beautiful and prosperous irrigated section of Spain, the works date back to the Moors. Water rights are founded on customs which are older than records. Water and land are inseparable. Every writer who has studied the subject is of the opinion that the thrift, the skill, and success shown by farmers comes from the peace and security which goes with the control of both elements of production. In the same province the results of the separate ownership of water and land are as completely manifest. In the district of Elche water was originally controlled by the landowners, but land



and water were not made inseparable. Gradually water rights were bought up by outsiders. Now the farmer buys water from these owners of streams just as he does fertilizers. The water tolls have been raised, farmers impoverished, and all progress and prosperity banished. In the province of Mercia water is attached to the land and farmers are prosperous. In Lorca land and water are separated, and the result, says a recent report, is 'large profits for the water owner, poor farmers, and languishing agriculture.'

Here we have an experience arrayed in a sort of "deadly parallel column." Where the ownership of water and land was combined there was abiding prosperity, but where water was owned apart from the land and permitted to become a private monopoly there was hardship, loss and decay. Must California proceed under the latter policy, which was adopted in ignorance of our conditions and of the true philosophy of the subject? God forbid!

#### OTHER EUROPEAN EXAMPLES.

G. P. Marsh, long a United States Consul in Italy, says:

"European experience shows that where waters belonging to the State are farmed and relet by private individuals water rights are a constant source of gross injustice and endless litigation. The consequence of these interminable vexations is that the poorer or more peaceably disposed landholder is obliged to sell his possessions to a richer or more litigious proprietor, and the whole district gradually passes into the hands of a single holder."

That is to say, the man who owns the water practically owns the land and he oppresses and harries his neighbors until he finally becomes the actual owner of the land which the water controls. Already groaning under the incubus of great estates, must we sit still and see the mills of the gods grind out another grist of the sort by the remorseless operation of our water monopoly?

The Royal Commission on Water Supply, appointed by the Government of Victoria, in Australia, studied water history in three countries of Europe with this result:

"Italian experience, French experience, and Spanish experience all go to show that the interests to be studied in relation to irrigation schemes are so many and so various, and so intimately bound up with the public welfare, that State control is imperatively necessary, and that for the protection of its citizens no monopoly can be permitted which would separate property in water from property in the land to which it is applied."

Baird Smith, in his *History of Irrigation in Italy*, speaking of water monopoly, says:

"There is no point better established by experience in Northern Italy generally, and in Lombardy particularly, than this—That the selfishness of grantees in perpetuity of water has been one of the most serious obstacles to the development of irrigation. Acting on the principle that they had a right to do what they liked with their own, they were in the habit of suspending arbitrarily the supplies of water disposed of by them to other parties under subordinate grants, of increasing as they thought fit the prices to be paid, and, in a word, of pushing to its utmost limits the right of absolute property purchased by them from the State. But an agriculture founded on artificial irrigation cannot advance as it ought to do under such an arbitrary system."

In California "the right of absolute property" is not "purchased from the State." What would the Italians think of a system which does not even pay that little tribute to the public rights, but which acquires this valuable property by putting up a notice on a tree and filing a copy of it in the county records? Even when the State received a cash payment from those who were to enjoy a monopoly of the stream the system proved intolerable in Italy. But in California there is not even that mitigating circumstance. You merely "filed on this water," and proceeded to "run it into a gopher hole, sell it, rent it, or waste it in the sand." So that the Italian method at its worst was never to be compared with the utter imbecility of the way we do things in California.

#### IN THE ENGLISH COLONIES.

The riparian doctrine came from England with the rest of the common law. But when Englishmen find themselves face to face with the conditions of aridity they do not adhere to this theory of

water control. They have wisdom enough to see that what is a very good law in one place may be a very bad law in another place—that while in a country where water is so abundant as to be almost a nuisance it is well to insist that the stream shall flow within its ancient banks, it is equally well in a land where human existence depends upon artificial irrigation that the water should be taken from its channel and distributed as widely and as fairly as possible. In colonizing Western Canada and Australia it was found that conditions similar to those of California must be dealt with. The statesman to whom this problem fell sent commissions throughout the world to learn from the experience of others. They thought it might be well to look before they leaped, instead of leaping first and looking afterwards, as we are now doing in California. The result is seen in this suggestion, which the Canadian commissioner put first in his list of recommendations:

"First. The total suppression of all riparian rights in water, so that the same, being vested in the Crown, may be distributed under well-considered government control for the benefit of the greatest possible number."

For the benefit of the greatest possible number! And it was quickly determined that nothing which, under the widest stretch of the imagination, could furnish a footing for water monopoly would be for the benefit of the greatest possible number. They proceeded to make laws much like those of Wyoming, governing the appropriation and distribution of water under the control of the State.

Very similar action was taken by the Australian Colonies of Victoria and New South Wales. Riparian rights were abolished, as they have been abolished in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico, and as they were not permitted to exist in France, Spain, Italy, Egypt, and India. And in Australia, as in Canada, the most orderly methods for handling the water supply were adopted and enforced by the State. These English Colonies took up irrigation much later than California. They might be supposed to have at least as much reverence for the institutions of their native land as the cosmopolitan population who framed our laws and shaped our judicial decisions. And yet they did not hesitate to unload the English riparian law and to declare that the public interest must ever be regarded as paramount in the water supply. Many pages could be filled with quotations from the reports of these colonial commissioners, but these would only go to confirm what has already been quoted from world-wide authorities.

#### VIEWS OF THE CALIFORNIA EXPERTS.

The experts who studied the typical streams of California are all of one mind on the subject. But a few brief quotations will be of interest.

Marsdon Manson said:

"Riparian rights have prevented and retarded irrigation development. If possible, the riparian right should be restricted to low-water discharge of streams, and this discharge determined by proper authority."

J. M. Wilson said:

"The limits of the riparian rights must be more clearly defined. As the matter now stands, it may mean anything. In departing from the broad principle that courts should be governed in their interpretation of law by the natural conditions and necessities growing out of the environment of the people who make the courts, we have been led into a mass of hopeless absurdities."

Prof. Marx said:

"The doctrine of riparian rights has been harmful to irrigation development, and the California riparian law should be repealed."

Prof. Soulé said:

"The doctrine of riparian rights has exerted a most injurious influence on irrigation affairs. It has been the prolific source of litigation; has greatly interfered with and even debarred irrigation enterprises."

C. E. Grunsky said :

"The extent and the priority of established rights to water and to the use of water should be ascertained and clearly defined, and the necessary water should be allotted to riparian owners and to appropriators in accordance with their needs and their rights."

E. M. Boggs said :

"Riparian rights should be made subordinate in all respects to rights of appropriation."

James D. Schuyler said :

"The application of the English common law doctrine of riparian rights to any of the streams of Arid America is an absurdity and a misfortune which most Western States and Territories, except California, have avoided. Always illogical and inapplicable in a dry country where irrigation is required, it is particularly so when applied to streams of an intermittent character which cannot be utilized without storage reservoirs. The attempt to interfere with works of public necessity and importance by the assertion of this doctrine, after the expenditure of large sums of money, will always be made as long as the pernicious doctrine is adhered to in this State."

These quotations from the reports of the experts by no means indicate the entire result of their study of the laws. In another paper we shall see the full scope of their recommendations and how completely they would dispose of the water monopoly in this State. We shall see how this would be accomplished without injustice to vested interests and with great gain to every element in the community.

JOHN W. POWELL AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

One of the earliest and one of the ablest students of irrigation in its broad economic aspects was Maj. John W. Powell, founder of the Geological Survey and its Director under several administrations. Many years ago he said :

"If in the eagerness of present development a land and water system shall grow up in which the practical control of agriculture shall fall into the hands of water companies, evils will result therefrom that generations may not be able to correct, and the very men who are now lauded as benefactors to the country will, in the ungovernable reaction which is sure to come, be denounced as oppressors of the people."

"The right to use water should inhere in the lands to be irrigated, and water rights should go with land titles."

The evils which Maj. Powell predicted have resulted because, as he feared, "practical control of agriculture" has fallen into hands of water companies. The reaction has set in. It is not "ungovernable" in the sense that Maj. Powell probably meant to indicate, but it is earnest and determined.

Finally, we have the President of the United States on record against the vast evil involved in water monopoly. In writing to the Irrigation Congress a year ago he said he favored public works because "it is not possible, and, if it were possible, *it would not be wise* to have this storage work done merely through private ownership." And why not wise? Because, as Theodore Roosevelt knows from his residence in the arid region, when you permit one man to own the water absolutely essential to the existence of others you give him dangerous power over the lives and fortunes of his fellowmen. Thank God there is a man in the White House who knows that fact!

Water monopoly in California, and throughout Arid America, is doomed and must soon pass away. In its place will come just and equal laws which shall unite water and land in one ownership, which shall make public authority paramount, which shall provide public systems of administration over appropriation and distribution of supplies. These hopes cannot be realized, of course, until those in power shall understand the people's wishes and carry them into effect. But who chooses the men in power? The people choose them, and to the people of California the friends of irrigation reform will take their cause with perfect confidence in a triumphant result.



PROF. C. D. MARX.

**WHY THE FUTURE IS OURS.**

In considering the chances for early success of the movement for changing the legal basis of irrigation in California, and so laying the foundation for a stupendous social and economic development during the next decade, there is one fact that shines out more brightly than any other. This is the fact that our two great Universities are on the side of Progress and Reform. It is worth something to know that the most intelligent, the most disinterested, and, therefore, the most patriotic influences in California are to be with us in the impending struggle. What is more, it is a cheerful thought that the future leaders of this State are growing up in institutions where they will learn the true basis of the economic prosperity of California.

Daniel Webster was once interrupted in the midst of an outdoor door speech by a noisy procession marching through the streets. "Never mind them," said the presiding officer at his side, "they are nothing but boys." "Yes," said the orator, "but these boys will soon be men." Those boys became men, they ruled the destinies of Massachusetts, and some of them were among the first regiments who marched to battle to attack what Webster was then apologizing for.

The boys of our Universities will soon be men. They will scatter to the four corners of this imperial State, and wherever they go they will carry the influence of a faculty that believes in the public control of the water supply and knows that the extension of irrigation, under wise laws, is vital not merely to the growth of the commonwealth, but to the character of its civilization.

Two of the strongest men on last year's government Commission, which coöperated with the Water and Forest Association in investigating irrigation conditions, were Prof. Frank Soulé of Berkeley and Prof. Charles D. Marx of Stanford. Prof. Soulé was assigned to the San Joaquin River, while Prof. Marx studied the Salinas. Their reports are of the highest educational value. They illustrate a situation which had hitherto been shrouded in the darkness of litigation and neighborhood strife. Either of these reports, considered by itself alone, will be worth the cost of the entire investigation if the California public but reads and heeds them. The San Joaquin River offered a much better subject than the Salinas because its waters had been much more generally used than the latter. Prof. Soulé made the most of his opportunity, not even neglecting its humorous possibilities. But though irrigation is comparatively new in Monterey County, Prof. Marx found that the wonderful irrigation laws of California had managed to get the people in pretty serious trouble there, also. He arose from the writing of his report one of the strongest and most insistent water reformers in the State. If the recommendations of these two luminous reports are carried out the beautiful valleys traversed by the San Joaquin and Salinas will behold a transformation, and many an acre now reserved for four-footed beasts will be brightened with the homes of men.

And it is because such men as Soulé and Marx are educating the coming Governors, lawmakers, and farmers of California that we know the future is destined to be brilliant with achievement.



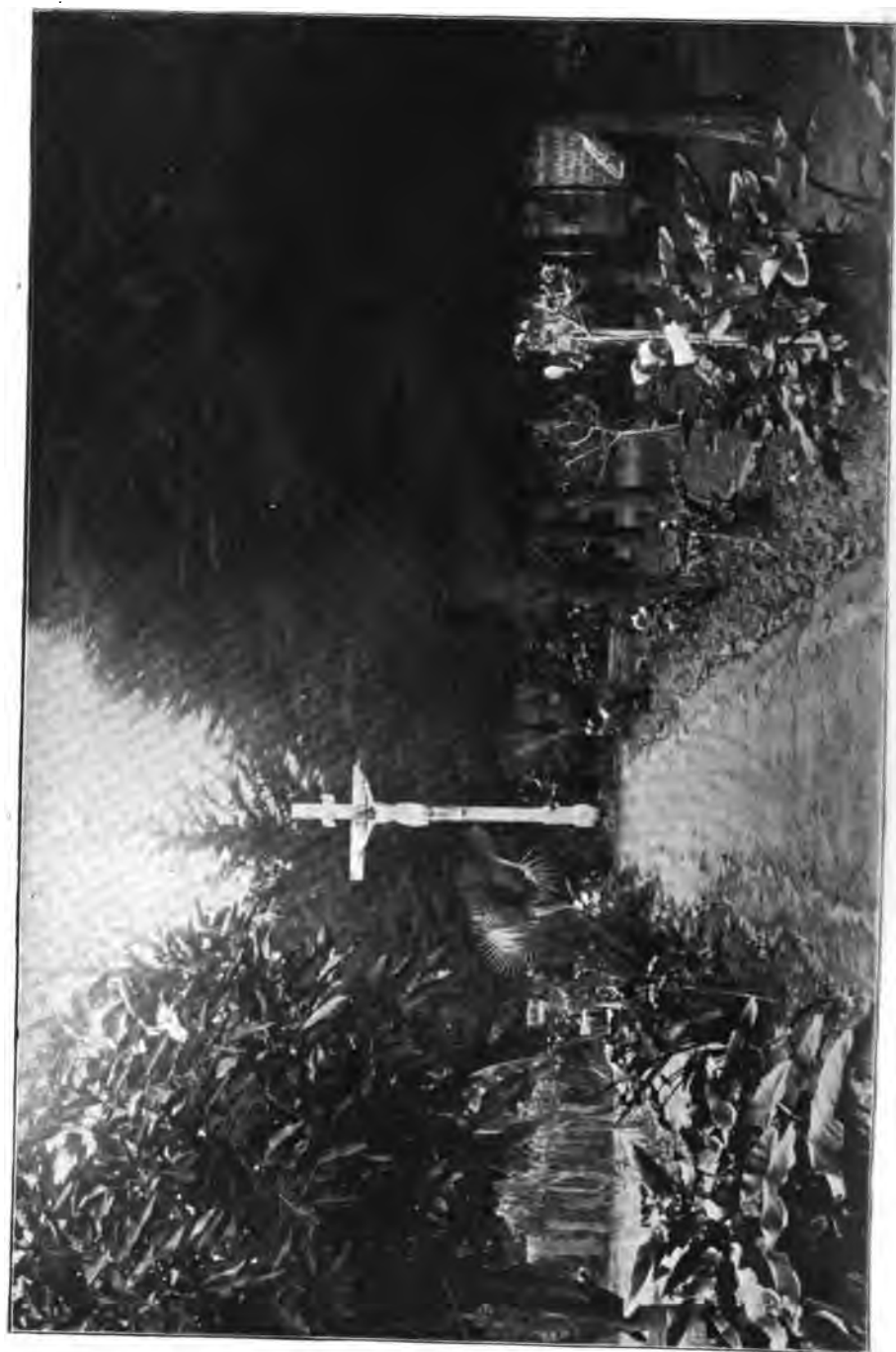


PROF. FRANK SOULÉ.



HARVESTING PAMPAS PLUMES, SANTA BARBARA.

Photo. by Reed.



IN THE OLD MISSION GARDEN

Photo. by Lewis H.



## SANTA BARBARA.

BY CHAS. AMADON MOODY.

**I**T has possibly been borne in upon readers of this magazine—perhaps on nearly every one who knows anything at all about California—that the climatic and other conditions of the State as a whole are such as to make living better worth while than anywhere else this side of Paradise. But even in California there are grades of climatic excellence—from “better to best”—though the precise grading of any particular locality, it must be admitted, will depend very largely on the individual taste of the observer. In the



A SANTA BARBARA STREET.

Photo. by Leach.

“best” class, by general consent, Santa Barbara must be ranked, and not one of those who know and love it best will admit any lower place for it than the very head of the list.

It is unquestionable that the topographic conditions of Santa Barbara—and these are, of course, most important factors in modifying climate—are not precisely matched anywhere else in the State. The general trend of the coast line is from northwest to southeast. At Point Concepcion (about two-thirds of the distance from north to south) the line swerves sharply inward, and for about seventy miles runs as nearly as possible due east, then resuming again the southeasterly direction. Parallel with the coast, and only a few miles distant from it—sometimes, indeed, sending foothill spurs right down to the water's edge—the Santa Ynez range of mountains rises



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





A PANORAMIC VIEW

abruptly more than three thousand feet, forming a permanent barrier to the northeast winds. And to complete the protection of this sheltered spot, twenty-five miles out to sea the Channel Islands stand as a lofty barrier against storms from the west or southwest.

At a point on this southerly shore where the beach curves in a crescent miles long and the foothills stand apart to make room for a broad and gently sloping valley, is the city of Santa Barbara. Shut in, therefore, on three sides by mountains and hills, opening only to the south upon the sun-warmed and quiet waters of Santa Barbara Channel, the climate of the city is singularly uniform throughout the year. There is no extreme heat in summer—hardly even a “hot



BATH HOUSE.

PLAZA.



OF SANTA BARBARA.

Photo. by Reed.

day." The thermometer will hardly register  $90^{\circ}$  three times during the year, and has reached  $100^{\circ}$  but twice in a generation, influenced in both cases by the forest fires in the near-by mountains. Extremes of cold are even more conspicuously absent, the freezing point ( $32^{\circ}$ ) having been recorded but three times in fifteen years, and then only for a short time just before sunrise.

This is not the place for extended records of temperature, but a few striking statements of facts and comparisons must find room. The average monthly temperature at Santa Barbara shows a range of less than fourteen degrees—from  $53^{\circ}$  in January to  $66.6^{\circ}$  in August. This is less than the difference between Portland, Maine and



DEL MAR AND BOULEVARD.

Photo. by Newton.



A PANORAMIC VIEW

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Photo. by Newton.



SANTA BARBARA ROSES.

Photo. by Leach.

Philadelphia for the single month of May. It is also less than the difference at Atlantic City between April and June. No month at Santa Barbara is so cold as April at Atlantic City nor so warm as June at the same place. Perhaps, however, the most vivid impression of the uniformity of the year-round climate at this favored spot will be found in a comparative table, which shows that January in Santa Barbara corresponds in average temperature to May at Nantucket, February to May at Atlantic City, March to May at Norfolk, Va., April to May at Portland, Me., May to the same month at New



SANTA BARBARA AND THE CHANNEL. (Anacapa Island in the distance).



SPORT AT LOW TIDE.

Photo. by Reed.

Haven, Ct., June to May in New York City, July to May at Philadelphia, August to May at Washington, September to May at Brooklyn, October to May at New London, Ct., and November and December to May at Portland, Me. Truly here the dream of a land where the year is "one eternal May" is fairly realized.

Just a few more statistics on the weather question, and we shall have done. The average velocity of the wind is about four miles an



TREASURE TROVE ALONG SHORE.

Photo. by Leach.



**A HOME PLACE IN MISSION CAÑON.**



**SYCAMORE CAÑON DRIVE.**

**Photos. by Reed.**

hour, the total wind movement being nearly equal winter and summer. The average annual relative humidity is 71°, being lower in winter than in summer, and lower throughout the year than at other points on the coast. One may count on about 240 absolutely clear days during the year, from 50 to 60 fair days, 30 to 40 cloudy days, and about 30 days during which some rain falls. Practically all the rain falls between November and April. Such fogs as appear come in mostly during the night and disappear rapidly before the rays of the sun.

These figures may seem somewhat dull, but the significance of them for health and comfort can hardly be overestimated. They mean that there is no day in the year when the invalid need fear that weather conditions will place any obstacle in the way of regaining strength, nor when the person in more robust health need have the full joy of living clouded by discomfort from that source. Taken in connection with the perfect drainage, the fine mountain water, the freedom from both endemic and epidemic disease, and the constant invitation to and opportunity for outdoor living, they mean that Santa Barbara is one of the healthiest spots in the world. And the phenomenally low death-rate confirms this deduction beyond possible doubt.

One conspicuous and interesting result of these conditions is the great variety and luxuriance of plant-life, both native and exotic. On this point, Dr. F. Franceschi, who has for many years mainly occupied himself with introducing and acclimatizing new flowers, shrubs and trees from all parts of the world, writes :

"Santa Barbara is known at present all over the world as the place where the largest number of plants, from widely different climates, have con-



Photo. by Newton.

gregated to live happily together, and often will thrive with more vigor than in their native countries. Mainly two factors have contributed to bring these results. The first is nature, namely, the special topographic and climatic conditions of this spot. The local meteorological records for over 30 years, when carefully compared with other localities of Southern California, unquestionably show that Santa Barbara enjoys the privilege of higher rainfall, and of less variation between the different seasons of the year, consequently the growth of most plants is continuous, and they will attain here larger size and come into bearing much earlier than in other places. The other factor is man, who in this case has wonderfully cooperated with nature. Ever since the first establishment of the Old Mission, more than a century ago, a much larger number of plants was introduced here from foreign countries than in other localities of California, and a smaller number of them have been lost, because they found here more congenial conditions. At the beginning of the new century, it is safe to say, that there are grown, in the open, at Santa Barbara not less than 150 different species of palms, about the same number of conifers, 50 species of bamboos, about 300 of vines or climbers, and something like 2,000 different species between trees, shrubs and perennials. They have convened here from the hottest and from the coldest regions of the globe, as well as from the temperate one, and they combine to make a display of vegetation that have no rivals anywhere else."

As for roses and the more familiar garden flowers their profusion at all seasons of the year is fairly bewildering. Even more interesting to the botanist, or, indeed, to most genuine flower lovers, are the native wild-flowers which, in their season, carpet field and hillside.

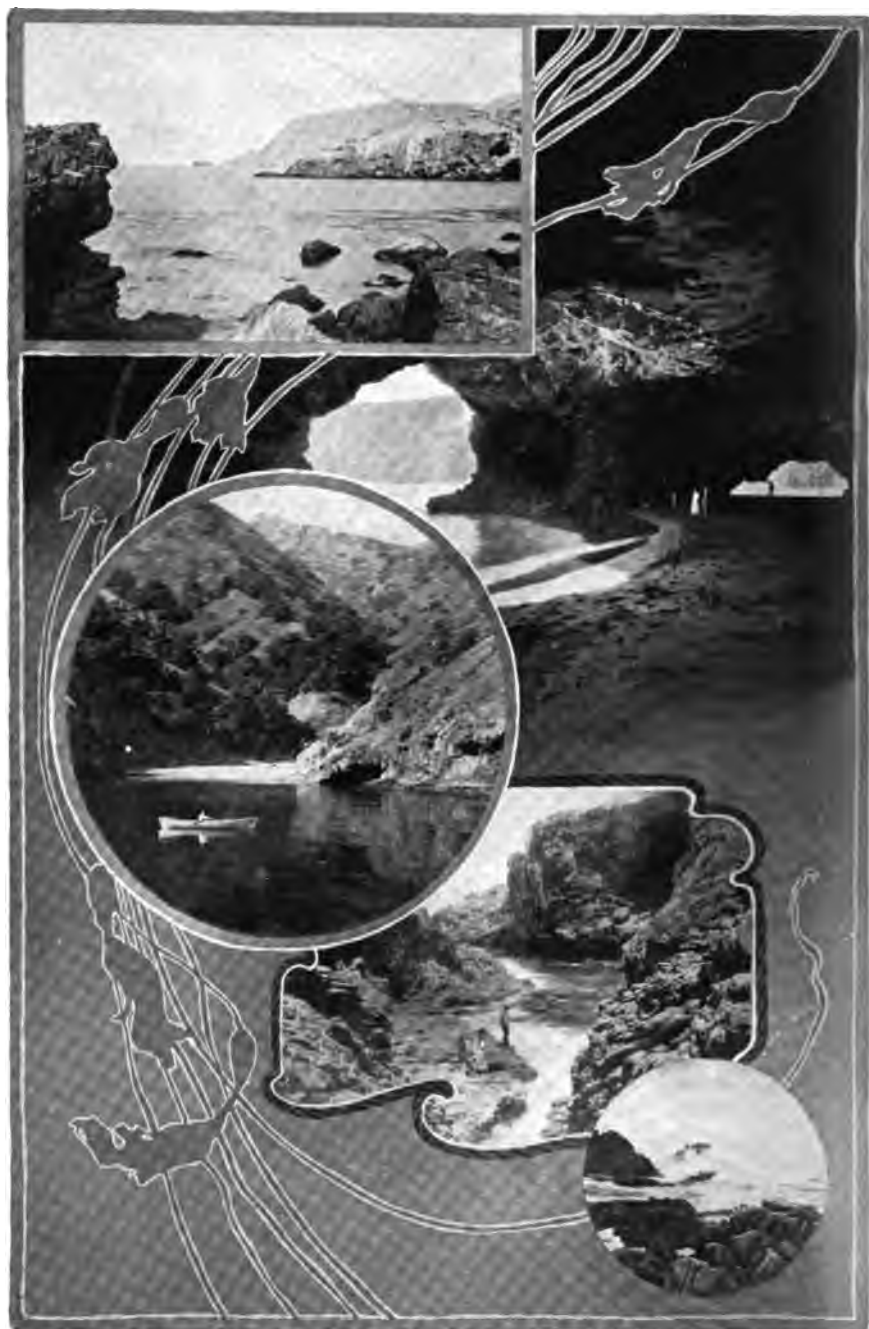
But climate and flowers by no means exhaust the natural charms of Santa Barbara. Picturesquely located as it is—in the lap of the mountains with the summer sea at its feet—one might spend many a week in riding, driving, or walking through the near-by country, returning each day before nightfall, and making each day a trip both new and interesting. From the smoothly macadamized boulevard, which runs for a couple of miles right along the edge of the Pacific, to the steep and rugged trails which lift rapidly to the summit of the Santa Ynez range is but a few miles, and one may get almost any desired combination of ocean, valley and mountain scenery within the compass of a few hours. Cañon and mesa and smooth, hard, sandy beach, orchards of olive, lemon or walnut, miles of densely-timbered forest reserve, acres of strawberries from which ripe fruit may be gathered any week in the year, leaping waterfalls, and long, quiet roads through fertile valleys dotted with lovely homes—these offer but a suggestion of the choice that is near at hand.

For salt-water bathing, if the ocean itself—with a temperature from 68° to 74° for much of the year and rarely below 60° at any time—does not precisely suit, there is a dainty new bath-house on the Plaza del Mar, which should meet the most exacting requirements.





SANTA BARBARA HOMES.



ON THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Photos. by Reed.

For boating or yachting, the Santa Barbara channel is one of the finest stretches in the world, offering ample sea room for an extended run yet so protected as to be entirely safe at all times. The trip across the channel to the Channel Islands—San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and Anacapa—is one of great interest. They are, in reality, only the tops of what was once a mountain range, parallel with the Santa Ynez and a part of the mainland. Their shores are in the main very precipitous, perpendicular bluffs often rising hundreds of feet right out of the sea. Picturesque and profusely covered with vegetation, one of them might easily, in the right hands, become a pleasure resort unrivalled anywhere except by Catalina



AN OLD ADOBE.

Photo. by Reed.

Island. Even the great tuna, which has attracted fishermen from all over the world to Catalina, is found here in abundance, while the yellowtail, sea-bass, jew fish, barracuda, and others offer sport a-plenty to devotees of the rod and reel.

What of the city which has grown up amid such surroundings? In the first place, it is a little city as cities go nowadays, counting scant 8,000 residents within the two miles square which bound it. And it is a restful city—"sleepy" it might be called by those who count life best occupied in madly chasing dollars some of the time and throwing them away the rest of it. If to be prosperous, to be contented, to be beautiful, to be reasonably well-satisfied with itself but continually striving for solid improvement be symptoms of sleepiness, Santa Barbara has them all—and is proud of it.



A MODERN ADOBE IN SANTA BARBARA. Photo. by Leach.



THE PATIO ENTRANCE.

One of the oldest cities in California—it was founded in 1782 by Fray Junípero Serra—the “local color” of Santa Barbara has retained a deeper tinge from the years before the American occupation than any other place in the State approaching its size, and is all the more interesting for that reason. Full twenty per cent. of its population are of Spanish descent, and one considerable part of the city, but a stone’s throw from the chief thoroughfare, is still given over to the old adobe houses. The Old Mission, on the heights just outside the city limits, is the best preserved mission building in California, and the only one in which the ministrations of the Franciscans has never been interrupted. It is now the headquarters of the Franciscan Order on this coast, and near it has just been completed an impressive stone building to house a college

for the training of young men desiring to enter the order. The Mission was established in 1786, but most of the present buildings date no further back than 1820. If there were nothing else to attract to Santa Barbara, the Mission alone would repay a long pilgrimage to one who can really see and understand.

The street-names of Santa Barbara are worth an article by themselves. No wise aldermanic body has cancelled the historic old Spanish and Indian names to replace them by numbers or to embalm the memory of local politicians. The consequence is that every name has a story attached, and one might spend time with less profit than in learning the names and the stories. For instance, Cañon Perdido (lost cannon) street commemorates the stealing by patriotic native Californians of a brass twelve-pounder brought here in 1847 by the invading American troops. The local authorities could not or would not restore it upon demand, whereupon the military governor fined the town five hundred dollars, and sent a cavalry company up from Los Angeles to enforce collection. Quinientos (500) street was named in rueful honor of the fine, while the governor who imposed it—Mason—also imposed his name upon the adjacent street. Salsipuede ("get-out-if-you-can") street is seamed with ravines and gulches, while Anapamu, Yanonali and Valario were named for Indians of various renown.

THE SANTA BARBARA COUNTRY CLUB, MONTECITO.

Photo. by Leach.



Conspicuously a city of refined and cultivated homes, Santa Barbara's educational facilities are excellent. Some 1,700 children are enrolled at the public schools, which include kindergarten, grammar and high schools, and a manual training school—the pioneer, by the way, of sloyd work in the State. Besides these are a business college, a collegiate school, St. Anthony's College (Franciscan) and the St. Vincent school for girls. The public library, with over 13,000 bound volumes, and a large and well-selected list of periodicals, is open to visitors as well as to residents of the city.

The clubs form a prominent feature of Santa Barbara social life. The Union Club includes the more prominent of the older citizens,



THE NEW FRANCISCAN COLLEGE      Photo. by Edwards.

while the Santa Barbara Club is more favored by the younger men. The Santa Barbara Country Club has its beautiful house and grounds at Montecito on a bluff overlooking the ocean, and is hospitable and delightful. The Women's Club has its own quarters and is a factor of growing importance in the community. The Polo Club, with a superb field, the Golf Club, whose links are exceedingly picturesque as well as "sporting," and the Gun Club, with an unusually fine preserve on Lake Guadalupe, fill their respective spheres to the satisfaction of both members and guests.

Only just outside the category of clubs stands the Chamber of Commerce, which has its own home on the main street, and keeps open doors, with a cordial welcome on tap for all comers.

Of the hotels, the Arlington's supremacy has long been unchallenged, but there are many excellent smaller places, and a long-talked-of plan to put up a superb modern hotel fronting on the ocean seems to be nearing realization. Certainly the opening to through

travel of the Southern Pacific's Coast Line between Los Angeles and San Francisco—hoped for and dreamed about for many years, but



THE ARLINGTON HOTEL.

Photo. by Reed.

barely now accomplished—will add immensely to the tide of tourist travel to Santa Barbara.

It is safer to refrain from prophecy. Yet when so many conditions unite to make Santa Barbara a perfect home for people of culture and refinement who can choose where they shall live, one risks nothing in predicting that it will become one of the most beautiful and attractive cities in all the lands. Never a "great" city, never a commercial metropolis—these would blot its peculiar charm. Only just as perfect a place to home in as there is anywhere.

Of all the holy calendar, tradition has it that Saint Barbara was the fairest to look upon. As she assumed the crown of virgin martyrdom rather more than sixteen centuries ago, this assertion cannot well be either confirmed or disproved. But let her have been never so lovely and gracious, there will be few to dispute that the City of Santa Barbara worthily bears her name.



Photo. by Newton.

## LOS ANGELES AS A WHOLESALE CENTER.

**B**EFORE the railways came to Los Angeles there were two or three houses in the city that called themselves "Wholesale and Retail" by reason of the fact that they distributed some of the goods brought into San Pedro by water to the dealers in the small towns and mining camps in the interior. Although not literally a seaport, Los Angeles is near enough to the ocean to enjoy the advantages of water traffic, provided its people choose to put forth the energy that is needed to make up for the 20 miles of separation. Fortunately this city has from the very beginning of its commercial existence had enterprising and courageous men who have seized every opportunity that came to hand for the development of trade.

When the Central Pacific crossed the mountains, Los Angeles had a large part of the Salt Lake City trade, the Arizona and Nevada trade, which was chiefly with mining camps, the trade with Inyo and Kern counties, and with the interior cities of Southern California. Most of the port towns of Southern California were controlled from San Francisco, and the merchants of the latter city, indeed, did a good part of the business in Los Angeles city. As far back as 1866, however, there was one Los Angeles wholesale house that kept one member of the firm in New York city as a permanent representative. The construction of the Central Pacific cut off the Salt Lake trade and gave it to San Francisco, the Carson and Colorado road took away Inyo county, and when the Southern Pacific came down into the San Joaquin Valley the business of that section naturally went north.

In 1877 the Southern Pacific entered Los Angeles from the north, and a few years later established a connection with the Texas Pacific through to the East. Los Angeles was given the advantage of terminal rates from Eastern points; that is to say, it cost no more to ship from New York or Chicago to Los Angeles than from those points to San Francisco. This was a recognition on the part of the railway of the presence of ocean competition at Los Angeles, and was indeed the basis of its wholesale commercial life. The Interstate Commerce Commission has since then held that a distance of 20 miles from the coast, which can easily be covered by teaming, entitles a city to water competitive privileges in its railway rates. This enables the Los Angeles wholesale merchant—or jobber, as he calls himself in the trade—to bring goods clear through from the East at the same figure he would have to pay for carrying them by water, and then distribute them on local rates back into Arizona and throughout Southern California.

In 1885 the Santa Fé line came through from Chicago, and a passenger and freight war began which settled the region with great rapidity; and although it threw business for a time into utter confusion, in the end it made Los Angeles a veritable jobbing center. Los Angeles street, the old hay market, being a wide thoroughfare and convenient for teaming, was the natural home of this line of trade. From 1887 to the present time the jobbing business of the city has increased in almost an even ratio, until now it occupies about a mile of frontage, includes over 100 houses, and covers every kind of commodity.

Considering the adverse conditions under which wholesale trade has been carried on by Los Angeles, it is surprising that the city has succeeded in acquiring the volume it now enjoys. There is a natural tendency on the part of railways not to increase the number of jobbing centers and not to encourage the growth of the smaller places



more than is necessary. The evident reason for that policy lies in the fact that it pays a railroad better to mass its heaviest business at a few points rather than to spread it out over a number of places. It is cheaper to carry a thousand trainloads of low-priced freight to one place than to carry 100 trainloads to each of ten places.

There is no desire on the part of the railroads to be unjust or to favor one place as against another, but they must of necessity seek the most economical methods of distributing the traffic. Hence in their adjustment of rates they instinctively favor a large jobbing center like San Francisco as against a smaller one like Los Angeles—just as the average merchant is disposed to extend favors to a big customer that he avoids offering to a small one. Then, again, railroads are nervous about making changes in their tariffs, for a little disturbance at one point sometimes disarranges rates over a wide area, and may, perhaps, involve considerable loss of revenue to the company. Now the freight rates of California were originally framed on the theory that there were only two legitimate jobbing centers, to-wit, San Francisco and Sacramento. Other places—five in number—were given terminal rates, but local rates leading out from them were not adjusted with a view to allowing much opportunity for jobbing business. Fortunately, when the Santa Fe came in, there was a great shaking up of rates, and in the readjustment Los Angeles gained several points, but on the next general shaking up—in 1894—Los Angeles lost some of the gain. The fact that the city was not directly on the water front was against it with reference to the coast traffic, and the absence of a deep-water harbor cut off the possibility of Oriental commerce.

In spite of this and other difficulties the jobbing trade of the city has more than held its own with the development in other lines of business. San Francisco competition, which at one time was active throughout the whole of Southern California, is reduced to a minimum. Most of what now exists is carried on through local branches of San Francisco houses. As these local establishments carry a large stock and operate their Southern California business independently of the main house, they are entitled to rank—with respect to the general jobbing trade of Los Angeles—exactly as though they were genuine local houses. A number of Eastern houses keep traveling men in this region, but they do not interfere seriously with the Los Angeles merchants until the Arizona territory is reached. At the point where the freight rate from Chicago or St. Louis equals the through rate to the coast plus the local rate back, the Eastern jobber meets the Los Angeles jobber on equal terms, and beyond that point the Easterner is in control.

The division of territory along this coast to the north has long been regulated by the rates of the steamship line which put the center south of Ventura, in spite of the fact that the geographical center is at San Luis Obispo. The reason for that lay in the haul by rail from Los Angeles to the seaboard which raised the tariff for the Los Angeles jobber and, in effect, increased his distance. When the coast railway line was completed, however, the rates were made to center on San Luis Obispo and Los Angeles gained a strip of new territory that will in time yield good business.

More important than that was the gain recently achieved in the San Joaquin Valley by the promise on the part of the Southern Pacific to put out a new tariff materially reducing the rates now paid by Los Angeles shippers into that region. Heretofore the rates to Bakersfield have been practically equal from San Francisco and Los Angeles, and north of that city the differentials have favored San Francisco, increasing as they went north until by the time Fresno was reached the Los Angeles merchant could do no business at all.



This matter has been a source of dispute for many years, the Los Angeles merchants contending that the Tehachapi climb, which the railroad gave as the reason for the seeming discrimination, should not be figured, since no attention was paid to it in carrying San Francisco goods south into Arizona. During the past year suit was instituted before the State Railway Commission, but before it came to trial a compromise was reached giving the Los Angeles merchants about two-thirds of what they demanded. Bakersfield becomes distinctly Los Angeles territory, and in the portion of this valley north of the geographical center, the San Francisco differentials are sufficiently reduced to allow Los Angeles to do considerable business. Much of the work in the direction of securing new territory for the wholesale trade of Los Angeles has been accomplished by the Associated Jobbers, an organization containing the larger wholesale and manufacturing houses of the city.

Its membership at the present time includes the following:  
 American Steel & Wire Co., Baker & Hamilton, Baker Iron Works, Barkley-Stetson-Preston Co., Bishop & Co., Blake, Moffitt & Towne, F.W. Braun & Co., California Hardware Co., Cass-Smurr Stove Co., R. L. Craig & Co., The Crane Co., Cudahy Packing Co., W. P. Fuller Co., Haas, Baruch & Co.

Harper & Reynolds Co., Hayden & Lewis Co., R. H. Herron & Co., Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, J. D. Hooker Co., Hulse, Bradford & Co., Hunt & Eichelberger, Ice & Cold Storage Co., Lacy Manufacturing Co., Los Angeles Soap Co., Maier & Zobelein, W. W. Montague & Co., Newmark Bros., M. A. Newmark & Co., Pacific Creamery Co., Pacific Crockery & Tinware Co., Pacific Coast Manufacturing Co., Percival Iron Co., Standard Woodenware Co., Southern California Fruit Co., Union Hdw. & Metal Co., Western Wholesale Drug Co.

Los Angeles has been thus far entirely shut out of the Mexican and Central American trade, and it does no business with the Orient. These are conditions that are likely to change as soon as the harbor is completed. The construction of the line to Salt Lake and to Inyo county will give this city valuable trade acquisitions in those fields. Within the next five or six years some remarkable developments are to be expected in the wholesale business of Los Angeles.



BEAR CREEK, SAN GABRIEL RANGE. (See Mr. Lukens's Article.)



THE MT. WILSON. (How Mr. Loken's Artistic)



DECEMBER, 1901

Vol. XV. No. 6

enceforth **"OUT WEST"**

LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA

# THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



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EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS

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**THE CAMPANILE AT PALA. [See The Landmarks Club.]**





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 15, No. 6

DECEMBER, 1901

## THE BURGHER'S WIFE.

(In the British Detention Camp.)

BY MARY AUSTIN.



OUTSIDE, the guard goes heavily, the sun  
beats on the roof,  
He hears the sick ones moaning but he  
hold his eyes aloof ;  
In heaven is only sun-glâre, dust-devils on  
the veldt,  
We could not pray the clouds up, however  
long we knelt.

There are women who are sullen, there are women who are  
wild,

And one perhaps is hopeful, but that one has no child ;  
Katrina raved when yesternoon they took her last away,  
Annetje's went at candle light, and mine will go today.

And is it you, brave England, that holds us in the  
pen—

Making war on wives and children, since you cannot  
match our men ?

Will you swallow up our nation, make our name as  
naught, you think ?

By the living God of Dutchmen, you shall spew the  
broth you drink !

I had seven sons, how long ago! Seven and my good man,  
And Greta—only woman-child that came to me and Jan—  
Six strong sons of my body, and one that still was small ;  
They were stout for war or praying, and their country took  
them all—

The wolf, the kite, the river trench, by kopje and by veldt.  
I did not weep, though all their wounds I in my body felt ;  
It was I that scoured their rifles—one had hardly done with  
play—

I did not weep to see them go, but I shall weep today.

And is it wise, Great England, to build your greatness so ?

You that fatten on small peoples—though, God's  
faith, the meal is slow!—

Growing wider by the holdings of a simpler, feebler  
folk.

It is fatness where no strength is, and you too shall  
feel the yoke.

But once I wept for Wilhelm—he had his father's looks—  
The day that he was turned sixteen he put away his books,  
“ Now, kiss me mother, let me go, for I am grown a man”—  
And so I wept for Wilhelm, though I did not weep for Jan.  
And for myself no whimper. I am past my bearing time,  
But I weep to know my woman-child must die before her  
prime.

Is no coolness on the pillow for the tender, fevered head ?  
Is no comfort in the sickness but my tear, and captive's  
bread ?

It is not for you, O England, to give me back my  
sons,

We have paid the tale twice over by the coughing,  
spitting guns;

But the small graves of the children, they are yawning  
in the sod—

Deep enough to gulf your glory—high to witness  
unto God.

## A WEEK OF WONDERS.

### II.



SUNRISE of Oct. 24th saw us stringing out under a dense cloud that brooded upon the Continental Divide, headed for the Chaco Cañon, 65 miles north. Our procession was as it were a hyphen from the old days to the new; for perhaps never before did New Mexico witness a retinue not only of seven or eight honest Studebakers, with wagon-sheets and bows, and as many saddle-horses of all degrees from my Navajo *matalote* to "Dick's" magnificent mount—but even a barouche and a pneumatic-tired buggy. At the latter, the very roads of New Mexico might have been expected to "pitch." This varied outfit was of the Hyde Exploring Expedition—a morganatic marriage of commerce with science; its expectation of posterity being to corner the Navajo blanket market in particular, and to amass archæological knowledge and specimens for the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Whatever shall be the issue of these parental forecasts, there is no doubt of the present status of the concern. Anyone who has known the efficient lay work done for years among the cliff-dwellers of the "San Juan country," or ever met that small, steel-sinewed, square-jawed, silent person who has conquered the love of the Navajos, the Richard Wetherill who is manager of the "H. E. E.," will know that things will be done according to whatever program the ultimate heads shall have wisdom to outline. For the rest, it is enough to say here that Mr. Wetherill handled the problem of such a party in a way to win admiration and gratitude.

Up the long "draws" between the red mesas, down the tortuous windings of the Cañon Agua Negra Chiquita—at whose well we made noon camp—and out into the impressive plains we struggled. A few of us made a short detour and picked up pottery and bits of turquoise at the lonely little prehistoric ruin of Ki-a-a, the "Pueblo Alto" of the Mexicans of San Mateo—a many-storied building whose highest point was square outside and round within. At night we camped at the Pintado, where there is a seep of fair water, and where Mr. Wetherill had pitched seven tents for our party. The fifty or sixty Navajos who were along needed no such luxuries; but around our campfire they gave us, after our supper and our singing, an extremely interesting and barbaric dance.

In time for early dinner next day we were in Chaco

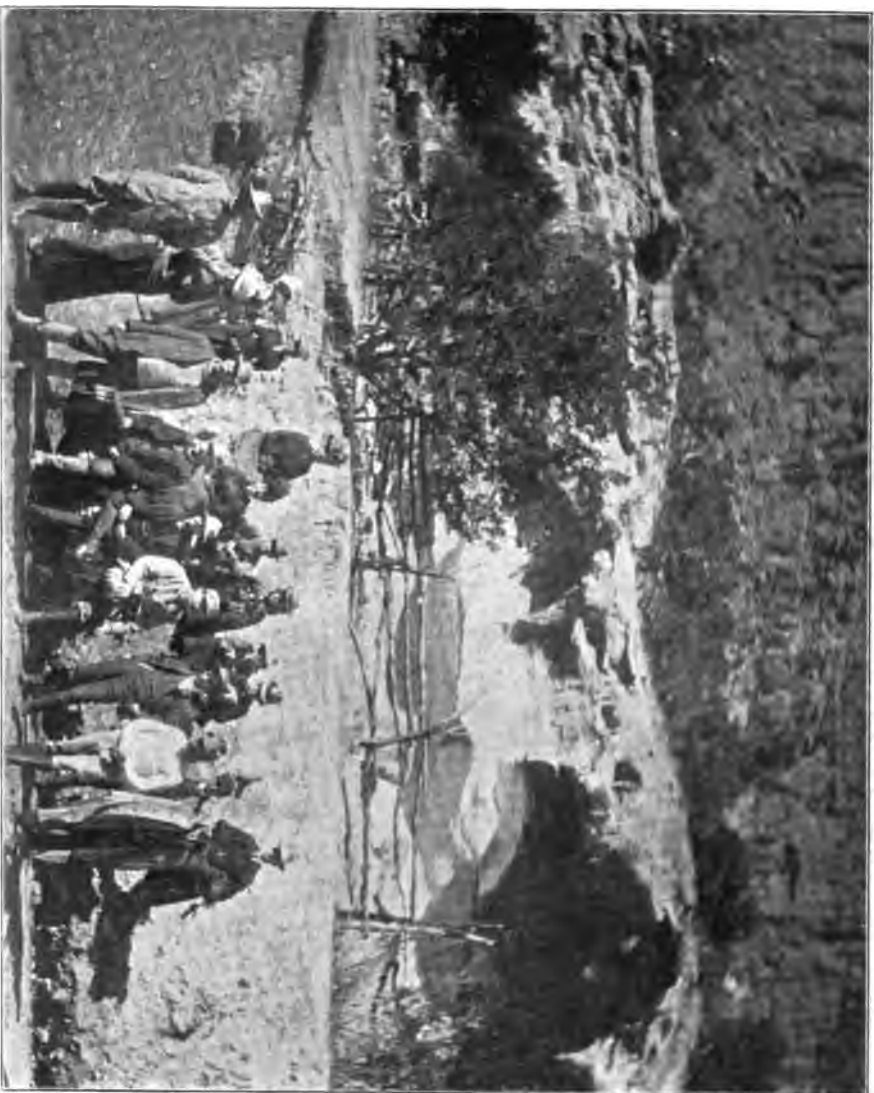
Cañon, where Mr. Wetherill's homestead and the H. E. E. store fairly jostle the bones of the past. He has built beside the ruins of that wonderful structure the Pueblo Bonito, and even occupies some of its ancient rooms. Down by the "boarding-house," a couple of hundred yards west, are the ruins of the Pueblo del Arroyo; quarter of a mile east—under the same fine cliff which walls the valley on



RUINS OF THE PUEBLO DEL ARROYO. Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

the north—are the ruins of Chetro-Kettle; and upon the cliff itself, a little back, are two other immemorial ruins. The whole region is peppered with them.

This is not the place for a description nor for a discussion of the Chaco ruins. The accompanying photographs and a few data about the Pueblo Bonito must suffice here. Those who care to know more may go and see these astonishing monuments, and consult the works of Bandelier, Lieut. Simpson (1849), W. H. Jackson (1874), and the other interesting brochures of Dr. Pepper of the American Museum of Natural History.



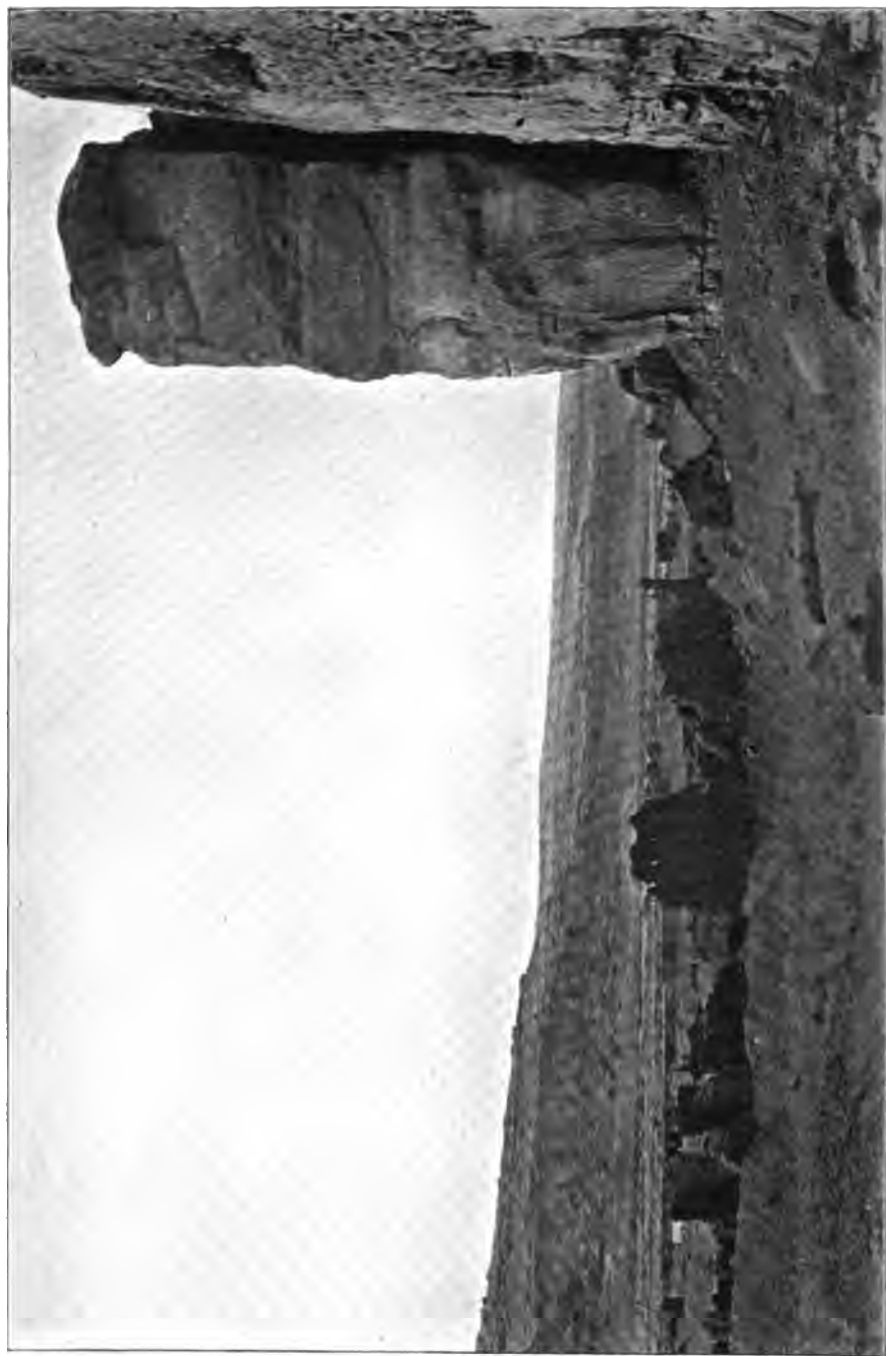
Pres. E. P. Ripley and party in Cañon Agua Negra Chiquita.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis





Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.  
PRES. RIPLEY'S PARTY COMING UP THE GRADE, CAÑON AGUA NEGRA CHIQUITA.



RUINS OF PUEBLO BONITO, AND THE CLIFF PALACE, FROM NORTHEAST.

Photo. by Clara F. Lummi.





NORTH WALL OF KI-A-A.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



AN ESTUFA IN PUEBLO BONITO.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

The Pueblo Bonito is built in a semicircle, apparently symmetrical, but really not so, its chord facing the arroyo in the middle of the narrow valley, its arc toward the hundred-foot cliff, which is the valley's northern bound. The chord measures 540 feet; the distance from it to the zenith of the arc is 350 feet; the total perimeter was about 1300 feet. The pueblo was in fact one huge building, in parts four stories high. Mr. Wetherill—who has, by practical experience, the best right to know—estimates that it contains at least 1200 rooms. It was the only other pueblo in New Mexico in the same category as Pecos (Coronado's "Cicuye"), the latter being a little the larger, but both ex-

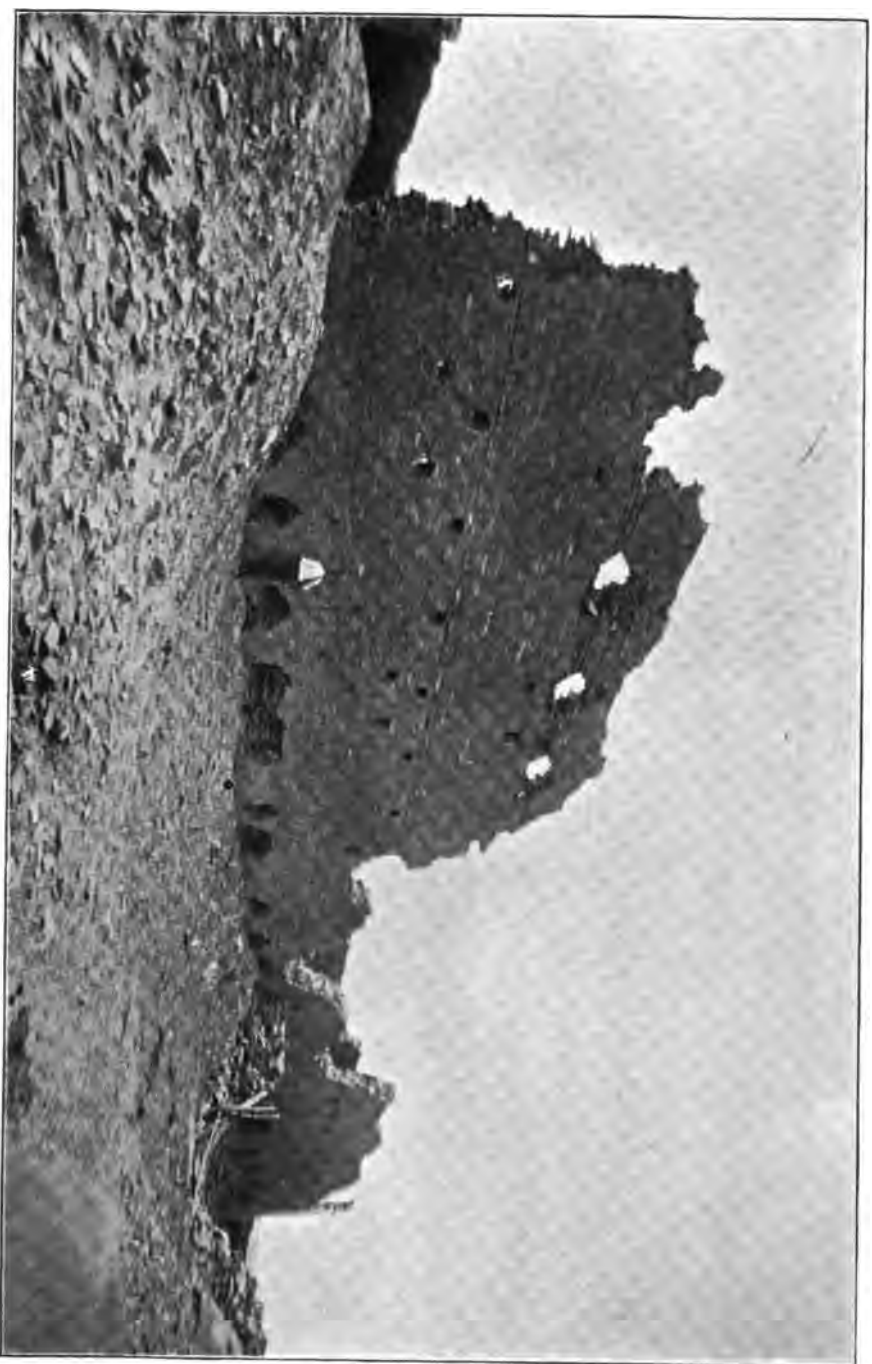


PURBLO BONITO- THE "CEREMONIAL TRENCH." Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



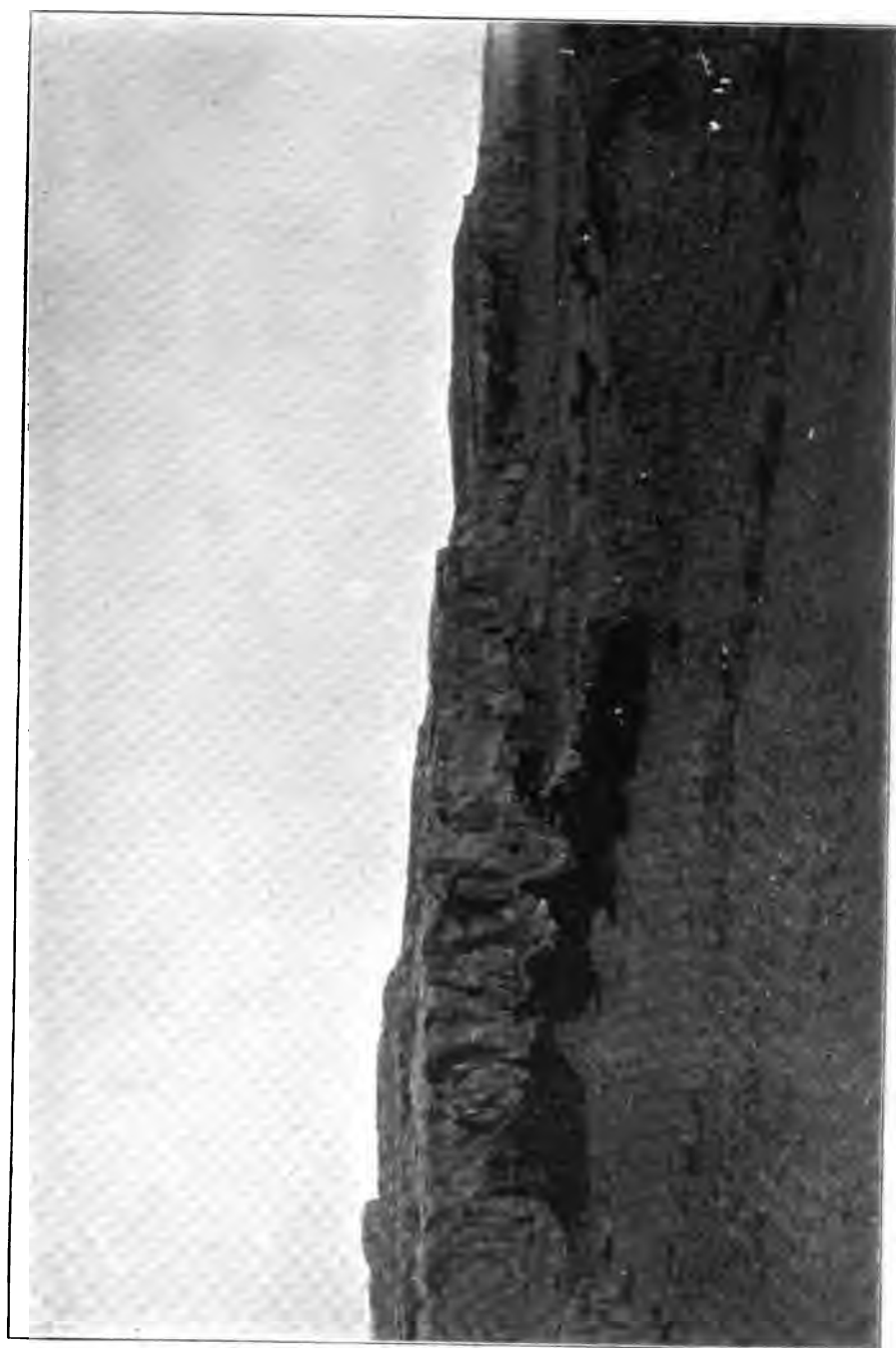
A CORNER OF THE PEÑON DE LOS ANGELES

Photo by Chas. E. Lammie



NORTH WALL OF PUEBLO BONITO.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.



RUINS OF THE PREHISTORIC PUEBLO OF CHETRO-KETTLE.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummitz.

ceeding by much any other Indian town in the United States in prehistoric times. About 180 rooms have already been excavated—or, counting additional stories, where they existed, about 360. Nearest the cliff the walls still stand full 30 feet high. In some of the ground-floor rooms, which have been excavated, the wooden ceilings and lintels are apparently as perfect as the day they were put in place. The estufas, of which some half-dozen have been uncovered, have some remarkable features, (see Dr. Pepper's paper).

But perhaps even more than by the area, height and plan of this noble ruin, the visitor will be impressed by its magnificent masonry, of which the photographs give but an inadequate idea. One can hardly blame the "arm-chair explorer," for the first time confronted with these beautiful walls, who declares that they are "of cut stone." Of course there was no cut-stone masonry in ancient New Mexico; the friendly fractures of the Sandstones were enough. But outside the peerless bronze-tool carvings of Cuzco and Tiahuanaco and their class, I know no other walls quite so impressive. You can run a spade down them as you would a plank; and while our modern masonry is very different, it is no more expert. In the rooms filled with the debris of ruin, the excavators have found an enormous quantity of valuable antiquities.

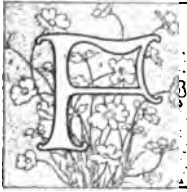
On the second ledge of the big northerly mesa is a remarkable trench running some hundreds of yards but only about three inches wide and three deep. It runs up hill and down, and could not, therefore, have served as a run for water. About a dozen feet south of it are the remains of a wall, which was, perhaps, waist-high. Its utility is obscure; but it was probably ceremonial. The photograph shows a few rods of its course. The figure beside it is that of a Harvard A.B. and A.M., studying here for his Ph. D., and already deep in the language and lore of the Navajos—Mr. A. M. Tozzer. Another recent Harvard graduate, Mr. J. L. Clarke, is also at Pueblo Bonito. It is highly typical of the West that here, in about as remote a corner as "civilized" people ever get to, the Chautauquan smatterer from Boston or New York runs against men who can correct his accent.

The party had twenty-four hours at Pueblo Bonito and its circumjacent ruins; acquired many curios and more photographs; reversed its itinerary, via Pintado, Ki-a-a, Cañon Agua Negra Chiquita, with keen interest and entire comfort; and at dark on the 27th the special rolled westward from Thoreau, bound for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

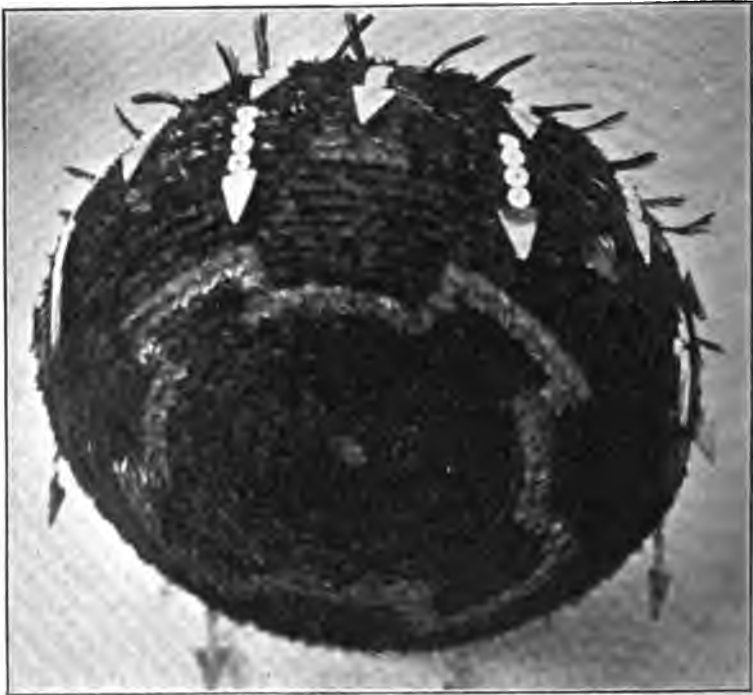
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## THE POMO INDIAN BASKETS AND THEIR MAKERS.

BY CARL PURDY.\*



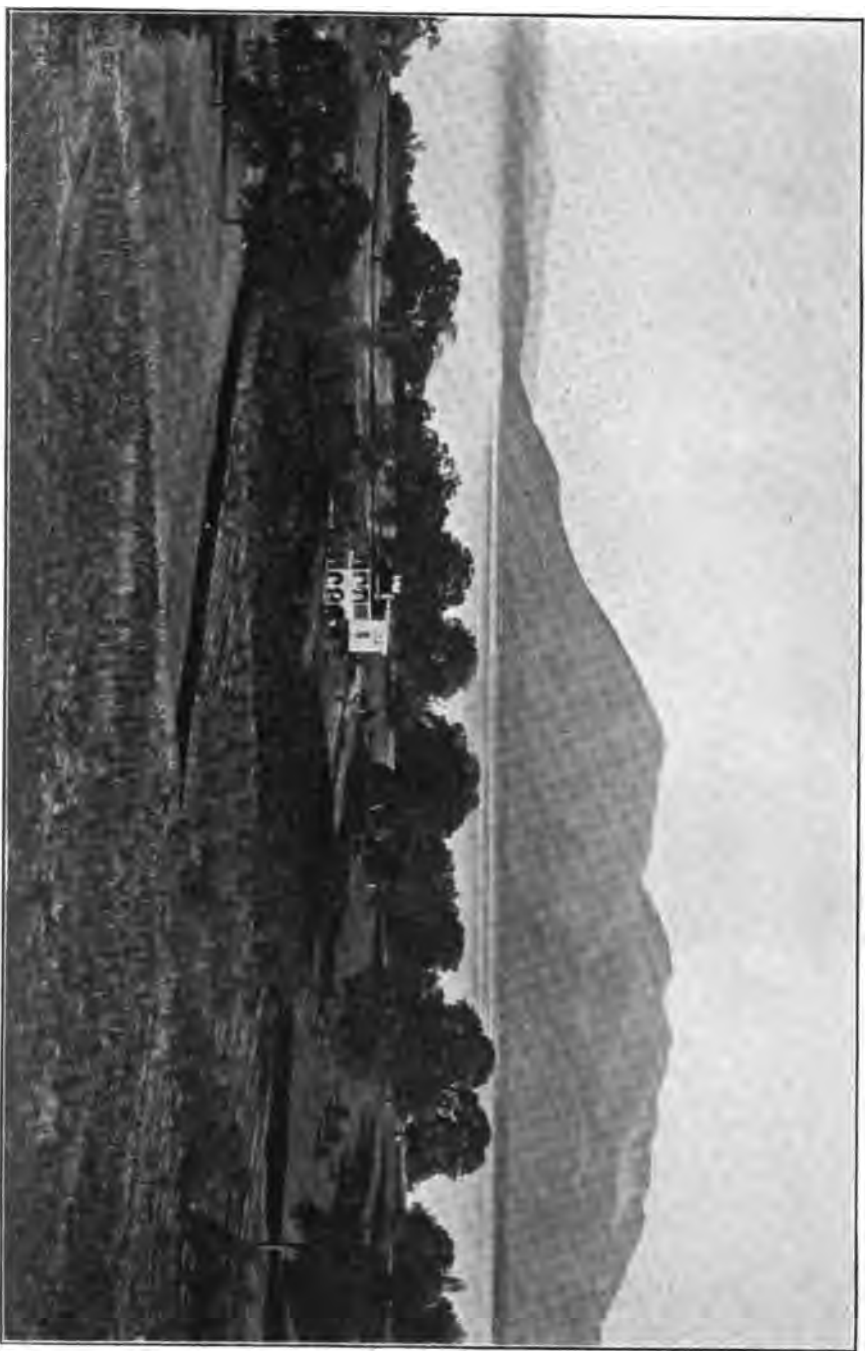
FIFTY years ago the many wild, mountain-hemmed valleys of Lake and Mendocino counties were each the home of one or several small Indian tribes entirely independent of all others, and speaking a language at best only partly intelligible to their nearest neighbors. The Franciscan Fathers, who had gathered the tribes of the central and southern parts of California into the Missions, now California's most picturesque ruins, had



A FEATHERED JEWEL—A POMO "E-pi-ca."

\* See this magazine for April, 1901. Mr. Purdy is the famous bulb specialist, and doubtless the best posted man in California, and, with very few exceptions, the best posted anywhere, on the California Indian baskets which attract and astonish collectors the world over. Interesting to many classes, to collectors this series of articles by Mr. Purdy will prove perhaps the most valuable ever yet published. Following installments will deal with the different basket forms and the principal weaves, with expert illustrations.—En.





CLEAR LAKE—THE HEART OF THE POMO COUNTRY.

never gained a hold on the secluded mountaineers. The traders of the Hudson Bay Company, whose influence upon the Indians of the great Northwest is still so apparent, had not come so far south, while the Mexican soldiers who attempted to penetrate these fastnesses met with a reception so warm that it was still fresh in their memory when, in the year 1846, the United States succeeded Mexico as sovereign of California.

At that date these little tribes were scarcely more affected by civilization than when Columbus discovered the New World.

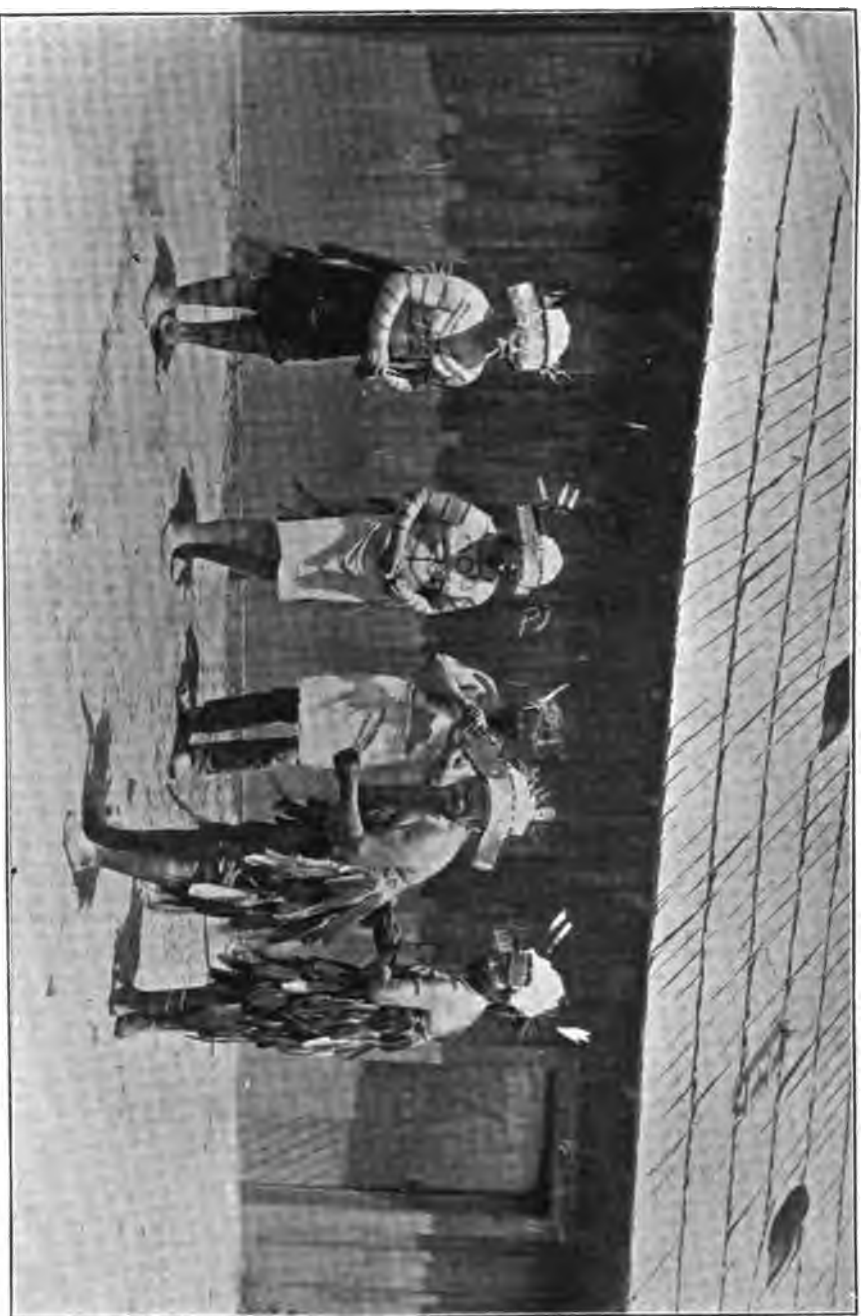
In the early 'Fifties, American settlers began to push into the beautiful valleys which had so long been their



71 STITCHES TO THE INCH—LIFE-SIZE.

homes. At first they were not molested by the Indians, and it was only when unprincipled scoundrels had kidnapped their children by scores to be sold into slavery and otherwise most outrageously maltreated them that they rose and killed several of their worst enemies. The usual result happened. The Indians of the Clear Lake region fled to an island which stands among the marshes at the upper end of the lake, an ancient stronghold of theirs. They were pursued by soldiers and defeated. The peace then made has never been broken. The Indians returned to their homes, where they still live.

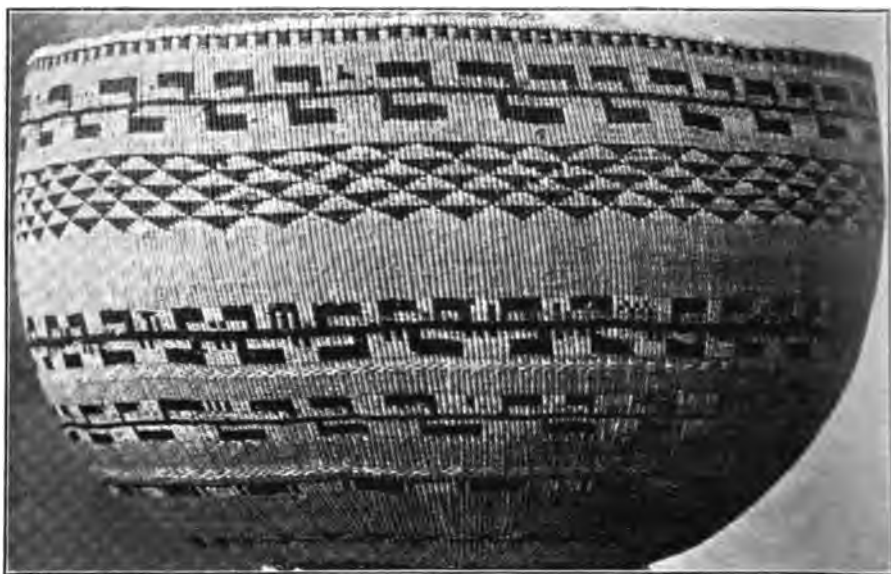
The tribes of northeastern Mendocino county were of a



POMO DANCERS OUTSIDE THE SWEAT-HOUSE.

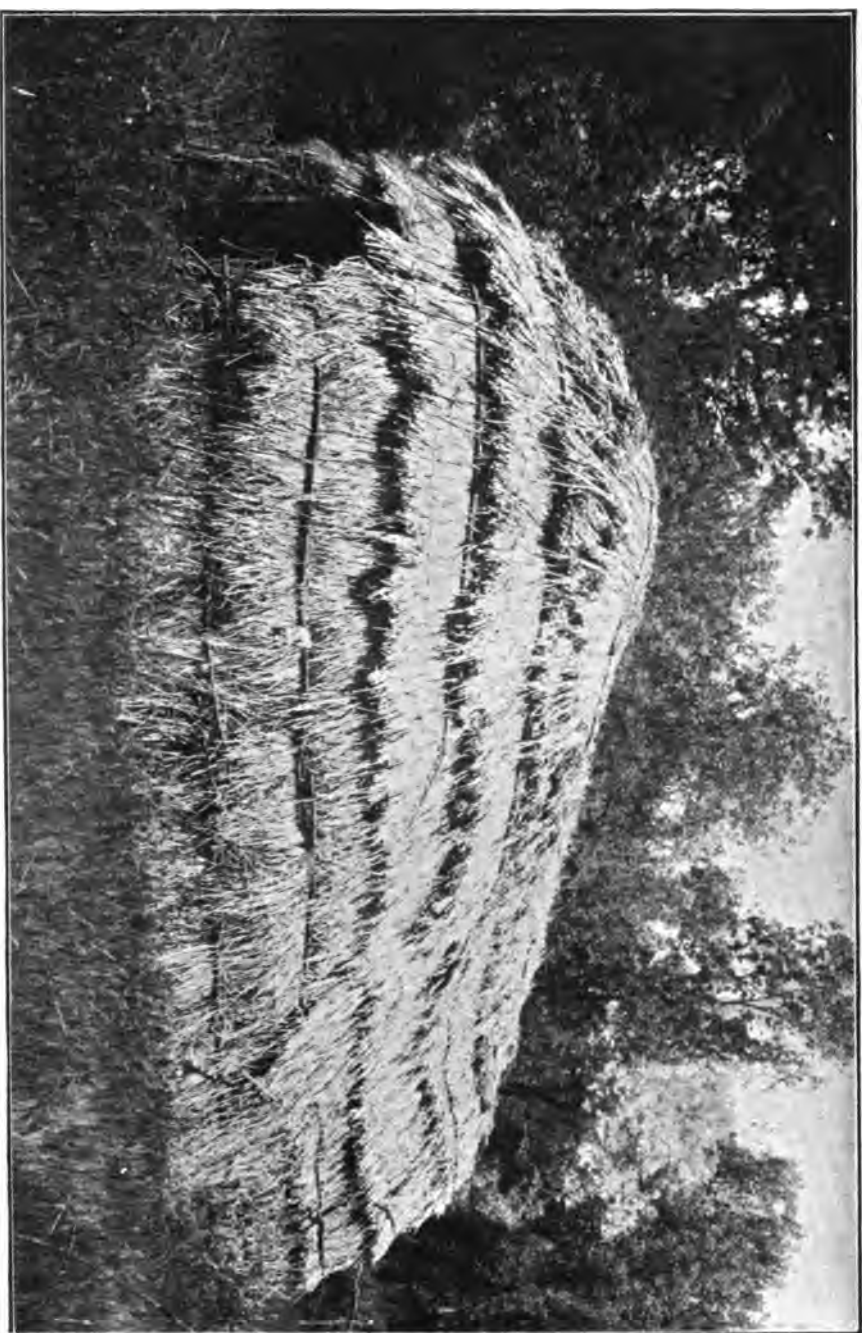
different race and more warlike character. Their resistance was more stubborn ; and, according to the old settlers, there was a considerable period of frontier warfare. When the Indians of that region were conquered they were placed upon the Round Valley Indian reservation, where they now are.

The leading tribes of Mendocino county are the Sanelos of Sanel Valley, the Yokayos of Ukiah Valley, the Ballo Kai Pomo of Potter Valley, the Ukis of Round Valley, and the Calpellas. Four tribes lived about the upper end of Clear Lake ; of these, three are practically consolidated. In Big Valley, west of the lake, were the Kabenapo and



A PAM-TUSH BOWL.

the Palanapo. Most of these are now collected in a mission near Kelseyville under the care of the Franciscan Fathers. At the southern end of the lake are the Lower Lakes, the Makhelchel of some writers. In northern Sonoma county the Wappos lived in Alexander Valley, the Gallynomeros about Healdsburg. Along the Mendocino coast were several other tribes, while the lesser valleys each harbored one. In all there were something like thirty of these little tribes, no one of which probably numbered over 500 people, each with its own chief and a language more or less distinct—as separate from its neighbor as France is from



OLD STYLE POKO HOUSE, OF WICER-WORK.

Italy. Often the Indians at one end of a valley could not converse with their neighbors at the other end; and, indeed, at this late day, the Indians aboriginal to the two ends of Ukiah Valley (which is about eight miles long) find English the more convenient language when they meet.

In the language of the Indians of Upper Ukiah, Redwood and Potter Valleys, the word Pomo means "people," while in the northern Lake county Napo has the same meaning. Thus in the tongue of the former the Potter Valley Indians are the Ballo Kai Pomo, or Oat Valley People; those of Ukiah, Yokai Pomo, or South Valley People; the lake tribes, Shoke Pomo or Lake People.\* Similarly in Lake county, the tribes on the hilly edge of Big Valley were Kabenapo or Rock People. Those who lived down by the waters of Clear Lake were Talanapo or Pond Lily People, and that tribe which lived in the bushy region along Cache Creek were Khinapo or Wood People, etc. As will be seen all tribal names were descriptive with the suffix *People*.

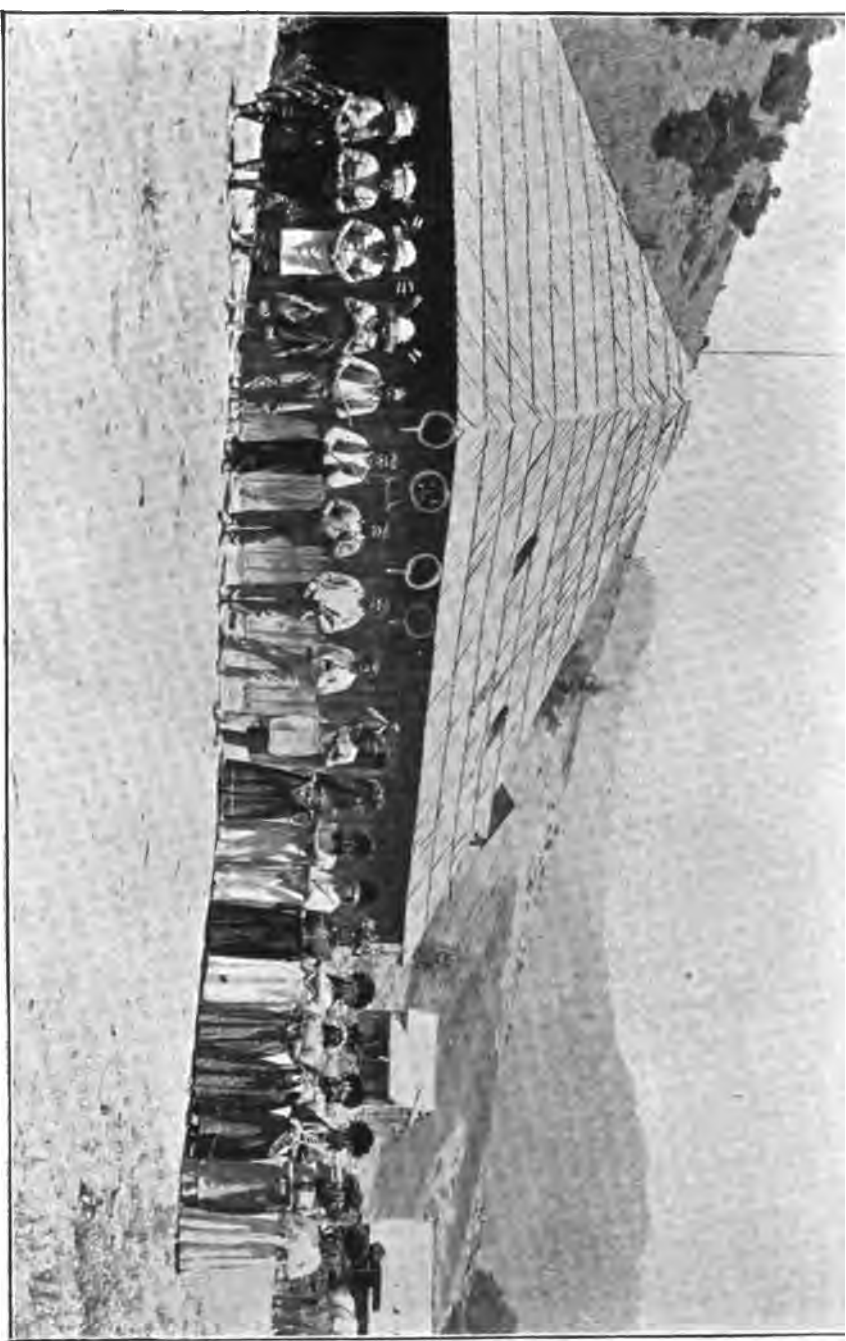
Properly speaking, therefore, there is no such a tribe as the Pomos.

The name Pomo was first used by Mr. Stephen Powers, whose studies of the California Indians from 1873 to 1876 were embodied in a most interesting volume of the United States Government Reports in 1876. Mr. Powers's use of the word was in designating a linguistic group rather than a tribe proper, and in that sense it is now accepted by the best authorities.

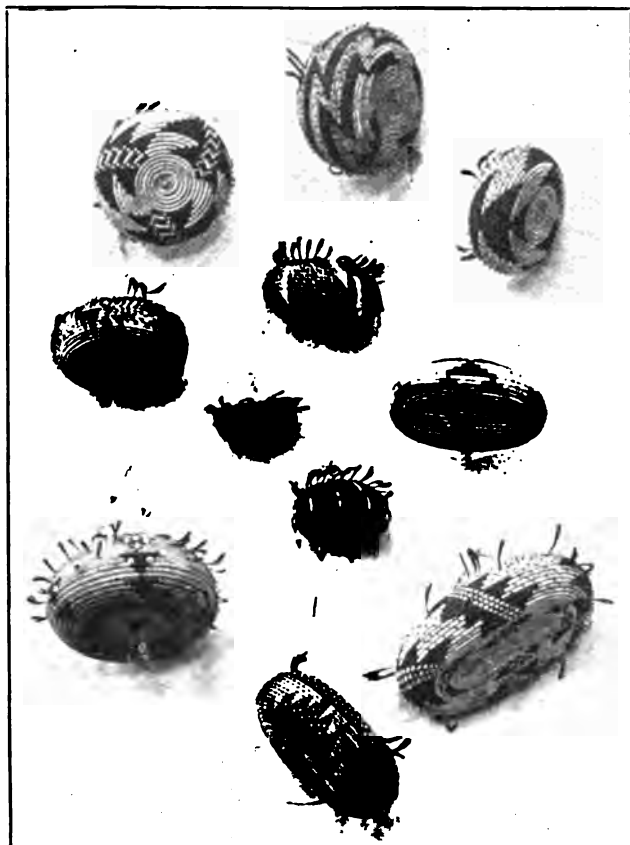
The customs, arts and physiognomies of all of the tribes I have mentioned are very similar, and while there is much difference in language there is sufficient likeness to make it certain that all were derived from the same stock. The name Pomo in this sense is as good as any other, and is generally accepted, while all of their baskets are called *Pomos*.

The Indian words for weaves and classes of Pomo baskets which are in use among many collectors are from the dialect of the Yokayo, Upper Yokai, Calpella and Potter Valley tribes (which are closely related). Among the other tribes altogether different words are used. Thus the word basket in Potter is "pi-ka", at Upper Lake "si-tol", at Lower Lake "kō-lob," at Cache Creek "ká-wáh." Throughout this article all Indian words are from the Potter Valley Pomo unless otherwise stated. Doctor Hudson's writings have made the basket collectors more or less familiar with these words, and there could be no possible excuse for changing. The spelling used is that recommended by the

\*Each of the tribes living in Ukiah Valley now claim the name Yokai.



A POKO SWEAT-HOUSE.



POMO "SHI-PUS."

Smithsonian Institute. The arts, customs and legends of the Pomos are peculiarly interesting, and a most readable volume could be written with them as a subject. In the space at my command I can only give a suggestion of the wealth of material.

Each little tribe was an independent nation as to government, and few alliances were formed with their neighbors. The fact that distinct dialects were maintained at opposite ends of the small valley is sufficient proof that there was little intermarriage.

Until long after the white man came, their winter homes were domes of wickerwork, thatched heavily with grass or tules, and the older people still build such homes. The beautiful photograph found on page 433 is of such a house



still standing in good preservation in the center of Big Valley, Lake county, and was taken this spring. It so perfectly shows the manner of construction as to make description unnecessary. In such a house three generations of a family lived and stored their food. The center was occupied by open fires, the smoke finding vent through a hole in the roof. Great storage baskets filled with acorns were stacked on the sides, fish hung on strings on the walls, and the whole family life went on within. The summer house was also of wicker work covered with boughs, and the tribe often moved several times a year, as acorns, fish or game, or dry quarters were the desiderata.

Their women carried great loads in the conical baskets, suspended in a net which had a broad band which passed across the forehead. When the woman bent forward the weight rested on the back and was steadied by the head. A great variety of seeds, bulbs and roots were used for food. The soap root, "*Chlorogalum*," was used for laundry purposes, and also was beaten into a pulp and placed in streams and pools to stupefy the fish. The great food staple of the Pomo tribes was the acorn; this, the great number of oaks of various sorts, which are such a scenic feature in the region they inhabit, furnished in abundance. Each winter village contained the sweat-house, an institution inseparable from their social and religious life. It was a circular excavation roofed with timbers to form a cone and covered with soil. The largest were thirty or forty feet across. In it their dances and other assemblages were held. The building portrayed on page 445 is a modernized adaptation of the plan. Few of the old-style sweat-houses are now to be found.

Their dances were of a medical or religious character, and the costumes and chants varied according to the occasion. I well remember a great dance which occurred in 1873. At the rancheria five miles south of Ukiah an immense sweat house was built, and the Indians gathered there from far and near. For weeks dances took place day and night; the big building was crowded with savage faces; the dancers, in the middle, naked except for a feathered skirt about the waist and hideously painted, the barbaric musical accompaniment and the chants, now low and then rising to cries which could be heard for miles, made a scene to impress itself indelibly on the mind of the white onlooker. Dances still take place occasionally, and the costumes in the accompanying photographs are essentially the ancient ones, plus some extra clothing.

When a death occurred, the body, together with the

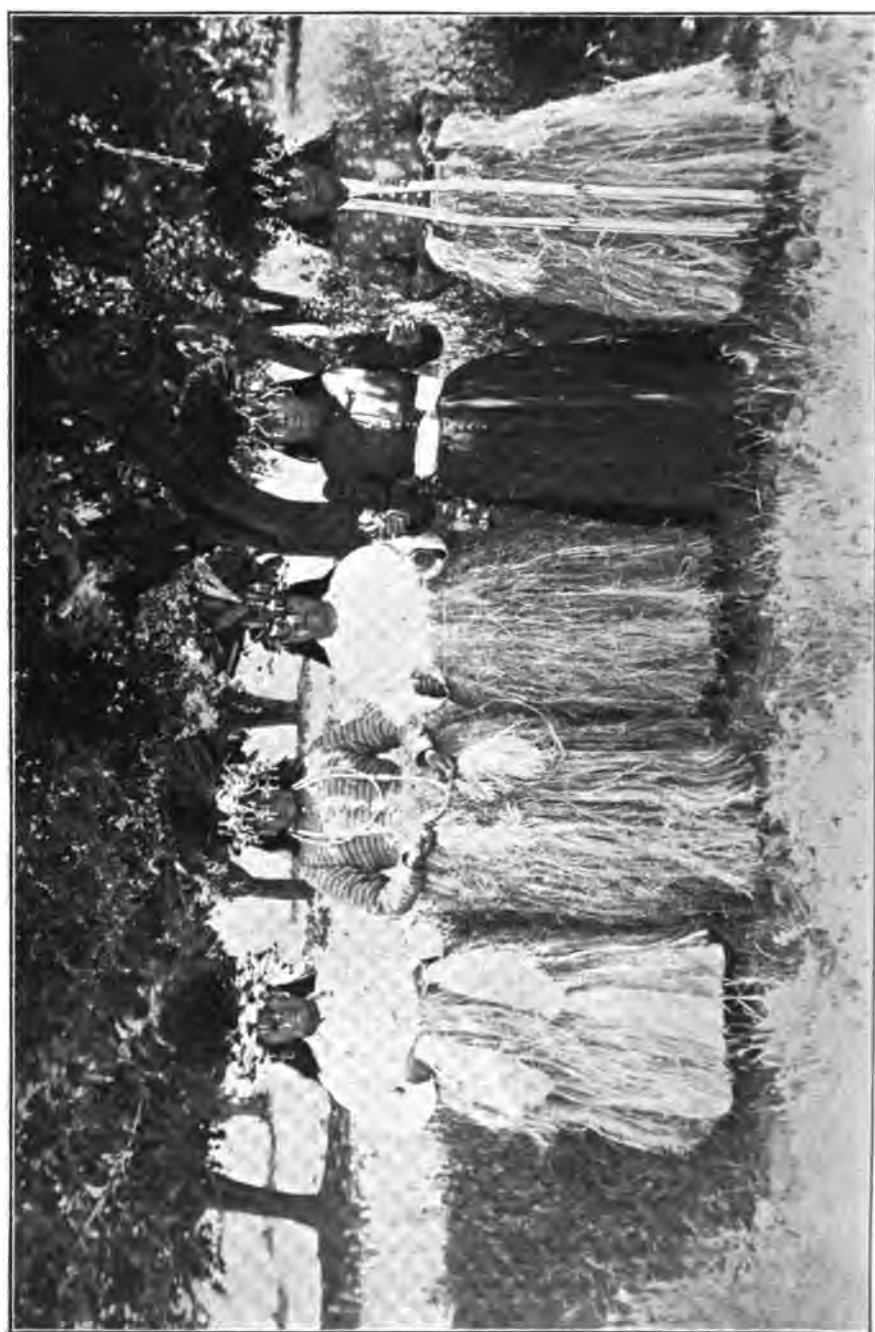


FIGURE 1. A GROUP OF THE HAWAIIANS.

most precious effects of the deceased and presents from friends, was burned. The house in which a death occurred was also burned. Cremation continued to be practiced until the late 'Seventies, and then gradually gave way to burial. They still burn or bury valuable articles with the deceased. The house is not now burned, but is almost always torn down and moved. This custom accounts for the very poor dwellings among the Indians, as compared with their quite valuable belongings of other sorts. The entire tribe joined in the cremation of the deceased, and the wild wails could be heard for miles. The near relatives mourned for a long period, using what sounds like a set formula of wails and cries repeated again and again.

They were inveterate gamblers. Their favorite game of chance was the grass game, and on it they risked every worldly possession. From Bodega Bay they secured clam shells from which they chipped white bits. These were first drilled, and then, by a laborious process, reduced to circular disks of different sizes. This was Indian money, or "kiah," and was strung according to size. It was and still is common currency among not only the Pomo tribes but their Indian neighbors. Many thousands of pieces are coined yearly, and the Indian money-maker is a familiar sight in every rancheria. Their currency was, if I may use the word, bimetallic. Nodules of magnesite were mined at a point on Cache creek, about five miles from Clear Lake. When subjected to a slow baking process colors something like agate were developed. It was then shaped into cylinders one to three inches long, and strung as "kiah" was.

Unless the student is thoroughly conversant with an Indian language, it is very difficult to learn their myths and legends in a way that is reliable. We have a sufficient glimpse at those of the Pomos to know that they were very interesting, as were their religious beliefs.

Physically the Pomos were rather fine specimens. Especially was this true about Clear Lake. Many of the men were six feet high, of powerful build, and weighing one hundred and eighty to two hundred and twenty pounds. The women were short and very broad. Probably the heavy loads they carried from childhood up had something to do with this.

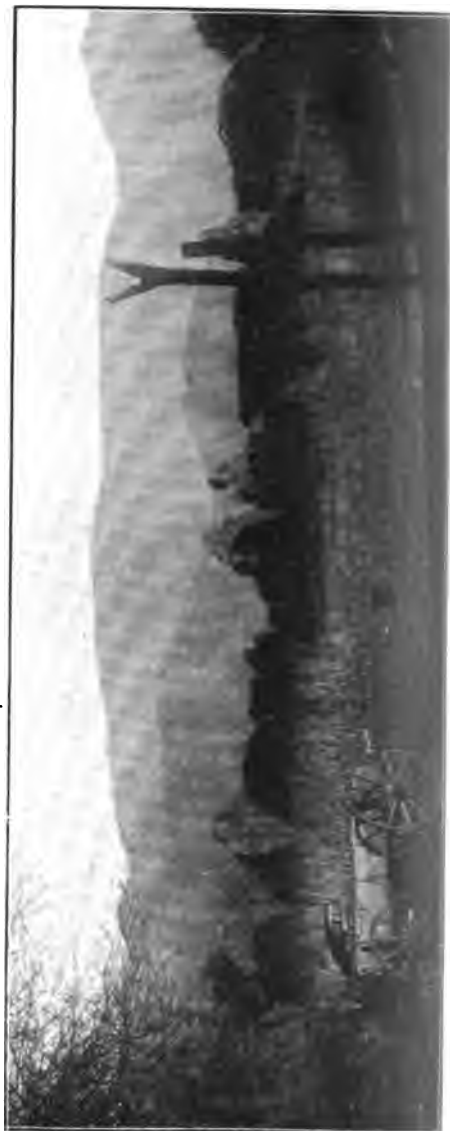
Interesting as the customs of the Pomos are, they would hardly have been heard of away from the region they inhabit were it not that as basket makers they are wonderfully proficient.

Ukiah, Cal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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The Club's Supervising Committee, consisting of architects Hunt and Benton and the president, visited Pala, San Diego county, Cal., Nov. 20 and 21, to arrange for the immediate repair of the Old Mission Chapel, a work made possible by the generous gift of \$500 by Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, and now as generously facilitated by the fine patriotism of the people of Pala.

At Fallbrook, the railroad terminus, the committee was met by Ami V. Golsh (a Pala ranchero who has interested himself deeply in the work), and driven the 15 miles to the little hamlet in its beautiful *bolson* at the very base of 6,000-foot Mt. Palomar.

The old chapel was found in much better condition for salvage than had been feared. The earthquake of two years ago—which was particularly severe at this point—ruined the roof and cracked the characteristic belfry, which stands apart. But thanks to repairs to the roof made five or six years ago by the unassisted people, the adobe walls of the chapel are in excellent preservation. Even the quaint old Indian decorations have suffered almost nothing. The tile floor is in better condition than at any of the other Missions, but hardly a vestige of the adobe-pillared cloisters remains. Tiles are falling into the chapel through yawning gaps, and it is really dangerous to enter. It will be necessary to reroof the entire structure. The sound tiles will be carefully stacked on the ground, the timbers removed, and a solid roof-structure built, upon which the original tiles will be replaced. The original construction will be followed; and round pine logs will be procured from Mt. Palomar to replace



THE PALA STORE.

those no longer dependable. The cloisters will be rebuilt precisely as they were, and invisible iron bands will be used to strengthen the campanile against possible later earthquakes.

In the evening, after the committee had made its measures and specifications for the necessary repairs, there was a little gathering in the little store. The immediate valley contains about a dozen "American" families, and about as many more Mexicans and Indians, and about 15 heads of these families were present. After a brief statement of the situation, the Paleños were asked if they would help. "I will give 10 days' work," said John A. Giddens, the first to respond. "Another ten," said Luis Carillo. And so it went. There was not a man present who did not promise assistance. The following additional subscriptions were taken in ten minutes: Ami V. Golsh, 25 days' work; Luis Soberano, 15 days; Isidoro Garcia, 10 days; Teofilo Peters and Louis Salmons, 5 days each with team (equivalent to 10 days for a man); Dolores Salazar, Eustaquio Lugo, Tomás Salazar, Ignacio Valenzuela, 6 days each;

Geo. Steiger and Francisco Ardillo, 5 days each. These subscriptions amount to at least \$1.75 a day each, so the Pala contribution in work is full \$217. Besides this Mr. Frank A. Salmons subscribed \$10; and other contributions are expected. It is also fitting that the Club acknowledge gratefully the courtesies which gave two

days of Mr. Golsh's time to bringing the committee from and back to Fallbrook, and the charming entertainment provided by Mr. and Mrs. Salmons. The entire trip was heart-warming; and the liberal spirit of this little settlement of American ranchers and Indians and Mexicans surpasses all records in the Club's history. For that matter, while Mr. Carnegie is better known, he has never yet done anything so large in proportion.

At a meeting of the directors of the Club, Nov. 25, J. G. Mossin of the California Bank was elected director and treasurer in place of the late Frank A. Gibson; and Rev. M. S. Liébana of the Plaza Church was elected director in place of Rev. J. Adams, now in Spain.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LANDMARK WORK.

Previously acknowledged, \$4,373.

New contributions—in labor, A. V. Golsh, \$44; Luis Soberano, \$27; John A. Giddens, \$17.50; Luis Carillo, \$17.50; Isidoro Garcia, \$17.50; Louis Salmons, \$17.50; Teofilo Peters, \$17.50; Dolores Salazar, \$10.50; Eustaquio Lugo, \$10.50; Tomás Salazar, \$10.50; Ignacio Valenzuela, \$10.50; Frank A. Salmons, \$10; Francisco Ardillo, \$9; Geo. Steiger, \$9; all of Pala. Cash, Hon. Thos. R. Bard, Hueneme, Cal., \$2. \$1 each—Mr. Collier, Riverside, Cal.; Albert McFarland, Mrs. Albert McFarland, Mrs. J. Torrey Connor, Los Angeles.

## THE PAINTED DESERT.

BY HARRISON CONRAD.



HE sun-god loves thee though the rain-god  
hates,  
And with strange witchery on thy  
sands he plays;  
Wide ope he swings his vast cerulean  
gates,  
And with mysterious colors in his rays,  
Pours down his ardent floods that, tide on  
tide,

In shoreless billows surging infinite,  
Fall on thy bubbling caldron, vision-wide,  
In quivering waves of myriad-tinted light.

The sun-god loves thee, for with luminous breath,  
Expanding wide from his ethereal car,  
Thrilling with life thy sullen dunes of death  
And with soft touch soothing thy hideous scar,  
He, god-like, with strange potency, has traced  
A heaven of beauty on thy hell of waste.

Flagstaff, Ariz.

## ONE CHRISTMAS.

BY LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES.



O you won't come in, too, not even on Christmas morning?" A woman stood in the doorway of old San Gabriel Mission and gleamed under her lashes.

Her glance thrilled Gillingham. "No—no, thank you," he answered with some hesitation. "I have something to think over. But perhaps this afternoon, after you get back to the hotel."

She lowered her lashes indolently. "Perhaps—it is among the chances of life. Goodbye—they're all staring at us."

"Goodbye." Gillingham lifted his hat and found himself standing alone in the sunshine by the door. A few last Indian stragglers filed past him into the church as the organ lifted its Christmas evangel. The tallyho on which he had come, a half-dozen hacks, and a number of nondescript Mexican vehicles stood huddled under the shadows of the pepper-trees. In the doorway of an opposite house, two Chinamen sat smoking. Except for the drowsing hackmen and the dreaming smokers, the sunshine had the old adobe village to itself. Gillingham looked about him curiously. "A strange place," he thought to himself, "for her to come to die." Then, as his gaze drew to the luminous blue sky and the velvet-purple Mother Mountains,—"But not so bad, either," he added.

As he sauntered down the street, he found himself wondering why he could never forget her—and she ten years dead. Well, he had been true to her, on many seas, in innumerable ports; and even now he wondered whether he really meant to marry that other woman kneeling back there in the church—he supposed she was kneeling—Rosamond Irish always adapted herself to all sorts and conditions of circumstance. He wondered whether she guessed what he intended to ask her that afternoon. It might be, for such questions had certainly come her way before. She ought to know the tones and glances that preceded them, he reflected a trifle cynically.

Now, *she* was not like that—but she was dead. When he came to think of it, there was nothing to think over. There was only Rosamond. No Greta—never again. Yet why this morning did those ten years persist in dwindling to a day? Why did her image rise before his vision, so near, so hauntingly alive? Well, to be candid, he supposed, because the chances of life, to use Rosamond's



phrase, had brought him to the country where she came to die; and again, because he meant to marry at last, and new events always bring back old ones that resemble them. The image would grow indistinct once more after he returned to New York. He hoped that he could induce Rosamond to be married in February, so that they could be in Paris by March. Rosamond was never tired of saying that she wanted to live in Paris, and, so far as he was concerned, she could have her wish. She knew that, too—perhaps that was one reason why she smiled on him under her lashes. Well, he would give her Paris, and she would give him that trick of the eyelids. Besides, his life was spent; he might as well live in Paris as anywhere else. Now Greta—no, he could never imagine Greta there. Perhaps here, under this cloudless sky—ah, if Greta could come back, his life would not be spent!

He was out beyond the village by this time, in the midst of the ranch country. Orange trees hung heavy with fruit; some of them were in blossom, too. He turned from the highway into a ranch road that wound about among the orange groves, on through an old walnut orchard, and up a hill. Pine trees bordered the road as it climbed the hill, and it gradually became apparent to Gillingham that he was intruding on the private driveway leading to a house, but he was coming out from his introspective mood and wanted the view from the top, so he kept on.

Halfway up the hill he stood still and smiled. Just off the road, on a narrow terrace beside an irrigation brook, grew a little orange tree in flower and fruit, and not only in flowers and fruit, but decked out in gilt and tinsel, too—glittering stars and tinkling bells, chains and crackers and candles. And as he looked, down a by-path came a radiant figure, slipping a little on the pine-needles, her eyes shining, her arms full of toys.

Gillingham was not given to hallucinations, but he was under one now. Even so, had he once seen her coming down the stairs at home, one Christmas-day twelve years ago. She was not changed by time, only younger, rounder, fairer. He stood rooted to the spot.

As she slipped from the path to the terrace, she saw him, also. Tops and trumpets and drums and little tin soldiers fell scattered at her feet. The two stood staring at each other, as ghosts in the hereafter might stare.

"Jack!" the one ghost whispered.

"Greta!" faltered the other.

"But you are drowned!" she gasped.

"But you are buried ten years ago! When did I die, too, and go to heaven?"

She recovered herself first. "I am not dead, Jack—if you are Jack. It is all a mistake—somehow. What does it mean? I have the paper that says you were drowned among the officers of the *Elbe*—it has grown quite yellow."

He stared at her. "I was not on the *Elbe*. I had just been transferred to the *Amsterdam*. The papers must have copied the old list. I heard there was such a paper, too—I remember"—he passed his hand across his eyes—"but you—"

"But I?" She stared bewilderingly in return.

"You are not dead?—not dead!" he re-echoed the words like a pæan, and drew a step nearer.

She stood still with her hands clasped before her. "Who told you I was dead?"

He paused. "Why, nobody," he returned slowly. "Nobody, after all. They told me when I landed from that six months' cruise that you had been taken out to California to die—that you could not live to reach here—and then—yet, somebody did tell me that you died in San Gabriel. It was Harkness, in Singapore."

Her lips quivered. "You never heard that I got well? You never wrote yourself to find anything out?"

"Would your people have answered the letter?"

"There are no people now, Jack," she began eagerly, then stopped short and stood gazing at him with a little doubtful flush. "No people at all, only—"

"Only?"

"Only the children"—and she pointed to the Christmas tree.

"What children?"

"I—I was married, Jack. You were dead, and I—ah, I have been forgetting that I am an old woman after all! But you will like my children."

"And your husband, too?" Gillingham's voice rang harsh, as a man's might ring who saw "*all hope abandon*" suddenly flame above the closing gates of paradise.

She shook her head and smiled, still with that little doubtful look. "I have been a widow for three years. I took off my last mourning today for the children's sake."

Then the gates of paradise swung wide again, and Gillingham walked inside. Far and radiant as the landscape before him stretched the prospect of the years. He drew close and took her hands in his. "And for my sake, too," he said.

Pasadena, Cal.

## A NEW INDIAN POLICY.



THE movement to aid the Mission Indians has taken shape. At a meeting in Los Angeles, Nov. 22, of 50 representative people—with the Episcopal and the Catholic bishops of this diocese pulling side by side—it was unanimously voted to form a permanent league, incorporate under the laws of California, and begin and keep up a systematic work to protect and aid the Indians, particularly those of Southern California. The meeting also unanimously adopted the following memorandum and memorial; and they have been taken to Washington by Senator Thomas A. Bard, who is deeply and intelligently interested in the movement.

*To the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.:*

SIR—In view of the fact that some 300 Mission Indians are about to be evicted under process of law from the homes their ancestors have occupied for centuries—the date for all dispossession being set for next month—December, 1901—and have absolutely nowhere to go when evicted; and of the further fact that the entire status of Indian tenures in Southern California is not and never has been satisfactory (though for twenty-five years the Government has made spasmodic, and partial, but too often misdirected, efforts to remedy the worst abuses) we beg your serious attention to our suggestion that a Commission of not less than three persons—of whom at least one should be a reputable citizen of Southern California and reasonably familiar with the specific facts—should be appointed promptly not only to deal with this case of imminent importance but also to devise a logical and permanent adjustment of the whole question.

Your memorialists speak in behalf of a permanent organization now preparing to incorporate under the laws of California for the express purpose of securing for the Mission Indians a treatment more just and more rational than they have ever yet received, as from the Government and from individuals.

The more urgent needs of the case are briefly set forth in the appended memorial; but we cannot too strongly remind you that the entire subject is one that needs intelligent attention and at once.

Respectfully,

(Signed):

JOSEPH H. JOHNSON [Bishop of Los Angeles, Episcopal]  
 GEORGE MONTGOMERY [Bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, Catholic]  
 HENRY B. RESTARICK [Clergyman, Episcopal]  
 HORATIO M. RUST [former agent of the Mission Indians]  
 CHAS. CASSATT DAVIS [Attorney]  
 MRS. I. V. H. COWLES  
 CHAS. F. LUMMIS, Chairman.

*To the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.:*

SIR—We, the undersigned citizens of Southern California, desire to bring to your attention certain facts as to the lands of a number of the Reservations of the Consolidated Tule Mission Agency. The conditions—and our statement of them we are prepared to verify—

are such that in our best judgment a Commission (of at least three persons) should be appointed at once to make inquiry into the matter and to report upon the entire subject. We would respectfully refer you to the *Report* of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1895, and that for 1896, p. 130. In the latter the Agent states that the lands in the Reservations of Laguna, Campo, La Posta, Maja and Manzanita are "mislocated and of such a character that the Indians do not, never did, and never will be able to live on them"—for want of water, etc.

It is further stated on the same page that the lands on which the said Indians are now living are liable to be filed on by white men, and already in some instances have been so taken up. Since that report was written, five years ago, the case has been much aggravated, and many squatters have ousted individual Indians from their land.

That the importance of this matter was recognized by your office is shown by the fact that on Dec. 1, 1897, it was recommended to the Department that Congress enact legislation authorizing the inclusion of additional tracts of land in the Campo, Maja, Manzanita, Cuyapipe, Twenty-nine Palms, and Torres Reservations. This recommendation was transmitted to Congress by the Department on Jan. 16, 1898 (see Senate Ex. Doc. No. 54, Fifty-fifth Congress, 2nd session).

Though the conditions to which we refer were thus recognized by the Department, no legislation whatever to this end has as yet been enacted.

As to the inclusion of tracts additional to the above-mentioned Reservation, we feel competent to assert—from the personal investigations of our trusted representatives—that there is no government land near them upon which these Indians could possibly live.

The generic status of the Indian lands and land-tenures in Southern California is far from creditable to the nation or such as know the facts; and the whole matter seriously needs intelligent revision; but the following cases are literally in imminent need of attention.

The case of the Indians of Agua Caliente Reservation No. 2, ordinarily called "Warner's Ranch," is already known to your office by the presentation that has been made of it. Here are 150 Indians subject to eviction in the coming month of December, 1901, their tenure depending solely upon the courtesy to Government of the successful claimants under a California revolutionary land grant. When evicted, these 150 men, women and children have nowhere to go. No Government lands are left in Southern California upon which either Indians or whites could make a living. You are also aware, by the same notification, that other Indians near those of Warner's Ranch are also in fact homeless. There are the 75 Indians at San Felipe, besides the Indians at Mataguay, San José, and Puerto de la Cruz, all of whom are liable to eviction at any moment. Unless adequate action shall be taken by Congress immediately upon its assembling, the Commission would need to seek and report upon a possible home for these helpless wards of the Government.

We suggest that such a Commission should consider the possibility and advisability of removing the Indians of La Posta, Manzanita and Campo—and perhaps of Cuyapipe—to the Yuma Reservation in San Diego county, Cal. The Indians on the Reservations named frequently cross the desert to visit the Yumas, and the Yumas visit them. If removed to Yuma, where there is good land, these scattered Indians would have some chance to progress. Whether there is unused land for them on the Yuma Reservation could easily be ascertained.

On the Santa Ysabel No. 3 there are 7,500 acres or more. Of this, nearly all is upon the barren side of the Volcan Mountain. The only land which the Indians cultivate—or anyone can cultivate—is of small patches in ravines. Some of these patches are but a few square yards in area. The rest is mountainous, rocky, has some trees upon it, and is suitable only for cattle. The Indians have no cattle, practically—nor could keep them if they had. There are some patches of open land near the top of the mountain, fit for the growing of grain in favorable years; but the Indians are averse to living up there because of the heavy winter snows—something to which no inhabitant of Southern California, white or Indian, is inured. They state, also, that the places with water are already taken up; and we believe this to be true without any exception germane to this problem. Why this worthless mountain land was ever reserved for the Indians, we confess our inability to understand—unless it was done “from the map” and in utter ignorance of the real topography of the country, or because it was “all that was left.”

In any event, it is unfit for human occupancy, and inadequate to support human life—even Indian life.

It might seem, to one unfamiliar with the case, that this is a liberal provision of land for the 78 people who are left. But those familiar with the facts know the land (with the exception of a few inconsiderable parcels) to be of no use whatever to them. There are, in the Southwestern deserts, many regions where 1,000 acres would not support one human being. Such a Commission should, in our judgment, consider the possibility of selling off nearly all this 7,500 and with the proceeds purchasing for the Indians a few hundred—even 200—acres of cultivable land.

The lands upon which some of these Santa Ysabel Indians have homes are claimed by the owners of the Santa Ysabel Rancho; and the Indians are threatened with speedy eviction. Conditions in many respects similar exist at Mesa Grande. There are on this Reservation (officially known as Santa Ysabel No. 1) about 2,500 acres of land. By careful estimate, only 150 acres of this land is fit to raise crops, and it has to support 206 people. The rest of the tract is reasonably good stock-land, mountainous, with scattered timber. The Indians have just seven head of cattle. Evidently, seven cows are scant leverage for the usufruct of 2,350 acres out of the 2,500 acres of the whole Reservation. Not less evident, to those who know the circumstances, is the futility of asking the Indians to raise more stock where their increase is appropriated by outsiders. In all probability, this 2,500 acres could be sold to “American” cattlemen, and the proceeds used to purchase some few hundred acres of tillable lands now owned by whites who 25 or 30 years ago deliberately drove the Indians from their ancient homes and filed (under the law) upon these lands before this Reservation was made. We must admit that the Indians are culpable for not having filed before the whites upon their own immemorial lands, as they were privileged to do, but possibly their ignorance of a law newly risen over them may pardon their neglect. Under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo they were fully protected; and they and their friends presumed, until the evictions at San Pascual, that occupancy gave a title which would be recognized by the United States. A few hundred acres of the lands they once lived upon and were presumed to own at Mesa Grande, could, we believe, be purchased readily and enough lands obtained for allotment.

Besides the two Reservations last named, there is Santa Ysabel No. 2. Here are reserved over 2,000 acres of land—most of which is fit only for cattle—for a people who have not (and for sufficient reasons cannot have) cattle.

The Reservation of El Capitan Grande consists of over 17,000 acres.

Upon a small portion of this, in the valley of the San Diego river, and at Conejos, live 132 Indians. It would be within the functions of the proposed Commission to investigate this case.

Another matter for its consideration would be the San Pasqual Reservation. Upon this land—comprising some 1,600 acres—the San Pasqual Indians have ever lived. Some of the land included in this Reservation was patented years ago. The few San Pasqual Indians who survive live miles away, upon a barren hillside.

In view of these typical facts, and of the further fact that for fully 25 years the Government has officially recognized that the status of Indian land-tenures in Southern California has been, and continues, unsatisfactory, we respectfully petition for the appointment of such a Commission. Furthermore, and for reasons which we believe to be self-evident, we ask that if such Commission be appointed, at least one of its members (if it consists of three in all, or two if the whole number be five) shall be a citizen of Southern California, of standing in this community, and of some familiarity, at least, with the nature and needs of our Indians, and with the nature and values of lands in this region. These things differ in many essential details, from their counterparts in the East, and cannot be intelligently dealt with except in the light of personal familiarity with the specific facts.

The Mission Indians who live on secure and adequate lands have made and are making substantial progress. The Indians on the verge of the Desert, isolated and practically landless, cannot reasonably be expected to rise in the scale of civilization. Not only are they far removed from civilizing influences, but the feeling of insecurity even in the poor homes they possess is—as we recognize for a general rule—enough to prevent any serious progress. If a man is to be civilized, he must at least be assured of land to live upon, and of stability in his title to it.

So serious and so protracted has been the mismanagement of the Mission Indians of Southern California that a permanent association of citizens is now arranging to incorporate under the laws of this State for the sole purpose of remedying—and keeping remedied—as many as possible of these abuses. This present document is the first official act of that organization, was unanimously adopted at a preliminary meeting Nov. 22, 1901, and is the line the association is prepared to pursue permanently. We earnestly hope for your aid in the adjustment of these matters. As to the necessity of action—and competent action—we believe there can be no two opinions among those who inform themselves as to the facts. We will gladly, both personally and as an organization, render you any assistance in our power toward a just and adequate solution of problems which for more than a generation have been neglected, evaded or muddled in a manner discreditable alike to our humanity and our common sense.

Respectfully,

(Signed) Joseph H. Johnson, George Montgomery, Henry B. Restarick, Chas. Frederick Holder, Chas. Cassatt Davis, M. S. Liébana, Caroline M. Severance (President emeritus The Friday Morning Club), Rev. Wm. Horace Day, Grace C. Wotkyns, Mrs. C. F. Holder, Dr. Fordyce Grinnell, Elizabeth Grinnell, Ione V. H. Cowles, Helen C. Wotkyns, Mrs. M. R. Kater, Harriet M. Scott, S. E. Lobb, Miss S. H. Stickney, A. C. Vroman, Sallie E. Garrett, Cornelia Gates, Gertrude Gates, Sarah B. Earle, Elizabeth F. Kennedy, M. D., Margaret F. Fette, Adeline B. Hill, Jeannie W. Flint, C. C. Pierce, clergyman, Abbie E. Wadleigh, Ida Marriott White, Cora Calvert Foy, Edna Foy, Mrs. E. T. Mills, Mrs. J. Torrey Connor, M. L. Brown, Eva S. Fenyes, Mrs. Mary S. Frye, C. E. Listers, Chas. F. Lummis, chairman.

## LIGHT IN THE HIGH PLACES.

For the first time in the history of the United States, a policy of real mercy, justice and common sense as toward our Indians is at last officially announced. The annual report of Hon. W. A. Jones, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is a document at which the most hardened student gasps—as many hardened non-students will gasp for the very opposite reason. The government has meant well, thousands of philanthropic people have meant well, but they have not known how; and it is a pitiful truth that the Indians' worst foes have been they who really wished to do him good. They have wronged and injured him far more deeply, far more intimately, far more permanently, than the Border Ruffian has; for the scoundrels who take a personal advantage of Indians touch them but incidentally and at one angle; but our philanthropic Procrustes has stretched the whole life of the Indian upon his inevitable bed—racking him out to fit, if he was too short; lopping off his feet, if too long. Careless or unteachable inspectors, without a trace of knowledge scientific, historical or humane, have furnished misleading data; earnest people who never saw an Indian and would be afraid of one, try to formulate plans for his betterment; busy and indifferent statesmen put through the measure of least resistance. And the Indian "pays the freight." He has been robbed of his lands, his nationality, his individuality; and now for more than a decade we have been robbing him of his family. In all the history of the Three Americas there has not been another Indian policy so cruel and so stupid as our present educational system. For more than a dozen years and in many places I have fought this well-intended iniquity—see, for example, the seven numbers of this magazine from August, 1899, to February, 1900, inclusive, under title "My Brother's Keeper." In some circles this attack on the sacred system was regarded as extreme, absurd and revolutionary. But now comes the United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs with precisely the same conclusions, couched in more official, but as unmistakable form. After referring to other obstacles in the way of uplifting our Indians, Commissioner Jones says in his report (*the italics are mine*):

"Further observation and reflection lead to the unwelcome conviction that another obstacle may be added to those already named, and that is education. It is to be distinctly understood that it is not meant by this to condemn education in the abstract—far from it; its advantages are too many and too apparent to need any demonstration here. . . . What is meant is that the present Indian educational system, taken as a whole, is not calculated to produce the

results so earnestly claimed for it and so hopefully anticipated when it was begun.

"No doubt this idea will be received with some surprise, and expressions of dissent will doubtless spring at once to the lips of many of those engaged or interested in Indian work. Nevertheless, a brief view of the plan in vogue will, it is believed, convince the most skeptical that the idea is correct.

"There are in operation at the present time 113 boarding schools, with an average attendance of something over 16,000 pupils, ranging from 5 to 21 years old.

"These pupils are gathered from the cabin, the wickiup and the tepee. *Partly by cajolery and partly by threats; partly by bribery and partly by fraud; partly by persuasion and partly by force*, they are induced to leave their homes and their kindred, to enter these schools and take upon themselves the outward semblance of civilized life. They are chosen not on account of any particular merit of their own, not by reason of mental fitness, but solely because they have Indian blood in their veins. Without regard to their worldly condition; without any previous training; without any preparation whatever, they are transported to the schools—sometimes thousands of miles away—without the slightest expense or trouble to themselves or their people.

"The Indian youth finds himself at once, as if by magic, translated from a state of poverty to one of affluence. He is well fed and clothed and lodged. Books and all the accessories of learning are given him and teachers provided to instruct him. He is educated in the industrial arts on the one hand, and not only in the rudiments, but in the liberal arts on the other. Beyond 'the three r's' he is instructed in geography, grammar and history; he is taught drawing, algebra and geometry, music and astronomy, and receives lessons in physiology, botany and entomology. Matrons wait on him while he is well, and physicians and nurses attend him when he is sick. A steam laundry does his washing and the latest modern appliances do his cooking. A library affords him relaxation for his leisure hours, athletic sports and the gymnasium furnish him exercise and recreation, while music entertains him in the evening. He has hot and cold baths, and steam heat and electric light, and all the modern conveniences. All of the necessities of life are given him and many of the luxuries. All of this without money and without price, or the contribution of a single effort of his own or of his people. His wants are all supplied almost for the wish. The child of the wigwam becomes a modern Aladdin, who has only to rub the government lamp to gratify his desires.

"Here he remains until his education is finished, when he is returned to his home—which by contrast must seem squalid indeed—to the parents whom his education must make it difficult to honor, and left to make his way against the ignorance and bigotry of his tribe. Is it any wonder he fails? Is it surprising if he lapses into barbarism? Not having earned his education, it is not appreciated; having made no sacrifice to obtain it, it is not valued. It is looked upon as a right and not as a privilege; it is accepted as a favor to the government and not to the recipient, and the almost inevitable tendency is to encourage dependency, foster pride and create a spirit of arrogance and selfishness. The testimony on this point of those closely connected with the Indian employees of the service would, it is believed, be interesting.

"It is not denied that some good flows from this system. It would be singular, if there did not, after all the effort that has been made and the money that has been lavished. In the last twenty years fully \$45,000,000 have been spent by the government alone for the



education of Indian pupils, and it is a liberal estimate to put the number of those so educated at not over 20,000. If the present rate is continued for another twenty years it will take over \$70,000,000 more.

"But while it is not denied that the system has produced some good results, it is seriously questioned whether it is calculated to accomplish the great end in view, which is not so much the education of the individual as the lifting up of the race.

"It is contended, and with reason, that with the same effort and much less expenditure applied locally or to the family circle, far greater and much more beneficent results could have been obtained, and the tribes would have been in a much more advanced stage of civilization than at present."

"On the other hand, it is said that the stream of returning pupils carries with it the refining influence of the schools and operates to elevate the people. Doubtless this is true of individual cases, and it may have some faint influence on the tribes. But will it ever sufficiently leaven the entire mass? It is doubtful. It may be possible in time to purify a fountain by cleansing its turbid waters as they pour forth and then returning them to their original source. But experience is against it. For centuries, pure fresh-water streams have poured their floods into the Great Salt Lake, and its waters are salt still.

"What, then, shall be done? And this inquiry brings into prominence at once the whole Indian question.

"It may be well first to take a glance at what has been done. For about a generation the government has been taking a very active interest in the welfare of the Indian. In that time he has been located on reservations and fed and clothed; he has been supplied lavishly with utensils and means to earn his living, with materials for his dwelling and articles to furnish it; his children have been educated and money has been paid him; farmers and mechanics have been supplied him, and he has received aid in a multitude of different ways. In the last thirty-three years over \$250,000,000 have been spent upon an Indian population not exceeding 180,000, enough, if equitably divided, to build each one a house suitable to his condition and furnish it throughout; to fence his land and build him a barn; to buy him a wagon and team and harness; to furnish him plows and the other implements necessary to cultivate the ground, and to give him something besides to embellish and beautify his home. It is not pretended that this amount is exact, but it is sufficiently so for the purpose of this discussion.

"What is his condition today? He is still on his reservation; he is still being fed; his children are still being educated and money is still being paid him; he is still dependent upon the government for existence; merchants wait on him and farmers still aid him; he is little, if any, nearer the goal of independence than he was thirty years ago, and if the present policy is continued he will get little, if any, nearer in thirty years to come. It is not denied that under this, as under the school system, there has been some progress, but it has not been commensurate with the money spent and effort made."

#### WHAT THIS MEANS.

This means, in logic—and, let us fervently trust in fact—the death-knell of the great "print-factory" government schools, remote from the Indian home, and looking upon the Indian parents merely as breeders of pupils of whom they are to be robbed to make grist for the salary-mill. It

means looking toward the only sane, decent, humane and scholarly solution of the problems of Indian education—schools at home, where Indian boy and girl can love their parents and help them up the hill of civilization; sensible schools, which shall teach things it does some good to know, and not the Carlisle curriculum which would be idiotic were they not so tragic in their results. It means schools designed a little more for the good of the Indians, and a little less exclusively for the ease and salaries of their teachers. It means, in fact, the beginning of a rational and just policy—which we have never before had. And for so much we may not only pray, but reckon it time to go to work.

For over two years I have had the indefinable feeling that the times were ripening. I felt it even when the National Convention of Indian teachers met in Los Angeles under the weighty thumb of Major Pratt, and outraged every scholar who cares for and knows about these things. And that feeling has been growing—but I did *not* expect to see so soon an Indian Commissioner so close to the full daylight.

The times are truly ripe for us to be done with this long disgrace. We have a President who knows and cares; we have an Indian Commissioner who is not wax in the hands of that magnificent and misguided personality which has been in fact for a decade or more our Indian Policy—that tremendous energy without learning, that fine character without a sentiment, that machine for making machines, Major Pratt of the Carlisle Government Indian School. No man has worked harder for the Indians; and no fifty men in America have ever done them so much harm. He will be up in arms at this report. He will use all his really astonishing power to nullify it. But now *our* time has come; and against him will be every man and woman who cares—for our own sake, if not for the Indian's—that we do justice; and who believes that any system is accursed whose corner-stone is the breaking-up of the family.

The Indian Right's Association in the East is doing noble—if occasionally a bit Eastern—work; the new League now forming in California (and it will be composed of several thousand prominent people), will labor no less earnestly, and, if possible, on somewhat broader and more expert lines. And the time has come when we shall win if we "lean on."

C. F. L.

# SEGUNDA RELACION, DE LA GRANDIOSA CON-

VERSION QUE HA AVIDO EN EL NUEVO MEXICO.  
Embiada por el Padre Fray Estevá de Perca, Custodio de las Provincias  
del Nuevo Mexico, al muy Reverendo P. Fr. Francisco de Apodaca,  
Comissario General de toda la Nueva España, de la Orden de  
S. Francisco, dandole cuenta del estado de aquellas conver-  
siones, y en particular de lo sucedido en el despacho  
que se hizo para aquellas partes

*Con licencia del Señor Provisor, y del señor Alcalde Don Alonso de Bolaños.  
Impresso en Sevilla, por Lays Estupian, en la Calle de las Palmas.*

Año



1633.



L Padre Fray Francisco de Porras, varon apro-  
vado en virtud y santidad; Maestro de Novi-  
cios que fue seys años en San Francisco de Me-  
xico, queriendo penetrar la tierra adelante, res-  
taurar mas almas, y descubrir mucha gente.  
Despidiéndose de su buen amigo el Padre Fr. Ro-  
que, salió de Zibola con dos Religiosos, Fray  
Andres Gutierrez Sacerdote, y Fr. Christoval de  
la Concepcion Religioso Lego, Apostolicamē-  
te, con sus Cruces al cuello, y bordones en las  
manos, a quienes acompañavá doze soldados, mas por piedad de no dexar  
tan santa imprella que para defenla y guarda, que era muy limitada pa-  
ra tantas gentes, tá diestras en las armas, como porfiadas en los cōbates.  
Caminando por sus jornadas, llegaron a la Provincia de Moqui, dia del  
glorioso san Bernardo (que es el apellido que agora tiene aquel pueblo,)  
città apartado de la villa de los Españoles ochenta leguas. tierra mas tem-  
plada, y parecida a la de España en los frutos y semillas q̄ aqui se dan.

Cojese

## EARLY WESTERN HISTORY.

*From Documents Never Before Published in English.*

PEREA'S SECOND "REPORT" ON NEW MEXICO IN 1632-3.

**T**HE following intallment concludes the important "Relacion" of Fray Estévan de Perea, Custodian of the Missions of New Mexico in 1632-33, succeeding the inimitable Fray Alonso de Benavides. It will be observed that though the printed document bears date of 1633, toward the last it says the baptism at Zúñi was on St. Augustin's day, "of this year of 1629"—*deste año de 1629*.

# SECOND REPORT, OF THE MAGNIFICENT CON- VERSION WHICH HAS BEEN HAD IN NEW MEXICO.

Sent by the Father Fray Estevan de Perea, Custodian of the Provinces of New Mexico, to the very Reverend Father Fray Francisco de Apodaca, Commissary-General of all New Spain; of the Order of St. Francis; giving him an account of the state of those conversions, and, in particular, of what has happened in the Expedition which was made to those regions.

¶ *With permission of the Señor Vicar-General, and of the Señor Alcalde Don Alonso de Bolaños. Printed in Seville, by Luys Estuñiñan, in the Street of the Palms. Year of 1633.*

The Father Fray Francisco de Porras, a holy man approved in virtue and sanctity, Master of Novices that was for six years in [the monastery of] St. Francis in Mexico, wishing to penetrate the country beyond, relieve more souls and discover much people; taking leave of his good friend the Father Fray Roque, set forth from Zibola with two religious—Fray Andres Gutierrez, Priest, and Fray Chistoval [misprint for Cristóval] de la Concepcion, Lay Religious—Apostolically, with their crucifixes at the neck and staffs in their hands. Twelve soldiers accompanied them—more for piety, not to leave so saintly an enterprise, than as a defense and guard, which was very limited as against so many peoples, as dextrous at arms as stubborn in combat. Traveling by their day's journeys, they arrived at the Province of Moqui [on the] day of the glorious St. Bernard (which is the title that pueblo now has). It is eighty leagues removed from the Town of the Spaniards; a more temperate country and like to that of Spain in the fruits and grains which yield here. Much cotton is harvested; the houses are of three stories, well planned; their inhabitants great laborers and solicitous in their work. Among them the vice of intoxication is a great reproach. To divert them-

selves they have their appointed games, and a race where they run with great lightness. Here they received the Fathers with some lukewarmness, because the demon was trying by all ways to impede and hinder the promulgation of the Divine law, as he attempted at this season. And although in their oracles he speaks to those ministers of his, and they see him in his formidable aspect, now he took for instrument an Apostate Indian from the Christian pueblos; who, going on ahead, said to them of Moqui that some Spaniards, whom they would see directly, were coming to burn their pueblos, rob their belongings and behead their children; and that the others with crowns and robes were so many liars, and that they must not consent that they should put water on their heads, because at once they would be sure to die.

These news so disturbed [alteraron] the Moquinos that they secretly summoned in their favor the neighboring Apaches, with whom at that time they had truce. This uneasiness our people felt upon entering the place; wherewith they roused their watchfulness so greatly that they did not sleep in all the night, guarding against the sudden assault. The second night, the soldier who was on sentry perceived the murmur of people. He called his companions, who briefly made themselves ready, with their horses caparisoned, by the time the opposing Captains arrived to catch them unprepared. And seeing them on their guard, they [the Indians] asked them "how [it was] they were not sleeping." And the Spaniards, knowing their treachery and malice, responded "that the soldiers of Spain did not sleep, for that they were prepared to defend themselves and injure their enemies." Next night they did the same; and being unable to endure the waylayings of the Indians, they menaced them, saying that if they attempted to damage such noble guests as they had, the Governor would come with his power upon them, to lay waste and burn their pueblos and lands. Seeing their bad intention understood, [the Indians] went away confounded. In this time the Religious, soldiers of the Evangel, with the harness of prayer armed themselves to subject and conquer the tricks of Lucifer; and animated by that valorous impulse which heaven communicates to its Evangelizing messengers, setting little value on the cavilings in opposition, they sallied through the streets preaching. At the resonant echoes of which, men and women came quickly, compelled by a secret admonition. And not alone those of the pueblo, but from the surrounding valleys and neighboring mountains. And when these holy men saw that the Indians were already arriving without fear, they gave them some toys which they had brought—such as hawks' bells, beads, hatchets and knives—that they might be assured that [the Fathers] came more to give unto them than to ask from them. But the Indians excused themselves, for they had accepted that bad prognostication of the Indian who told them that upon receiving anything they would be sure to die. But they came forth from all their doubts and were converted to our holy Faith, by a great miracle

which our Lord wrought in that pueblo through the medium of his servants. Of the which, for now, report is not made, since it has not come authenticated.

Returning to the Father Fray Roque de Figueredo, in Zuni where he was, the General Adversary made the same tradition\*; saying to the Indians, with menaces, that they should eject this strange Priest from their country. They put it into operation, all manifesting themselves in such manner that already they did not assist, as they were wont, to bring water and wood, nor did one [of them] appear. By night is heard great din of dances, drums and caracoles, which among them is signal of war. And holding it [war] for certain, although he was already prepared for every adversity, he [i. e., Fray Roque] was then in the surrounding peril with the most lively concern. But God succors his own in their greatest necessity. And so, as he [Fray Roque] was, one night of these, beseeching God with fervent petitions that He would communicate His eternal light to the abyss of that darkened people—at the midnight he saw enter his retreat two Indians of tall and gallant stature, to appearance Captains, with plumes of feathers and with weapons prepared, ready for war. Well did the famous Soldier of the Church understand that that crisis was the last of his life; and going upon his knees he offered it [his life] to God, with more desire to suffer triumphantly than fears of the fatal blow at the barbarous hand of the Indians. The which, gathering from the demonstrations of the Religious that he awaited death from them, reassured him by signs—giving him peace with their arms crossed. Fray Roque gave them his [arms], with benign and loving face. He called the interpreter, who was asleep; and through him manifested to them that his coming from such remote regions to theirs was not with a mind to quit them of their belongings, because he, and those of his Order [Religión] desired to be the poorest in the world; that rather he brought them their remedy and riches for the true knowledge of one sole God in Trinity of Persons; and that this sole God was so powerful and strong that having Him on their side that would be protected and defended as well against their spiritual as their corporal enemies; and that as God was the eternal Truth, this shield sufficed that they [need] not fear the nocturnal shades of those false gods they were adoring. They, with the most civil words they knew, gave him thanks for the great toil of having come to their country, without more interest nor profit than to seek their well-being and repair; that because they understood it, they had come to supplicate him, as Caciques and lords (as they were) of some settlements five leagues from there, that he would hold it best to go to their pueblos, where they wished to have him, to regale and serve him, and that he should not remain there [in Zibola] with a people that met his paternal love with so much ingratitude. In these colloquies, and others upon the matter, they stayed until the day; but at its first resplendency they took their leave of the Father Fray Roque, saying to him: "Rest, Father; do not be

\*Doubtless misprint for *traicion*, treachery.

anxious, and leave it in our charge to talk to and reclaim the Captains of this pueblo." Well did the Father Fray Roque perceive that this visit came guided by heaven; and thus he remained singing the mercies of God for so great favor in such an exigency. The Caciques fulfilled their word, and came next day with the *Principales* and Captains of the pueblo, beseeching pardon for their ill hospitality, confessing that the oracle of their god had tricked them, that it had told them that with the water of Baptism they were sure to die. And if it is well considered how the words of the Demon are equivocal, he meant to tell them that they must die for their fault and sin, and for his dominion, since with the water of Baptism a soul is born again to a new life of grace. To this they added that not only they but all that pueblo wished to be washed with holy Baptism. The Father Fray Roque received them with amicable caresses, and began at once to instruct them and teach them in the Faith; principally the Caciques, who remained with him some days. And seeing that they were well catechised and sufficiently fit, he disposed the Baptism of them. And to shew forth this act, he ordered to be built in the plaza a high platform, where he said Mass with all solemnity, and baptized them [on the] day of the glorious St. Augustin of this year of 1629; singing the *Te Deum Laudamos*, &c.; and, through having so good a voice, the Father Fray Roque—accompanied by the chant—caused devotion in all. He gave the name of Augustin to the most principal [man], baptizing, jointly with him, other *principales*, and eight infants, children of Christians [who had] fled from the Camp of the Spaniards, in sight of that copious multitude which in suspense watched the celebration of those two Sacraments adorned with such pure ceremonies. The most principal Cacique, already called "Don Augustin," when done with being baptized, turned around to the people with singular spirit and made a great exhortation, animating those present to receive so good a law and so good a God; and in order that they should come forth from their error, that they should perceive that he had had himself baptized, and that he had not died, but rather felt himself in great rejoicing and courage in his heart, wherewith he judged that he was more valiant than before. Whereat all cried out with one voice, begging to be Christians, and that the Father would teach them that holy law. In the culture of these primitive flowers of this new Church, and in offering to God so many souls, converted with his labor and holy zeal, the Father Fray Roque remains. Happy employments of so well-aimed purposes; since he has found life in Christ, who determined to lose it for love of Him.

In this time the Apaches [misprint Apoches]—the fiercest and most valorous Nation that is known in those parts; so extended that it reaches encircling the perimeter of New Mexico—have come to ask for peace with the Christian Indians, and Spaniards; and, jointly, for Ministers who shall baptize them; although there are already two [Ministers] among them. And [it is] of much importance, for bridling the daring with which they did much damage.

They gave to the Fathers twelve Indians who should come with them; and a boy, that he might learn the Castilian tongue and teach them his own, whom they brought to the *Villa* of Santa Fé, where they were received with general applause, due to the triumph of their heroic enterprise. There they arranged to provide wagons and the other requisites to return to the Humanos the coming March.

The country is abundant and fecund in herds and fruits; so much that from one fanega of wheat a hundred are harvested. Copious in metals and exquisite stones; and in silver, so much that it yields eight ounces by quicksilver [treatment] and 4 marks by smelting. This is what there is to report at present of what has happened in this expedition.

¶ LAUS DEO.



With this number, the name under which, through full fifteen volumes, the magazine has made the friends it values—and some enemies it is no less glad of—serves for the last time. This is the ultimate LAND OF SUNSHINE—under that title. The next number, January, will be OUR WEST, and of the size of *Harper's*. On one of the advertising pages of the present number, will be found a reduced facsimile of the new cover, showing the subtitle and motto.

That neither friends nor enemies may be misled, it is well to state here and now that the LAND OF SUNSHINE has not sold out, tired out, gone out, nor changed its mind. It has simply grown up. Its soul goes marching on—in a bigger and better body and with longer strides. The men who have made it will continue to make it under the new name; with more power to their elbow; with strong new men enlisted that agree with them; with a sudden—some would say with a providential—opening-out of Opportunity to do the same things better and to do more of them. Under the new form it will still be the magazine you have liked (or disliked)—“only more so.” Through its years of hard up-hill fighting it has never budged an inch from its path. It has never “run after people,” but trudged along with its eye on the goal. Wherefore it is some satisfaction to succeed. Now the gradients and the people both slope its way. Even to those whose faith has never wavered, it is literally wonderful how many and how great currents are at last running in the direction the magazine is appointed to go. It believed rivers must run that way, and simply went on across the ox-bow. Back yonder, the current ran north; but over here it is headed for the ultimate ocean.

HER

MAIDEN

NAME. There would seem to be something wrong at a wedding at which there were not a few tears for the girl that has Grown Up. There is a certain sentiment in us of regret that she wouldn't stay little. We are used to her so—and to call her Mollie. But they are not hot tears. The main thing is that she shall have



grown up *well*; that she shall not change her nature when she changes her name; and that the new name shall mean her greater happiness and her broader duties.

The Lion has no fault to find that more than a <sup>THE</sup> few friends of this his child are regretful for <sup>LOGICAL</sup> her change of name. It would be a pity otherwise. <sup>CHANGE.</sup> He is a little sorry himself—that it wasn't changed before they got so wonted to it. There has not been an hour in seven years in which he has not intended to change it when the time should be ripe. The time now is; and the specific change is his choice. The little "boom" folio monthly as which the magazine originated (without complicity of his) was excellently titled by a name smacking about equally of Sunday School and Immigration Bureau; and six months later (when it took on a new editor and a new complexion) was no time for swapping names—nor did it seem wise in the years of stress. It may be that in these years the words have acquired some other associations; but the old ones also cling. The Lion has nothing against Chambers of Commerce or Sunday Schools; but the magazine is not an organ of either of them. Furthermore, four-word titles are not only bad art but a public nuisance—and, like stilted names for children, sure to be nicknamed "for short." As a matter of fact, it has been oftenest called "Sunshine"—which is a little less suggestive of boom literature, but a little more as if it were a Christian Endeavor, or a Serial Smile by the Lion's friend and neighbor, Robert J. Burdette. And while perhaps either would be better, it is neither.

Now, anyone who still insists on weeping for the bride—may do so while the procession comes back down the aisle. Like a proper girl, she has grown up, always meaning to change her name sometime. She has changed it—and the old folks think she has chosen well.

In selecting a new name for the magazine there <sup>WHAT</sup> are several things to reckon with; and they have <sup>HAS TO BE</sup> been digesting here for some years. It must be a <sup>WEIGHED.</sup> name not already in use; it ought to stand for something; it ought to indicate—as clearly as may be in a few letters—what it stands for; it must be dignified, short, characteristic, significant; and it must be a clear improvement on the "maiden name" it supplants. That many people have not had to think of all these things is evident from just so many letters the Lion has received. He *has* had to.

The Springfield Republican, one of the most influential newspapers in the East, says in the course of a generous comment on the proposed change: <sup>APPROVAL</sup> <sup>AND</sup> <sup>SUGGESTION.</sup>

"The prosperity of this excellent magazine is welcome, and so is its new title, not only because of its wider meaning but because it is so much more easily used. The statement of its ambitions, however, suggests that if it were to be called the *Pacific Monthly* it would be the nearer antithesis of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the comparison and contrast would be the more interesting. Since the *Overland* fell out of the ranks, a magazine of the real West, not our inland West, has been much wanted, and THE LAND OF SUNSHINE has done much to show the direction and temper in which its work should be accomplished. Its editorial expression has been strongly for the nobler principles of the United States."

WHY

AND

WHY NOT.

With due and grateful deference to the *Republican* and its opinion, the *Lion* expects to convert both. *Pacific Monthly* is the first name he thought of, years ago—and the last he would adopt. Western immodesty may be visible, but it is not structural. If nowhere in the world there is less worship of the conventions which are mere fetiches, neither is there anywhere in the world more respect for the Enduring Thing. The last thought of the *Lion* would be to challenge "comparison and contrast" with the *Atlantic*, for which he retains much of his New England awe—and something of his New England eyesight. It was the first High Place to print one of his youthful poems; its bound volumes from Vol. I. onward, in the old familiar cloth, are treasures of his shelves. And he knows its present circumstances. It is determined and enabled by its environment; an expression of quiet culture in the afternoon years of ease. It is not quite reasonable to compare any other magazine with it whatsoever; least of all a little Western magazine which is come to bring not peace but the sword; which stands not for culture in the easy chair but for what culture can be kept in a noble strife; fighting its own way and hewing a thoroughfare for some causes it believes in—not as academic dreams but as vital needs for better individual and national living.

PRECISELY

NOT

COMPETE.

In the things money will buy—and beautiful writing by famous authors is one of them—the magazine can not now compete with those who have far more money. In the things only age and a huge population can give, it is not even certain that it cares to compete. It selected its own specific and exclusive field so as *not* to compete with the elbowing and somewhat stampered multitude of Eastern magazines; and it has stuck to its field, which it now enlarges only in kind. But in that field it can be quite as careful to prefer solids to pretty shams; quite as ready to find out and draw out those who "have it in them" for literature or scholarship. Just as well as the big ones, it can choose the relative best of the material offered; just as well as they, discourage dishonest work—and draw that definition quite as sharply.

All this might perhaps be reason enough; but there is other—even were there not a frontier sense of humor in the serene *Atlantic* named for the stormy ocean, and this strenuous magazine named for the ocean that is Placid. The *Republican* may not have realized that out here on the Pacific Coast the word "Pacific" has not all the thrill of surprise. There are Pacific bakeries, steamships, hotels, dairies, railroads, saloons, churches, stables, Universities, streets, transfer companies, cigar-stands, corsets—by the ocean. There are floods of Pacific printing offices, bookstores, almanacs, periodicals; daily, weekly, monthly and occasional Pacifics; Pacifics religious, secular, christian science and osteopathic. There is at least one *Pacific Monthly* at present.

QUITE  
REASON  
ENOUGH.

"Out West," on the other hand, covers precisely what this magazine means to cover—and in the way it means to cover it. It apes no one, warms-over no one's wit, invites no comparisons. It is new, strong, significant and cannot be nicknamed. In two plain Saxon words it says what it wants to say (and let not New England fancy that I should have written "wishes"). With only seven letters—instead of the old or the proposed seventeen—it includes half the continent and all that lies beyond. Nor is the "Out" reproachful, as one anxious reader has felt. "Out West" is not Out of the World but Out of the Ruts. How much more it means, must be left for another text.

BUT  
THIS ONE  
DOES FOR.

But meantime the Lion seriously commends to his biggers and betters, and to all others, that they shall read and weigh the poem which will open the January number; for it tells, better than *he* has ever been able to tell, something of the spirit and the meaning of Out West. For that matter, he does not remember just who of the Great Names is writing that sort of verse anywhere, about anything. If the *Republican* and the *Atlantic* do, he will accept correction gratefully.

A HINT  
OF ITS  
MEANING.

Doubtless there is no real need to take heavier weapons than a switch to those whose disengaged minds urge that the Philippines be re-named "the McKinley Islands"—with or without the consent of any other nation. For these would-be godfathers are so visibly "traitors" that they cannot expect to impose on any one who has a sense of humor. They are trying to work-off damaged second-hand goods for a monument—as promoters of which they would claim a first-class reputation.

WORKINGS  
OF IDLE  
MINDS.

If they cannot think of any better way to honor the dead

than by tearing out leaves from the geography, they should at least be respectful enough to choose a better page. That of the Philippines is a sore and shabby one. If they had cared as much about the nature of the compliment as they do to be able to strut afterward as the persons who paid a compliment to a great man dead, they could have done better. The United States, for instance, is a country of the first-class. None of us are secretly sorry it is on the map; none of us are wishing some one would "help us let go of it." To have it named after him would be a crowning honor to the greatest man in the world. Why do not these sly belittlers come out and launch a popular movement to change the name "United States" to "McKinleya?" If the people approve of the change, it will be made; if not, not. But these conspirators further insult the dead by proposing to paste his name upon a country whose people do *not* approve. This, of course, is a thing only a Cæsar—and a very stupid Cæsar—would countenance. Prest. McKinley was a man whose head and heart would have revolted at this barbarous folly of the Intellectually Unemployed.

Let us, so far as possible, try to remember President McKinley and the Philippines at different times of day. Let us remember him in the evening—a great popular President. His page is written. Let us remember them in the morning—as part of the day's work. For their page is not written yet; and no man knows how it shall look when we are done with all the writing and erasing and blotting and interlining we must do.

Of course, no one who knows or respects history or human nature ever puts forward these absurd propositions to wipe out centuried and geographical names, and to re-christen a nation; and certainly no one of reasonable tact would think of it as an honor to any man to name after him a Pig in a Poke.

IF THEY  
FOLLOW  
THEIR LEADER.

In his annual report to the Secretary of the Navy, Commander Benj. F. Tilley, our great American Governor-General at Tutuila, Samoa, states that the natives of this Island Possession are "a gentle, kindly, simple-minded people," and that "the form of government instituted by the United States has proven very popular with them." He finds only two reforms needful to be made among them—both to curb their improvident generosity—but closes with the gratifying assurance that "an organized government has been established which keeps the people quiet and happy, and is helping them materially in their journey along the pathway toward complete civilization."

It must be ! Under all the circumstances, the mind's eye can see them fairly scampering along that pathway—and Commander Tilley is most of the circumstances. Happy Tutuilans ! Why not, when their great exemplar of complete civilization gets Happy early and often ? Quiet Tutuilans—and wisely ; for who else can be heard when Viceroy Tilley comes down both sides of the street ? The "officer and gentleman" who was picked up in the San Francisco gutters a few months ago, drunk and in disguise ; whom the soberest citizens and our most reputable travelers picture in Tutuila as publicly intoxicated, as debauching the natives, as galloping through the streets on the same horse with a drunken strumpet—who else so well can teach "complete civilization" to a "gentle and simple-minded people ?"

This is really nothing new. I have seen American consuls and ministers just as creditable to us. But now we are prancing in the arena as a World's Power. And we shall have "insular problems" sure enough—and some other problems—unless we turn over a new leaf in the matter of our representatives abroad.

The Lion acknowledges receipt (from headquarters) of the "declaration of intentions" of the "Yaqui Junta"—whatever that may be. Of course it means to be taken to be a congress of the Yaqui Indians of Sonora, Mexico ; and no less probably it is a very cheap and ignorant liar. The gist of these "intentions" is that Mexico is "mendicant," "criminal," and must be absorbed by the United States. "Therefore the annexation of Mexico will bring about the triumphant free coinage of silver, as well as the control of Panama by the United States, thus placing in the hands of the North American people the commerce of the world."

FAKERS  
EVEN AMONG  
THE YAQUI.

Sho, now ! The Lion is doubtless no older than he feels—but that is old enough to have learned a little of Mexico, of the Yaquis and of Nogales bummers. And what he most enjoys is the names of these signers of this grammar-school Yaqui Declaration of Fakerpendence. What a typical Yaqui Indian name is John Dwyer ! And it is really no more humorous than the other five signatures—Romnaldo Tenebanto, Evaristo Gutmasoleo, Adinsola Cupo, Benito Gutierrez, Alejandro Plumoblanco. What a noble list of Yaqui patriots—the "never-conquered" Yaquis—every mother's brat of them with a Mexican Catholic baptismal name, and precisely 50 per cent. of them misspelling their respective patronymics ! Even the cheap tramps of Nogales should have taken us for a little less fools !

STRAIGHT  
ENGLISH  
TALKS.

Every week, still, the Lion has letters from unredeemed Britons abusing him for his strictures on the Boer war, accusing him variously of "hating England," being "ignorant," "malicious," and a falsifier. Some of these letters are from anonymous cads; but some are from men of better breeding than eyesight—and the latter are worth an operation.

The great English positivist Frederic Harrison, one of the foremost critics and essayists in England, and vice-president of the Royal Historical Society, is also pretty well known in this country, where high honors have been paid him this year. His distinguished volume of *American Addresses* has been briefly noticed in these pages. What Mr. Harrison has to say (in the London *Daily News*) about the Boer war is so true, so bravely and so clearly said that contrary to his usual habit the Lion makes considerable quotation:

"If your readers would care to understand," says Mr. Harrison, "something of the 'panoplied hatred' with which my friends and I regard this very brutal episode in an infamous war, I will put our case before them in plain words. I am neither 'little Englander' nor 'pro-Boer' nor 'cosmopolitan crank' but a patriotic Englishman, who does not think his country's greatness needs to be eked out with more Ugandas, and refuses to applaud every folly and crime into which demagogues in office may contrive to delude the nation.

"The official return has disclosed a barbarous, vindictive, systematic attempt to terrorize and crush a brave enemy in arms, by devastating a country which it was found impossible to conquer, by ruining the homes of soldiers with whom we were waging war, and by exposing their wives and children to misery and want. This was a violation of the recognized laws of civilized war, and was expressly forbidden by The Hague Conference. It was especially infamous when resorted to against an honorable body of citizens who were defending the existence of their country. It was insane folly in the case of a people whom it was designed to incorporate in the empire, who had actually been proclaimed as our fellow-countrymen.

"It was a policy so degrading in plan and so revolting in its consequences that any honorable soldier would have been justified in declining to undertake such butcher's work. But our commanders, accustomed to wholesale slaughter and devastation in warfare with savages in Asia and Africa, and unaccustomed to fight with any men of European race, were found willing to act on it. And ministers at home were found willing to palliate it with cheerful indifference and evasive sneers. Both soldiers and ministers may count on this, that their names will live in history with those who ordered and executed the barbarities of the Thirty Years' War, the devastation of the Palatinate, and the dragonnades of Louis XIV.

"Barbarities of the kind became only too probable when our rulers entered 'with a light heart' on a war to conquer and crush one of the toughest, bravest, most independent races in the world, and gaily announced that 'not a shred of independence' would be left to men of proverbial courage and obstinacy, who for many generations have faced death, famine, and the extremes of suffering in order to live free—and especially free of the hated British bondage. When the swindlers and braggarts told us that a little show of force would cow these Dutch farmers, that, even if war did result, it would be

over in a few weeks and would only cost a few millions, when they entered on one of the most formidable wars of the century with ignorance so laughable and arrogance so blind, it became clear to all who knew the history and nature of the Boer and the physical conditions of the task that ghastly ferocities would be resorted to, and that our British name would be dragged down from each meanness and atrocity to still lower depths. . . .

"Into this stupendous folly, into this abominable crime, the British adventurers in South Africa have induced our government to plunge. They rigged the political market, they gave 'commissions' to leading politicians, they hired the press of Africa and at home, they poured out on the public ear a torrent of calumny and sensational falsehoods, they organized a foul act of piracy, they bullied and blackmailed the 'department,' they made the representative of the crown their creature.

"This responsible governor of a self-governing colony stooped to play the part which some noble chairman of a rotten company performs as the figurehead of a board of guinea-pig directors. He behaved as an Irish viceroy would behave, if he made himself the grand master of the Orange faction, hounded them on to insult, misrepresent, and attack their Catholic fellow-subjects, and personally labored to bring about a civil war. He mouthed out rhetorical abuse of the government with which he was sent to negotiate; he insulted and defied the constitutional ministers he was bound to consult; he resorted to his old journalistic epigrams to mislead and irritate people at home; he concealed from them the feeling of the inhabitants of the colony he governed; he deceived his chiefs at home by false accounts of the perils before them and of the means of compromise at hand. And, when he saw the possibility of a peaceful issue to the imbroglio he had fanned, he took care to make a settlement impossible and war the natural result.

"War, indeed, did result; and it is only one of the same electioneering tricks to pretend that the Boers began it. When they saw the empire armed and heard the open menaces of the official dispatches, their invasion of Natal was a mere strategic move, as a man threatened by a gang of armed burglars might give the first blow to protect himself. And now, when a wasting and savage war has gone on for nearly twenty months with no visible result except the slaughter of myriads of men, the waste of £150,000,000, ruin, devastation, and famine broadcast over the very country we pretend to call part of our empire, and deadly hatred planted in a race of men that never forgets, whom we pretend to call fellow-citizens—now we are asked to join in the mock triumph of the author of all this shame and confusion, of this ghastly anarchy and never-dying source of future strife. This worst enemy of his country, this contriver of incalculable ruin, is called away from the chaos into which he has plunged his colony to receive the honors of a victorious soldier. Let us not join in this squalid electioneering farce, the same kind of advertising trick by which bold tradesmen try to rouse a boom in their tea, or their wines, or their miraculous soap.

"Not only are we being ruined, humiliated and made odious as a nation, but we are being made the laughing-stock of the world. This grotesque fooling for party ends is transforming us into a race of blackguards. The disgusting orgies of Mafficking and carnivals were encouraged and financed by politicians and advertising tradesmen. They were blessed by the clergy of that church which assures us that 'God made war.' Soldiers who have violated the laws of nations, and have left the field of their so-called conquests a scene of chaos and confusion, swept by incessant and aimless fighting, are hailed as if they were the saviors of the country. Generals who

have suffered humiliating defeats, over which the civilized world has made merry, vapor about at bazars and garden parties as heroes and heaven-born commanders. No one denies the splendid courage shown by our soldiers, officers and men alike; nor do we fail to honor the patience, cheerfulness, and tenacity of all who have borne the heat and burden of this long and cruel day. But to swagger over the deeds of men who have done their duty as English soldiers always have done, to shout about the world with this immoderate bluster over a campaign which, considering the petty enemy and their narrow means, has been one long tale of rebuff, disappointment, miscalculation, disaster and perpetual 'regrettable' incidents including more British soldiers taken prisoners than ever happened in our long history before—this, I say, is more like the tone of the Hooligans out Mafficking than of the Englishmen who beat Napoleon and saved Europe.

"The war is now over," we are officially informed week by week by commanders, ministers, and their friends in the press. We look on these brazen untruths with alarm, for it is thought to be the prelude to some new policy of rage and barbarism. But all is not 'over.' We are not 'over' the deadly blow all this has struck at the empire, the ruin and chaos it has spread through South Africa, the blood-poison it has infused into public opinion, nor the stain on English honor in the sight of the civilized world. There is another thing, too, which is not yet 'over.' And that is the nationality of the Boer republics, which, I believe, are not yet crushed out forever—which, as a patriotic Englishman, I trust never will be crushed out forever."

THE GIANT  
AND THE  
GOPHERS.

"Ho!" cried the fly. "You had to notice me, did you! I'm bigger than you thought!"

"Humph!" answered the substantial citizen, reaching for the broom; "I don't observe that you weigh any more than you did. But you lighted on a tender spot."

Only along some such lines is it conceivable that Messrs. Field, Wilson and Alexander (a majority of the supervisors of Los Angeles county, Cal.) could ever have become interesting to any considerable public or wormed their names into a magazine page—unless some monthly devoted to Entomology and the particular Extermination of Insect Pests. Like the fly, too, unused to praise, they seem to prefer contempt to continued obscurity. The Daniel Webster of the Far West—beyond reasonable discussion or comparison the greatest mind California has yet produced—died not long ago. Of the record of Stephen M. White as a leader at the bar, of his place in State and National politics, of his achievement and his stature in the Senate of the United States, there needs no rehearsal here. In our modern statecraft it has been given unto few men to serve the State as highly and as broadly as he served it; unto still fewer has it been appointed to stand forth amid our putty politics such a tower of majestic and incorruptible strength. In the city of Los Angeles was his home; here his early triumphs and some of his great ones. His leonine spirit and presence and voice many a time filled and



thrilled and dominated that very county courthouse in one of whose side rooms any one who cares to hunt for them can find these three specimens official of cottony-cushion scale.

But when a grateful public rolled up, from all over the State, from all over the United States, and far faster than was the national subscription for the Gen. Grant monument—\$18,000 to erect a worthy statue in his home city to Stephen M. White, then was the flies' chance to attract attention. They refused to permit the statue to be erected on the beautiful and commanding courthouse grounds—where it would be most fitly placed, where an overwhelming request of the representative people asked that it be placed.

Why? "Precedent," they say. But cowards are generally untruthful, and these are both. Taking them at their word; if California can raise enough Stephen M. Whites to crowd all the courthouse grounds from Siskiyou to San Diego with their statues, one apiece—well, she can afford to enlarge the grounds. Whereas if she is going to breed many more supervisorial gophers, we might better decide to get along without courthouses altogether.

But the disgraceful truth is that the insult to a great man's memory, and to his wife, and to his fellow citizens, was for no other reason on earth than that he was born of Catholic parents, in California when it was overwhelmingly Catholic, and that he was man enough not to turn renegade for political profit. And when in an intelligent American community there is left any official body to bow down to the always un-American and now long dead, damned and decomposed A. P. A., it is time to disinfect. The Lion is neither insectivorous nor Catholic; but he hopes to live to see—and help hasten—the end of the last grape-nut-brained enemy of his country who would hinder an American living or dishonor him dead, because of his religion.

And it is a good time for house-cleaning anyhow. With the inspiring example in the White House of a President neither afraid nor ashamed to put his own hand to the broom in cleansing politics that have grown pretty dirty—we needn't be too lofty or too lazy to abate our own little local nuisances everywhere.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Its publishers have made an uncommonly handsome folio of *The Famous Missions of California*; the cover, design and color drawings by W. H. Bull are very attractive; and the text has that easy flow we may expect of the author, Wm. Henry Hudson, "lately Professor of English Literature at Stanford University."

The California Missions, of course, are a perennial text; and they are more be-written, perhaps, than any other one theme in the whole West. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite lack of variety in the multitude of publications concerning them—deriving almost invariably and almost exclusively from Bancroft's "*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*," of a "history;" and strung in unassorted heads, upon whatsoever tenuous thread the borrower may have in his spinneret. There is room—nay, an eager vacuum—for a first-class "popular" book on this romantic subject; and one has never been printed yet. Mr. C. F. Carter's comes nearest, perhaps; but it falls short by much.

Prof. Hudson's academic contribution to the catalogue is in many ways above the average, but in as many ways disappointing. We might reasonably have asked from him a more ponderable work. It is too much a mere casual "reading-up" for a hasty lecture, and does not merit the permanency of binding. His grasp of the Mission substance and theory, its policies and its economies, its history and its hope, is timid, inexpert, inadequate. Perhaps it is the British of it that enables this neat, little man not to see the humor of his patronizing estimate of that Lion-Heart of the Franciscans in California, Fray Junípero Serra, and of the general outcome of the Mission system; but from whatever source it comes, it is unwelcome at this date. It would be better, too, to handle this Apostle of California with rather more respect of proofreading and the Manual of Etiquette. "Junípero," the author calls him right along; not Fray Junípero, or "Father Serra," or even "Serra." It is like writing of our revolutionary times and always referring to Washington as plain "George"—which most historians have sense enough not to do. We are even left in doubt whether Prof. Hudson pronounces the name "Jew-nípper-o", as he spells it. "Jose" [apparently to be called Joe's] in place of José [Ho-sày] is an even more aggravated solecism maintained throughout. Other misspellings quite unparadonable here are "Villicatà," "Francesco" Palou, "Crespé," "Filipe," "Moujerio" (which Prof. Hudson translates "Monastery" for Nuns) and "Moujas." The San Diego Mission was not "transferred in 1874" to its present location—by rather some time.

These and the like minor blemishes would not so much count were they upon the face of a reasonably adequate historic concept of the generic theme; but the whole grip of the story is superficial.

It is a serious omission in a book of this sort, even for tourist consumption, to leave undated the many photographs of the Missions. Some of those used here are fairly recent; others are from ten to twenty years old, and the whole appearance of things is radically

changed since then. For instance, it is five years since Capistrano has looked as it is here pictured; and two to four times as long since San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Fernando, etc., presented the appearance credited to them by this book. This is bad business, even from the "business" side.

The book is very cheap for so handsome a production. Dodge Pub. Co., 150 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.

The venerable, amiable and interminable Noah Brooks LEWIS AND CLARK RETOLD. warms over the journal of Lewis and Clark into a fat "popular" volume with the misleading title *First Across the Continent*. Of course the two gallant captains sent out by Jefferson in 1804 were not "first across the continent" by a trifling matter of 270 years; nor the tenth across by time enough. But they were the first officers sent across by the government of the United States; and with a touch of that same exquisite race-modesty, which leads the Encyclopedia Britannica to consider the world uncircumnavigated until an Englishman did it (60 years too late), Mr. Brooks forgets history for the sake of a catching title. It is an excellent example of the thing historical students have so much to complain of—abuse of truth for carelessness or for commercial ends.

The story of the Lewis and Clark expedition is reasonably well, though rather dully, told. There is really very little need of wooden books on this theme, after the journal of these great explorers themselves has been given its definitive edition by the late Dr. Elliott Coues. His work was the last word any modest person would think to speak; and Mr. Brooks has not visibly approved the immodesty.

Aside from careless grammar and a general heaviness, the book has many ineptitudes. Coyote is not "pronounced kyote," and never was, except by the illiterate. It is pronounced co-yó-te. The grease-wood is not a "pulpy-leaved thorn," nor either part thereof. The "Beaver dams" shown in the illustration facing p. 134 have the most remarkable construction ever yet noted in beaver architecture; and not only historians but beer-bottlers know better than "Mt. Ranier." The best feature of the book is that it largely quotes the Journal. The illustration is not more satisfactory; being largely copies of Catlin's flat sketches—than which we do a good deal better nowadays. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50 net.

Of Dr. Edward Robison Taylor, the scholarly translator of AN OMAR OF HEREDIA, probably the best achievement thus far in general letters is *Into the Light*, a sequence of Omaresque stanzas tinged with a larger optimism than the Persian's if without his inevitable fire. Like all Dr. Taylor's work, this is scrupulous, thoughtful and well-wrought; and this brochure—very attractively printed—will add to his name. It is surprising to find in the first line of the XXX stanza a lapse of meter. D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 75 cents.

More than ordinary worth attaches to the *Swedish Fairy Tales*, by Anna Wahlenberg. For nowadays—which is a good while since the time when such things might be unsophisticated—these stories are simple, well-conceived and "in keeping." Fairy-tales, of course, hark back to times when standards were different and "society" unspoiled; and it is almost impossible for a modern to write them without some touch of our artificialities. Miss Wahlenberg, however, has done very well indeed, and the illustration by Helen Maitland Armstrong, is particularly good. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.00 net.

GOOD

FOR THE

YOUNGSTERS.

*The Round Rabbit*, "and other child verse," by Agnes Lee, is a very beautifully dressed and very charming collection of some three-score poems for little children, reprinted from *St. Nicholas*, and the minor—as all the rest are—juveniles. It is very rarely that so praiseworthy a volume of child verse is put forth, nowadays; and the author is to be complimented not only for a musical ear, but for an excellent judgment of what the children like and should have. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Another in the workmanlike little "Beacon Biographies" is *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, by Frank B. Sanborn, who is peculiarly fitted for his task. Among pocket-size books, this series stands well. The portrait of Emerson is not quite up to the general standard of the "Biographies." Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 75 cents net.

A decorative and generally amiable brochure is *Jingles from Japan*; verses by Mabel Hyde. The "Jingles," of course, are not from Japan; it is doubtful if they could be called so much as Japanesque; but they are not without point and feeling; and the illustrations are attractive. Much worse things are generally done under this invocation. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. 75 cents net.

C. F. L.

HE

SPRINGS

ETERNAL.

Anthony Hope is still exploiting his "newer manner" in *Tristram of Blent*, and blood does not flow nor swords clash for our thrilling as in the good old days of Count Rupert. But the fireworks are there just the same. The hero abandons heritage and title, which he holds impregnably (though, as he believes, fraudulently) mainly—so far as appears—because the girl-cousin whom he thinks to be the lawful heir has a trick of crossing her knees and displaying her ankles that reminds him of his mother. Then, by way of a breather making £10,000 in a few days in a real estate operation, he wins the good graces of a Prime Minister, declines a proffered "beastly new viscounty," also the hand of his cousin though tendered by herself. Next he discovers that the property and title belong to him after all, and that he loves his cousin. He persuades her to marry him out of hand, telling her only of the latter part of his discovery, until the evening after their wedding. Then she calls him a liar, with emphasis and repetition, and vows she will leave him at once and forever. He is almost overwhelmed, but recovers himself by naming her "curmudgeon" with such force and convincingness that she surrenders at discretion. No one will venture to call the story hackneyed. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A WIFE

OF THE

FIRST GEORGE.

*The Love of an Uncrowned Queen*, by W. H. Wilkins, is not, as its title might lead one to guess, a romantic novel, but a biography of Sophie Dorothea, wife of George I of England, though divorced before he came to the throne. In direct descent from them, in the sixth generation, is Edward of England, and, in the seventh, William of Germany. The major portion of the volume is devoted to her relations with Philip, Count Königsmarck, and to their correspondence, now for the first time published. The burden of the letters—on both sides—is "I love you. Why are you not true to me?" The story is tragic and pitiful enough—a few brief years of stormy, secret, jealous love, then for him a sword to the heart as he left her chamber, and for her divorce and imprisonment to the day of her death, thirty-two years later. One cannot sympathize with the wronged husband, whose mother described him as "the most pig-headed, stubborn boy that ever lived, and who has round his brains such a thick crust that I defy any man or woman ever to discover what is in them." Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago and New York.

The brightest of the newer stars in the Russian literary firmament is, by pretty general consent, Maxim Gorky, and there are not a few who expect the very greatest things from the maturity of his powers. One cannot call *Foma Gordyeev*—his first long novel, now translated into English—pleasant reading, but it is better than that; it is alive, though a sombre and cynical enough picture of Russian social and commercial life. Gorky's personal encounters with living, through most of his three and thirty years, have not been productive of cakes and ale to any considerable extent. Orphaned at an early age, he was by turns shoemaker's boy, draughtsman's apprentice, cook's boy, gardener's assistant, laborer in a bakery (at \$1.50 a month), apple-peddler, dock-workman, wood-sawyer, railway-watchman, and so on, getting into prison "seven or eight times" by way of variety. He was well towards thirty before he began to write for publication, but then leaped into reputation almost at a bound. Miss Hapgood's translation of the present volume seems competent, and the publication is authorized by Gorky. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.00.

RUSSIA,  
FROM  
LIFE.

Heloise Edwina Hersey's *To Girls* is an annoying volume for the reviewer. Taken as a whole, it is sincere, useful, even inspiring. Yet there are many sins both of omission and commission. It may be only a wise reticence which forbids any more extended treatment—in 247 pages of advice to young women—of one of the questions which must come before most young women, than a bare mention of "the process which we call falling in love." A mere man may be only exposing his own ignorance in smiling over the "deep and effective resolutions made by many a girl in a hammock as she passes a June morning over a novel;" and it may be only personal blindness which fails to see in General McClellan "the modern counterpart" of the melancholy Dane. But if "shouldn't you admire to?" is indeed "a refreshing New Englandism" there is at least one "New Englander" of some experience who had, till he read this book, failed to be refreshed by it. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

HEART TO  
HEART  
TALKS

*Stephen Calinari* is a study of the transformation of an Oxford undergraduate—rich, clever and uncommonly conceited—into a worker with serious purposes, a chastened opinion of himself, and a prospect of usefulness. Factors in bringing about this result are three love-affairs, a taste of war in the Balkans and a contest for a seat in Parliament—all packed into some fifteen months. This makes the action brisk enough, to say the least, and the story is never dull. But can Mr. Julian Sturgis really mean us to understand that "we ain't" and "you ain't" are familiar phrases on the lips of the British Aristocracy? Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

A POST-  
GRADUATE  
COURSE.

The five sketches of life in an Illinois country village, collected under the title of *The Battle Invisible*, are rather character drawings than stories. The author, Eleanor C. Reed, is introduced by the publishers as "a new Chicago writer." It may be unfair to wonder whether the "new" or the "Chicago" is responsible for making a girl born when her father was thirty-four years old reach the age of eighteen only when he is past sixty, as happens in the first story. In spite of such blemishes, the work is worth while and gives promise of better to come. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

LIFE  
IN  
ILLINOIS.

The content of *As a Falling Star* seems to this reader too slight—and too sickly-sweet—for its attractive setting. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.00.

Trashier works have been printed than *Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess*. But that is not a sufficient excuse for either publisher or author. As to the glittering bait dangled to allure purchasers (a chance of winning \$500 or a part of it, by passing judgment on the beauty of the heroine as conceived by twelve different artists) comment is needless. A ticket in the Little Louisiana Lottery would cost less. A redeeming touch of the comic is the fact that only two or three of the twelve artists can possibly have read the book, if one may judge by the pictures. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Never a man of lower title than "Count"—except Sir Walter Raleigh—is allowed to play a part in Charlton Anderson's *A Parfit Gentil Knight*, while Princes of the Blood Royal are thick as huckleberries. Even the maid of the heroine is entitled to the *de*. The scene of the story is France, the time the reign of Charles IX, and the motive the honorable love of a very gallant gentleman for the wife of his dearest friend. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

The three hundred and more issues of Appleton's "Town and Country Library" have included many good stories—very few more interesting than *The Seal of Silence*, by Arthur R. Conder. With enough plot to hold the attention and enough action to keep things moving, there is clear-cut character-drawing, admirable discretion and a very pretty turn of humor. The tale would have done credit to any veteran. It was the first book of a very young man, and he died—more's the pity—before it was printed. D. Appleton & Co. New York. 50c.

As its title would suggest, *The Grapes of Wrath*, by Mary Harriott Norris, is a story of the close of our Civil War. There is love in it, and battle; swift death and painful endurance, with the sun shining over peaceful reunion at the end. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

The nine tales by Quiller-Couch just published under the title of *The Laird's Luck* give excellent proof of his versatility as a story teller. They range from the pure fantasy of "Phœbus On Halzaphron" to the rattling adventure of "The Two Scouts." "Poisoned Ice" is sufficiently ghastly-grim, while "Midsummer Fires" is a very delicate and tender study of a life-long love. The volume is distinctly worth reading. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

*Grimple's Mind*, published by A. G. Rogers, at Santa Barbara, and acknowledged by Morrison J. Swift, costs ten cents or twenty-five, according to whether you buy a copy printed on light paper or heavy. Whether you get your money's worth or not depends mainly on your sense of humor.

The publishers say concerning *Lincoln's First Love* that it "is not necessarily authentic in all its details." To which may be added that their share in making the little book has been beautifully done. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.00.

Shan'Bullock's *Irish Pastorals* are nearly perfect in their way—and the way is a mighty good one. True as photographs—and with no "retouching" of the negatives—there is never a pose nor a straining after effect, nor ever a failure to get just the picture the artist wanted. We are in no danger of having too many such studies of life and character as these. McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.00.

C. A. M.



Conducted by WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

A large part of the space available for this department in the present issue is devoted to the announcement of the scope it will assume hereafter, and of the topics it will bring before the people of the West during 1902. **NEXT YEAR'S WORK.** OUR WEST is to be a more comprehensive publication than THE LAND OF SUNSHINE. It will cover a wider field and in a somewhat different way. It will aim not only to discuss events and record history, but to some extent to shape events and make history. It purposes to go out and meet the problems of the future at least half-way. It would rather be a little ahead of its day than a little behind. It prefers to try to accomplish something, and fail, rather than to play the coward's part of attempting nothing because not assured of success in advance.

The man who tries to reform institutions must prepare to be denounced as "utterly impracticable." This is true everywhere and always, but just a little more emphatically true in California than anywhere else. There never was a situation so bad that somebody was not satisfied with it, and that somebody would not suffer from any change. Even the pestilence fills the pockets of doctors and undertakers. And those who set out upon the reform of bad laws or the inauguration of new and progressive policies always meet with the fierce opposition of "practical men." **ABOUT "PRACTICAL" MEN.** Do you advise the Sacramento Valley to withdraw from the business of raising wheat at a loss and to irrigate, subdivide, and diversify? Then you are "utterly impracticable." Do you want to abolish the water laws that have worked disastrously and put in their place the successful code of Wyoming? "Impracticable" again! Do you urge coöperative buying and selling among the producers of California? Would you face the admitted evil of great unproductive estates with the just and effective remedies applied by men of your own race and time in other lands? Well, well! You are a walking embodiment of impracticability in its most hopeless and ridiculous aspect! The "practical man" contends that things which have failed are splendidly successful if they are old, and that things which have succeeded are dangerous and Utopian if they happen to be new in this particular latitude. And the only comfort that is left for the "impracticable man" is the fact that his kind monopolizes the pages of history, while the other kind who said that

things could not and must not be done have gone down "to the tongueless silence of the voiceless dust."

**TWEEDLEDUM** There is another charge for which we must be prepared.  
**AND** If we favor public works of irrigation in California we  
**TWEEDLEDEE.** shall be branded as Socialists. Is Theodore Roosevelt a Socialist because he favors public works of irrigation throughout the West? Is James J. Hill, the multi-millionaire president of the great combination recently formed to own 42,000 miles of railroad, a Socialist because he favors the same thing? Were the framers of the last Republican and Democratic National platforms Socialists because they made exactly the same declaration? Surely no one would advance the silly sophistry that it is Socialism for the State to build irrigation works, but not Socialism at all for the nation to do identically the same thing. "Let's have *some* sense!" as a famous debater used to say. No, gentlemen, the truly practical man is the one who stands for a wise and workable idea, whether it be new or old. And you can never stigmatize the man who favors public works in California unless you do the same to the man who favors public works elsewhere. You will have to find stronger arguments than these if you want to win the verdict of the people, or even save your reputation for ordinary intelligence.

**"THE CAN'T-  
 BE-DONE"  
 SCHOOL.** There is still another argument to confront the advocates of reform. They will be told that even if their ideas are sound they can never be carried out in California. The masses of the people are too indifferent, the forces of the opposition too powerful. On that theory there could never be any progress in this world. Columbus could never have discovered America, the great Republic could never have been founded, and slavery could never have been abolished. But Christopher Columbus, George Washington and Sam Adams, Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips refused to subscribe to that theory. And there are some earnest and obstinate souls in California who refuse to subscribe to it. Like other men who have braved opposition in order to enjoy the luxury of battling for what they believed to be eternally right, the friends of reform in California will put their hands to the plow and do what they can. And if they do not live to behold the fruits of their labors their children or their grandchildren are likely to do so.





## *A PROGRAM FOR CALIFORNIA.*

**W**ITH its next number this magazine takes a new name and enters upon new and broader purposes.

In his editorial announcement in October Mr. Lummis said: "It will be the standard-bearer of what it believes to be the right solution of the most tremendous problems this half of the United States has ever faced; and it will reach out to problems that cannot much longer be dodged by either the business or the scholarship of the country at large."

It will be the work of this department to deal fully and fearlessly, but always fairly, with the great vital questions involved in developing the social and economic character of California and the West. The writer has devoted the best years of his life to fitting himself for such a task. He knows the history and resources of this Western land because he has studied them as other men study law or science or the various lines of business in which they are engaged. He knows the people and the life of the people because he has associated with them, worked with them, suffered with them, and struggled with them in the strife and friction of growing institutions. He has tried to know the needs of this region and to learn the remedies for the obstacles and evils which hamper its progress. And now the time has come for action—the time to propose measures and submit them for the consideration of the people of California, the West, and the nation.

### THE STATE AS IT REALLY IS.

Now, what is California?

It is, of course, first and foremost among the States which make up the Western half of the Republic. All that Massachusetts and New York are to the Atlantic seaboard California is to the Pacific seaboard. It is the Leader in commerce, in science, in letters, and in art. And so it must always be.

California is the land of the Sun, the land of mighty trees, the land of fruits and flowers and gold. All this we know and every schoolboy knows it by heart. But does it follow that California is a finished country—its foundations

laid broad and true, its superstructure built story upon story, its culminating domes and turrets reaching to the sky and looking down on a perfected and faultless civilization? Is there nothing more to be done? Beyond the palms, the magnolias, and the orange groves, back of the splendid heritage of soil and climate, of stately forests, of towering mountains, and enfolding seas, is there no inspiring task for men to do?

Aye, the real living, breathing California is but a raw and uncouth thing, waiting to be civilized, waiting to be shaped, waiting to be hammered into the form of beautiful, just, and enduring institutions on the anvil of debate, by the brawny strength of a great people. We have praised it enough. Let us do better now—let us make it worthy of our praise. Let us close our eyes to its scenic and climatic glories and open our eyes to its civic, economic, and social nakedness.

Let us forget for the time the few perfect types of civilization that dot our valleys—our Redlands, our Riverside, and our Ontario—which we photograph and exhibit to the world. And let us remember the great sprawling wildernesses of barren soil which we do not photograph and exhibit. Let us cease talking of our masonry dams, cemented ditches, and underground pipes, and talk for a while of the wasted floods and parched valleys that know not dams, ditches, or pipes. Let us turn from those celebrated examples of fruitfulness, where men live amid beauty and plenty, to those voiceless valleys where fourfooted beasts trample the fertile soil that should sustain millions of men, women, and children.

Let us put out of mind for the present the few little farms which have made California a charmed word all over the earth, and fix our gaze on the great useless estates that impoverish the commonwealth without enriching their owners. Let us cease our pæns to the Big Trees, and think of the forest fires that dry the fountain at its source and rob future generations of their birthright. Let us stop bragging about the wonderful iron works that "built the Oregon," and contemplate the cruel war between capital and labor which shut those works down and filled the

streets of San Francisco with idle men and special police—the thin crust of a social volcano.

In a word, let us look at California as it really is—a State of enormous possibilities and meager achievement; a State that could support forty millions, yet increased less rapidly than Massachusetts in the last ten years; a State with congested cities and stagnant or languishing agriculture; a State preëminently fitted by nature to be the paradise of the common people, yet branded with monopoly-ownership of land and water and cleaving to the barbarism of physical force in the settlement of its labor disputes.

Nowhere else is there another land for which God has done so much and man has done so little. What are its true economic problems? What are its real social questions?

*They are the problems and the questions of water, of land, and of labor.*

How are they to be met and solved?

#### THE STATE ELECTION OF 1902.

Next year California will face the duties and opportunities of a quadrennial election. It is at the ballotbox, and there alone, that the people may register entire satisfaction with things as they are, or may decree that things shall be different hereafter.

There are few States which choose a Governor no oftener than the nation chooses a President. There is none other in which the selection of a Chief Magistrate signifies so little as to the policy of the commonwealth. When has a candidate for this highest office in California's gift brought forward great measures and said to his fellow-citizens: "This is what I stand for. If I am chosen, my administration will inaugurate these new policies with the confident expectation of increasing the prosperity and greatness of the State."

In other States, in the Nation at large, in the countries of Europe, and in the self-governing English colonies, elections turn upon measures proposed by statesmen. But in California the precious opportunity which comes but once in four years is frittered away in trivial strife between small politicians. Did this candidate steal a sheep in his

boyhood? Did that candidate once express admiration for the works of Henry George? Such are the mighty issues upon which newspapers, speakers, clubs, and voters work themselves into a frenzy of enthusiasm and abuse.

What is the grand result? The winning party gets the offices. If the other party had won, another set of politicians would have got the offices. And that is all the difference there is between them so far as State affairs are concerned. No evils are reformed. No constructive policies are inaugurated. The politicians draw their salaries. That is the beginning and the end of the whole performance. In the meantime, we proceed for another four years without lifting a finger to build the State.

The first item in an enlightened program for California would be this:

*To vitalize the politics of the State and compel it to deal with living measures of constructive character.*

#### WATER—THE PROBLEM OF PROBLEMS.

The overshadowing question in the economic life of California is this—How shall we get the water distributed over the largest possible area of land?

A few favored localities have solved this problem for themselves by tireless labor and daring investment. But speaking broadly, this is a State which needs irrigation and has no present means of getting it. We are practically no better off with our present laws than we would be if we had no laws at all. Indeed, while none of our laws are helpful, some of them are positively harmful. Such is the riparian law. The anarchy resulting from present methods of appropriating and distributing water, and the deep menace to the economic liberties of our people involved in the growing monopoly of this vital element, have been treated in recent numbers of this magazine. The specific reforms suggested for this condition of things by the government are presented elsewhere in this number.

But when these important reforms shall have taken the place of our present meager and illogical water code, and of that thing of shreds and patches—the judicial decisions construing the present code—what then? Litigation over

existing rights will cease. That is a great thing. The supply will then be distributed in a legal and orderly manner by public authority. That is another great thing. But there will be no more water than there is now. And there is not enough now to fill existing canals. Where is the increasing supply to come from? It can only come by the storage of flood waters. Is it to be stored by private enterprise? If so, it will strengthen and entrench the principle of private water monopoly in California. Furthermore, even this dangerous method of getting our lands watered is a remote possibility, since irrigation is much too slow in its returns to tempt investment in a large way.

There is but one remedy. It is the remedy of Italy, France and Spain; the remedy of India, Egypt, Australia, and Canada. That remedy is a comprehensive system of public works.

There are two classes of arid land in California—public and private land. The former is remote from railways, mostly east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. We now look hopefully to the government to store the flood waters essential to the irrigation of these public lands. And let it be remembered that this policy will be the nation's endorsement of the proposition for public irrigation works. But no one expects the nation to water our millions of acres of private land. How, then, shall it be done? It can only be accomplished by public works built by the State. They must be paid for by direct taxation, which should probably be levied upon neighborhoods immediately benefited, but the State itself must vouch for the securities issued for this purpose and must assume the burden of administration. We have tried local districts with local management and they have failed. But the great principle underlying public works and the attachment of the water-right to the soil is vindicated by centuries of experience in foreign lands, as it is also vindicated in the successful experience of our own race in Australia.

Therefore, the second item in a program for California would be this:

*Public irrigation works—constructed by the nation when public lands are to be watered, and by the State when private lands are to be watered.*

TO GIVE THE PEOPLE ACCESS TO THE LAND.

California cannot be a great State in the full sense of the term until it solves the problem of giving the masses of men easy access to the soil. What now stands in the way of this result? First, the fact that many of the richest localities are held in large private estates dating back to the Spanish grants or to the time when such holdings were easily consolidated under the loose land laws of the United States. Second, to the fact that when private lands are offered for sale they are generally held at a price which precludes their acquirement by men of small means; or, when they may be cheaply had, that they are quickly taken up for speculation in large areas.

These facts are notorious. Consider two typical instances.

There is the splendid Bidwell estate in the Sacramento Valley, near Chico. Here is one of the grandest tracts of land in the State. General Bidwell bought it for a trifling sum half a century ago. He farmed it upon a large scale in grain, but planted extensive orchards and vineyards, also. He loved it so well that he would not sell a foot of it. He was the lord of a little kingdom, with fertile bottom land, woods and upland, streams and mountains. In the midst of this paradise he built a stately home. But in the end the enterprise was not a financial success and the losses of many years left it heavily encumbered. Since its owner's death a portion of it has been subdivided and offered for sale at prices ranging from \$50 to \$150 per acre. It is well worth the price if any land is worth it, but when the pecuniary resources of the landless class of the United States are considered, the price is seen to be practically prohibitory.

The result of having this estate owned by one man is found to be this: During Bidwell's lifetime the growth of Chico and the Sacramento Valley was hindered by the existence of this great holding. When the General died, the property was offered at a price reasonable enough, all

things considered, and yet beyond the reach of those who need homes.

Take a different instance, where equally good land, enjoying the very best water supply in the State, is offered at a low price. Such is the case on the Colorado Delta. Land and water are sold at \$20 an acre, though a year ago they could be had at \$5.75. The prices were gradually raised to the present terms. Over 100,000 acres have been taken up at an average price probably not exceeding \$10 per acre. A very large proportion of it went not to homeseekers, but to speculators who expect to make large profits from real homeseekers later on. It does not follow that the managers of the enterprise or the speculators are open to blame. The fault resides in the system.

The fact is that the masses of men crowded into the cities East and West cannot get easy access to the soil under present conditions. The loss resulting from this fact is not merely the loss of those who would like to acquire homes. It is the loss of railroads, banks, and merchants. It is the loss of entire local communities, of the State, and of the nation. It is the loss of the race and the loss of civilization.

Is there any reasonable way in which these large estates may be opened to the public without injustice to their present owners and on such terms as the mass of men can accept? Is there any practical method by which the forestalling of actual settlers on cheap public lands may be prevented? If it be possible to answer these questions affirmatively it would mean a tremendous gain for California and the world.

The first thing that we need to learn in dealing with the subject is that we of California do not know everything. We have not all the wisdom and valuable experience. Other men in other lands have dealt with the same problem. It is just possible that we may learn something from them.

New Zealand is, perhaps, the most progressive country in the world. Years ago its people were so anxious to interest capital and settlers in that far island that they threw open their natural wealth of land and waters on the easiest terms. The result was that the best land and most valuable river-fronts were quickly taken up as the foundation of great estates. By the end of a generation it was found that if New Zealand

was ever to become the home of large numbers of small farmers,—if the surplus town population was ever to have the opportunity to swarm upon the soil,—it would be necessary to adopt some entirely new principles in legislation and administration.

What did New Zealand do? It decided to acquire the great estates gradually by purchase. Generally their owners were not unwilling to exchange their property for government bonds, since large holdings are seldom profitable when considered over a period of years. So it happened that more property was offered the government than it has thus far cared to buy. But sometimes particular properties have been desired which the owners were unwilling to part with. Then the government condemned them and took them for just compensation. The New Zealanders have a shrewd way of handling such matters. They assess property for taxation at what they consider its real value. They then provide that if the owner complains of exorbitant valuation the State may purchase the property at that price, plus ten per cent. Hence, the landowner bears his full burden of taxation or sells his property to the State.

Having acquired these lands what does the State do with them? It provides them with necessary public improvements, such as roads, bridges, and canals, and then proceeds to subdivide them for small farms with convenient village centers. This done, it opens them to settlement under a plan which brings them within easy reach of the masses of the people.

The little farms are not sold, but leased in a way that is equivalent to ownership. The leases are for 999 years. Why are they are not sold outright? For two reasons. First, because that means that they would be mortgaged, sold, and finally consolidated again into great estates. This is the history of the world. For instance, look at the thousands of acres which have passed to banks in California. The second reason is that the State considers it good public policy to dictate the size of farms, the character of improvements, and the manner in which they shall pass from one proprietor to another.

Upon what terms do the people get these lands? They pay no purchase price and are thus able to use all their little



capital for improvements and to sustain themselves until their places come into bearing. They lease them at five per cent. on the cost to the State. Thus if the land and improvements cost the State \$30 an acre the settler pays an annual rent of \$1.50, or \$15 a year for ten acres, including the advantages of public improvements. If the cost be \$50 an acre the rent is \$2.50; if \$100 an acre, the rent is \$5.00. Few men are so poor that they cannot get land enough to sustain their families on these favorable terms.

The first great advantage of the New Zealand plan is that it kills land monopoly. The second, that it kills land speculation. The third, that it throws wide open the door of opportunity to millions of people possessing very moderate means. The fourth, that by encouraging rapid settlement it benefits railroads, banks, merchants,—every element in the community. The adoption of these plans here would make California indeed the paradise of the common people and the Mecca of homeseekers from all parts of the world.

Therefore, the third item in a program for California would be this:

*To adopt the New Zealand method of purchasing, improving, and leasing the great estates as a means of giving the masses of men easy access to the soil.*

#### ABOLISH DISASTROUS STRIKES FOREVER.

The recent strike in San Francisco is a blot on the history of California. Thousands of men were idle for weeks. The children of some of them no doubt suffered the pangs of hunger. Assaults were committed and blood was shed. Ships lay idle in the harbor while people suffered for their unloaded cargoes. The evil consequences were not confined to the employers and workmen immediately involved, nor even to the city in which they lived. All the economic elements which go to make up the industrial life of the State are interdependent. When the grain-ship lies idle in the stream the wheat must remain on the wharf. That means that ranches far remote from the scene of the strike cannot sell their product. And that fact means further that the farmer cannot pay his bills to the storekeeper, nor the storekeeper settle with the wholesale merchant or the bank. The result is general business paralysis and widespread suffering. In the meantime, capital

and labor stand face to face with no means of settling their differences except by actual force. The strike must go on until the employer is confronted with loss and ultimate ruin or until his workmen are starved into submission. And that is barbarism.

Have a few employers and workingmen in San Francisco any moral right to imperil the welfare of the entire State whenever they happen to have a disagreement among themselves? Have they a moral right even to inflict wanton injury upon their own families? If so, why do we restrain men from committing suicide? Why do we compel them to support their wives and children? Why do we do anything to subserve the common good?

New Zealand is happy and prosperous as "the land without strikes." It has a system of compulsory arbitration. It would have been impossible for the San Francisco strike to have occurred at Wellington, Dunedin or Christchurch.

In California we have compulsory arbitration about everything else but leave the most important disputes to be settled by those two grim arbiters, the Depleted Bank Account and the Empty Stomach. When two men disagree about a matter of five dollars, or a matter of boundary lines between their back yards, either can bring the other into court and compel him to submit the matter to compulsory arbitration. But when one hundred employers have a disagreement with ten thousand workmen about a matter which involves the welfare of fifty thousand men, women and children directly, and of a million and a half people indirectly, we stand impotent and helpless in the face of the emergency.

Such a condition of affairs amounts to an indictment of our intelligence, of our patriotism, of our Christianity. The details of the New Zealand plan will be published in this department later. In the meantime, the need of such a sensible and statesmanlike solution of the constantly-recurring labor troubles in our principal cities makes it plain that the fourth item in a program for California should be this:

*To adopt the New Zealand system of compulsory arbitration for the settlement of all disputes between capital and labor.*

DEVELOP THE POSSIBILITIES OF CO-OPERATION.

Naturally and almost imperceptibly, in logical response to

its economic necessities, California has entered in the last few years upon the practice of commercial co-operation. A large proportion of its enormous fruit output is controlled by exchanges organized and conducted by producers. Co-operative stores and creameries are spreading throughout the State. The famous Rochdale system maintains a wholesale department at San Francisco.

It is already plain that co-operation is to be the most vital force in our future economic life, but it must go much further than it has yet done and it must be supported by the public opinion. One of the great unsettled questions of California is the question of markets. The problem is to extend the demand for California products and to have those products handled as economically as possible, so that the largest share of profits may find its way into the pockets of the actual producers. This problem will become more urgent as settlement and production increase. Closely related to the problem of selling advantageously is the problem of buying necessary supplies as cheaply as possible. "A penny saved is a penny earned." Hence, co-operative buying is just as important as co-operative selling.

In many foreign countries the cultivation of co-operative methods in industry is considered as much a concern of government as the oversight of banking and insurance business is in this State. In Holland, Belgium, and other countries the common prosperity has been wonderfully increased by these methods. In Ireland the whole face of industry has been changed. The reorganization of English agriculture on the same basis is now under careful consideration.

It should be the policy of California to encourage the study of co-operation as one of the most important means of increasing its prosperity. The whole influence of the State should be thrown upon that side. The university should take up the matter as a legitimate and very practical part of the economic training supplied to its students. We must have in the future a great body of trained co-operators to assist our producers in buying, selling, and manufacturing upon scientific lines. The fifth item in a program for California should be this:

*To encourage the extension of co-operative methods throughout the industrial life of the State for the purpose of widening the California market, at home and abroad, and of*

*effecting the utmost economy in sale of products and purchase of supplies.*

TO MAKE THE IDEAL A REALITY.

Such is the program for California which this magazine will take up for elaborate discussion during the next twelve months. In doing so it will furnish the fullest exposition of the material resources and of the social and economic life of our great Pacific commonwealth which has ever been made in any single publication. The subject will be considered from the standpoint of many different localities and from the point of view of many different men. The treatment of the matter will not take the tone of special pleading. We believe all the features of this program are well adapted to the peculiar conditions of California and most other Western States, but there are many persons of great intelligence and undoubted sincerity who will think otherwise. There are men who believe the riparian right a sacred thing which must not be disturbed. There are those who prefer competition to co-operation, those who think private ownership of water is superior to public control, and those who would regard the compulsory settlement of labor disputes as a dangerous invasion of individual rights.

Those holding views in utter opposition to our convictions—the best and ablest of them, too,—will be invited to antagonize every feature of this program for California and to do it in these pages. We believe the truth can stand the light. And if what seems to us like the truth be error instead, then God forbid that we should mislead a single soul into supporting it.

But our position has been carefully considered. We do not believe it can be shaken by all the forces that are proverbially opposed to change of any sort. We expect to see it emerge from the fires of discussion stronger and clearer than it goes in—the invincible and unanswerable program for the making of a great State from the raw materials of California. So believing, we propose to fight for it, to offer it to the people as the solution of existing social stagnation and economic evils, and to lend all the aid in our power to the development of an earnest, aggressive movement in its support.

WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

## *THE PROPOSED REFORMS.*

### *CONCLUSIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT EXPERTS.*

The specific recommendations for the reform of the California water laws submitted by the nine experts who prepared the government report on the subject are as follows :

1. There should be created in California a special tribunal entitled "The Board of Control of Waters," which shall have the determination of existing water rights and the control of the establishment of rights hereafter. This board shall consist of one attorney, one business man and one civil engineer, all of good character and established reputation, to be selected and appointed by the Supreme Court of the State and to hold office until removed for cause. The salary of this board should not be less than \$3,000 per annum each, and they should be allowed a clerk at a salary of \$1800 per annum, to be appointed by the board.

2. There should be an executive officer of the board, appointed by them, who should be a competent, experienced civil engineer and have supreme control over the administration of the water supply and its distribution to the parties entitled to its use. The title of the officer should be "State hydraulic engineer."

3. The State legislature should by statute declare that the common-law doctrine of riparian rights is inapplicable to the prevailing conditions in California, except so far as to make riparian owners on streams preferred users of the natural stream flow for domestic and stock purposes.

4. The statutes of California passed for the government of the appropriation of streams shall declare that all unappropriated waters not utilized for irrigation at the date of the passage of the act, either by canals or reservoirs, are public property, and all irrigation rights to be established hereafter shall be attached to the land for which the appropriation is made. The volume permitted to be appropriated should in all cases be limited to the actual necessities of economical use, to be determined from time to time by the State hydraulic engineer. Priority of use should give the better right as between parties using water for the same purpose.

5. There should be entire harmony and coöperation between the State and national governments, looking to the fullest possible use of the waters of the State for irrigation, particularly in all cases where the diversion of water from the streams may tend to render navigable streams non-navigable. To accomplish this purpose the national government should take measures for canalizing the rivers and making slackwater navigation on the streams, thus giving maximum navigability with minimum use of water. A wise adjustment and determination of the volume which can be safely taken from the tributaries of navigable streams for irrigation without in-

terfering with the slackwater navigation should be urged upon the national government as an urgent necessity.

6. The work of the national government in promoting irrigation development, in addition to the improvement of navigation, should also include the fullest protection of the forests, construction of storage reservoirs for impounding water to be used on the public lands, and a continuation of the hydrographic and topographic work of the Geological Survey and the work of the Department of Agriculture for the promotion of economic methods of irrigation.

7. National aid in constructing storage works to be used for private lands should be discouraged, although cases might occur where reservoirs built to serve public lands would also be serviceable to adjacent lands in private ownership that had once been owned by the United States. In such cases the use of reservoir water for private lands should not be prohibited.

8. The use of water for domestic purposes should take precedence over all other uses. The use of water for the production of power applied to the pumping of water for domestic purposes and irrigation should be recognized as next in right. In those sections of the State where mining is the prevailing industry, mining rights to water should also take precedence over all other uses, domestic use alone excepted.

9. The Governor of the State should be asked to appoint an expert nonpartisan commission to frame an irrigation law or laws which should fit and adapt the foregoing recommendations to the State constitution and present the results in the form that they should be passed by the State Legislature.

10. The State Board of Control should be intrusted with the power and duty of fixing equitable rates for the sale of water for irrigation by private reservoir and canal companies, as well as for the sale of water rights.





**CEMENT CANAL AND DISTRIBUTING FLUME, HEMET, CAL.**



**THOROUGH IRRIGATION.**

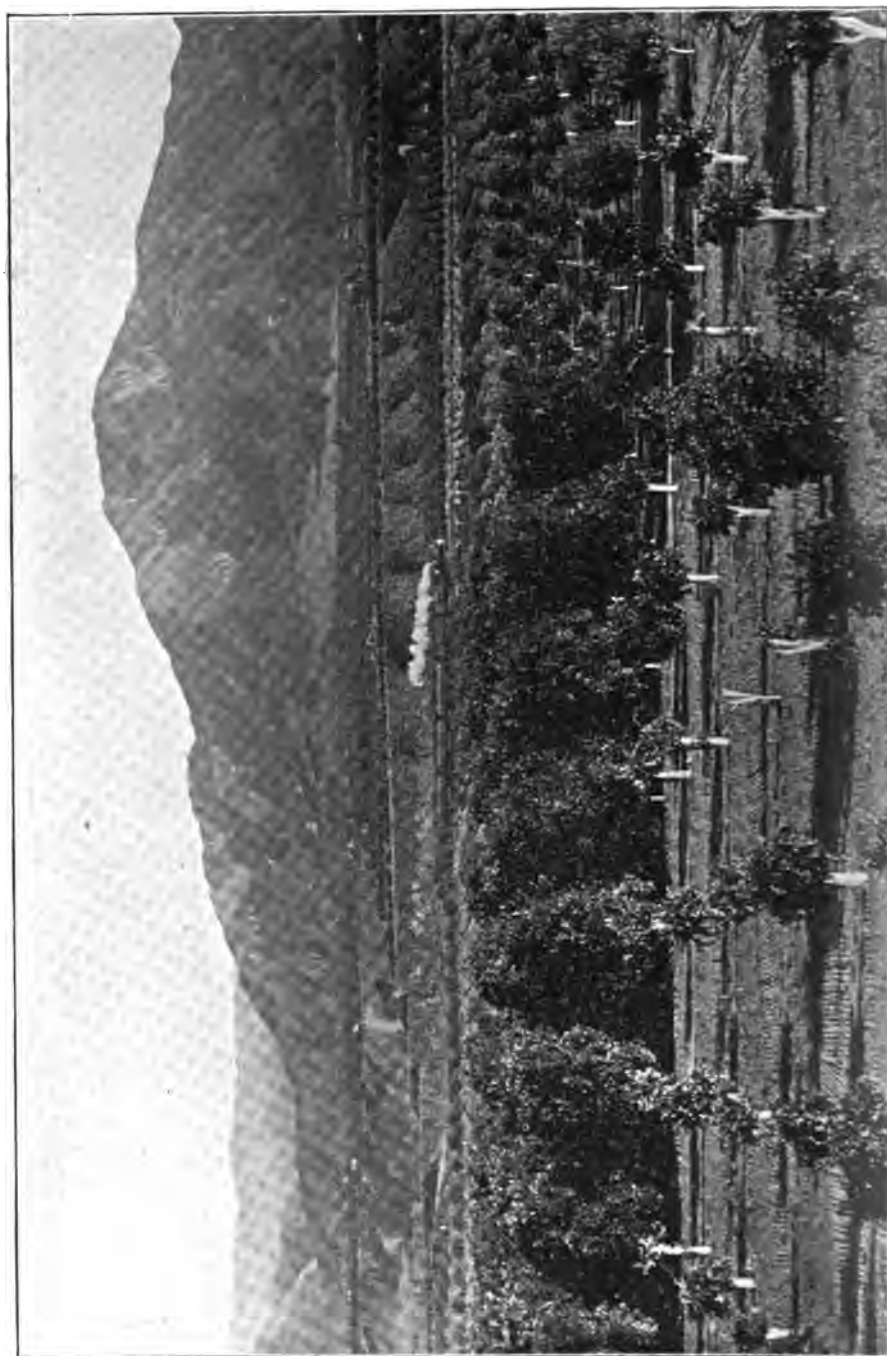


Photo by Everett R. Daniels.

MR. HARRISON AND EAST HIGHLAND MOUNTAIN, TONGUEVALE DISTRICT.



## SAUNTERINGS AT IDYLLWILD

BY KATE GLESSNER CARRITHERS.

Study mental hygiene. Take long doses of *dolce far niente* and be in no hurry about anything in the universal world.—GEO. ELIOT.

**T**ODAY there is rain and mists quite obscure the mountains, but the nearby pines and oaks in shades of orange, russet and green look fair and fresh from my tent door. The rush of the little stream is clear through the open silence and nature is restfully renewing her wonderful life. Tomorrow when the sun bursts over the range, the glories of these colors and the intense blue of the sky may seem almost garish in contrast with this gray day. After one rests, the first wide outlook dispels all memories of the



"THE PICTURESQUE SANATORIUM." Photo. by Antoinette Williams.

dusty stage ride from San Jacinto and gives the salient points of this charming spot.

On the northeast rises Tauquitz Peak and just below lies Lily Rock. With a cultivated imagination it is easy to evolve a bowed and cowed head from these white out-jutting rocks, and to call this point "The Weeping Monk." Mt. San Jacinto is quite shut out from dwellers in the valley, but all hear epic lays of rugged trail through flower-decked mountain-locked valleys, the steep ascent, the sheer perpendicular walls from which are seen the vast stretches of the Colorado desert. Three days suffice for this gypsy-like excursion through delightful wind-swept solitudes with nightly camp fire and homely camp fare. Is this not what John Muir has called the joy of life?

On the west, low-shouldered hills are lying, and here from Inspiration Point the outlook into the wide valley is superb. Sheltered on the west by the Coast range, this broad valley cradles its children in

warmth and sunshine, while they in their turn embrace their wayward nestlings, the crowding foothills.

Yonder, behind that great saddle-backed mountain, lies the home of Modjeska. Away to the northwest is shadowy, misty Mt. San Antonio. In the afternoon light, Lake Elsinore shines resplendent, and later is lost in the soft, blue, all-enfolding haze.

Standing here, the murmur of water comes clearly, distinctly, to the ears. Just a few steps to the left a rough path over smooth and slippery boulders leads into the heart of Coldwater Cañon, the favorite jaunting spot of the whole valley.

Another picture long to be remembered is that from Tauquitz Peak. This trail, winding through open spaces between tall yellow pines and graceful oaks, through buckthorn, lilac and manzanita thickets, by painter's brush, aster and fragrant pennyroyal, ever higher and ever widening in view, is like a jewel in the morning. Up past the



"THE SLOW-MOVING OXEN OF THE LOGGERS." Photo. by D. S. Merwin.

the slow-moving oxen of the loggers, where chaparral grows low and lower still, where gnarled storm-swept cedars stretch protectingly over the way, then to turn and find the wide open beneath is a joy indeed. On one side lies the desert softly gray, and there in the broad sunlight are the little hamlets of San Jacinto and Hemet, like faintly traced rectangles and square. Nearer and more distinct are the winding courses of the erstwhile torrent beds, and ranches marked by clustering trees. Over all the bright foreground and far blue perspective lies a lofty and unbroken silence.

A frost-touched morning and stout walking boots are much to be desired for a ramble in Lily Cañon. There in midsummer swayed yellow bells of *Lilium Parryi* and starry clusters of wild azalea. Down in the rank growth by the water's edge were fragrant hedges of the wild rose. With the feathery fronds of the Woodwardia fern

grew nodding columbine and scarlet monkey-flower. Now the touch of King Midas lends color to the green solitude, and gorgeous golden oaks, the vivid yellows of the willow, and softer tones of the wild current bring sunshine into the shady places. All is silent here save the fall of water, the swift movement of lizard or ground squirrel, the faint call of a bird, yet the camp with its bustle and stir is not a half mile away.

Nearer the picturesque sanatorium with its gay company of tents, lie golf links, a tennis court, and grounds for croquet. Farther on past the links, through sweet-scented bracken runs the laughing, hurrying stream. Just here, where the road crosses the shallows, alders crowd with smooth white trunks—the leaves a delicate tracery against the sky. Here willows bend, tangles of clematis wave and



"THE PICTURESQUE SANATORIUM." Photo. by Antoinette Williams.

late scarlet penstemon and fuchsia still fringe the way. This, as well as every other out-going, is gladdened by the birds. That distant tap, tap, is from the carpenter woodpecker with his saucy red cap and yet more saucy ways. Of the trees, the yellow pine knows him best, for in its bark he bores innumerable holes for storing acorns. Stellar's crested jay, the Western bluebird with rusty-red breast, Brewer's blackbird, Anna's hummer, the slender-billed nuthatch, the mountain chickadee are all most familiar. To the lover of burro rides, this rocky turn of the road, the gleam of richly reddened cherries, the great uprooted pines on either side are guides making the beginning of a beautiful, yet rather difficult, trail leading into a nameless cañon just across from Lily Rock. The charm of this cañon is most potent; for its lovers inevitably return and the temptation to linger there is strong. After the deep-breathing hour of climbing, beds of pine needles bring the longing for a lazy half-awake siesta, lying prone in the warm sunlight, fanned by soft air heavily laden here with odors of cedar and balsam fir.

Two red-letter days are those which mark the rides to Pine Flats and Strawberry Hill. 'Tis a wild, rough trail to the lonely little valley—past huge, mossy boulders, down into bracken-filled dells, across the tiny thread of a stream, up the soft leaf-cushioned knolls and out into the light with the flats below. To Strawberry Hill the road winds smoothly along. Here Coulter pines are burdened with giant cones beaded and glistening. Sugar pines swing long, light pendants from the extreme tips of their highest branches, and all frame distant vistas of mountain and valley. The little climb to Sunset Rock is preliminary training for the longer excursions and as such it has its place. The long drives to Hemet dam and lake, together with the detour to Thomas' ranch are interesting in their own way. The big dam holds thirty-seven thousand acre-feet—that is, it would cover thirty-seven thousand acres one foot deep in water.

When night falls on Idyllwild, it is rarely beautiful. First come the after-glow with its clear, cold tints, then the deepening dusk with its black silhouettes of leafless pines stretching bare arms as if in benison. The early lights of Venus and Jupiter gleam low in the west; and when hours are "wee and sma" Orion mounts high and shines glowing, scintillating, above the sleeping valley—the valley that still dreams of the days when it sheltered Ramona and Alessandro.



"WHERE ALDERS CROWD."

Photo. by Antoinette Williams.

## IN TROPIC AMERICA.

BY H. E. BROOK.



A COSTA RICAN HOME.

OF late years, as capital has increased in the United States, and rates of interest have lessened, the eyes of many American investors have been turned to the rich and promising fields for investment to the south of us, in the Spanish-speaking republics of Mexico and Central America. It is not strange that this should be so, but rather that the enterprising Yankees, who have been reaching out all over the world in their quest for the almighty dollar, should so long have overlooked these compara-

tively undeveloped fields, so rich in natural resources, which are next door to us, on our own continent. Of late quite a number of Los Angeles people have become interested in enterprises of various kinds in the Spanish-American countries between the United States line and the Isthmus. It is not difficult to foresee a time when Los Angeles may become headquarters for American investments in those countries. Geographically, the city is within a little more than a hundred miles of the Mexican line, and Spanish is widely spoken in Southern California, so that it is quite natural for our capitalists to extend their operations in that direction.

Among the Spanish-American countries which have been attracting special attention of late is Costa Rica, a land that is known to few Americans, except by name. It is a small country, as we are accustomed to estimate size, embracing an area of 23,000 miles, or rather less than that of West Virginia. The present population of the country is estimated at about 300,000, or less than 15 to the square mile. Like California, only still more so, it is a land of great climatic contrasts. The country is divided into three zones, the hot lands, in the low region, extending from the seashore to an elevation of about 3,000 feet, where the mean annual temperature varies from 72 to 82 degrees, the temperate lands, extending to an altitude of 7,500 feet, and the *tierras frias*, or cold lands, lying between that elevation and the summit of the mountains. Here the difference between the temperature of day and night is keenly felt. The ground is sometimes covered with white frost in the morning, but snow is extremely rare. The temperate zone possesses a climate of wonderful salubrity. The land is well watered and very fertile, and the landscape is a succession of lovely tropical scenes. The mean annual temperature in this section varies from 57 degrees to 68 degrees. As in California, there are in the high altitudes two seasons, the dry

and the rainy. It usually rains there from May to November on the Pacific side, but on the Atlantic coast the reverse is the rule.

Costa Rica possesses an enviable geographical location, with its long line of sea coast on both oceans, affording many fine harbors within easy reach of the great markets of the United States. With the completion of the Nicaragua canal, which will extend along the northern boundary of the country, the ships of the world will be brought to her ports and the value of land, which is at present absurdly low, in proportion to the value of the products, will inevitably increase greatly.

The natives of Costa Rica are a simple, kindly people, who are satisfied with little, leading a contented life and having few ambitions. The materials for their dwellings are cut in the forests.



A BREAD FRUIT TREE.

They have little need for clothing, and nature provides them with an abundance of food. Under American overseers they make good laborers. Plantation hands are paid from 50 to 75 cents per day in gold.

The principal products of the soil in Costa Rica are rubber, cacao, bananas, vanilla, pineapples, oranges, lemons and coffee. Remarkable stories are told of the big profits earned by the few enterprising Americans who have gone into the culture of these products, in a business-like way. The profits per acre, after the first few years, are said to range from \$100 to \$600.

Of these products, by far the most profitable is rubber. Rubber is one of the few articles of universal consumption for which no successful substitute has yet been discovered. When the late Collis P. Huntington—one of the shrewdest business men that the United



ON A COCOANUT PLANTATION.

States has produced—was asked what he would do to make a fortune, if he were a young man, he replied that he would go into the rubber business in Africa. The rubber grown in Costa Rica is superior to that grown in Africa, and it is an interesting fact that seeds of the rubber tree were recently shipped from Costa Rica to the Dark Continent. The world's supply of rubber has hitherto been derived from wild trees. Owing to the steadily increasing demand, entire forests have been ruthlessly destroyed by the natives, so that the world's supply was threatened. This led a few far-sighted men to experiment with the artificial growth of the tree, in sections where it is indigenous, and the results have been exceedingly encouraging, especially in Costa Rica, where the soil and climate appear to be better



THE WAY WILD RUBBER TREES  
ARE BLED TO DEATH.

the demand for rubber is increasing at an accelerating rate. New uses for rubber are discovered almost daily. Prices have been ad-

apted to the growth of this more than any other section, with the possible exception of the country along the Amazon, in South America. Another advantage which Costa Rica has in the production of rubber is that the tree begins to yield at an early age. Along the Amazon the trees do not begin to yield until they are from 12 to 15 years old, and even then produce only a small quantity, whereas the Costa Rica variety of rubber tree, in a suitable location, attains a diameter of from 12 to 15 inches in six to eight years, when its production will average three pounds of commercial rubber, worth 75 cents per pound on the spot. A conservative estimate of the net profit from each tree is said to be one dollar, and 200 trees are planted to the acre. A Spanish-American writer sums up the arguments in favor of rubber cultivation as follows: There is a shortage in the supply, which will continue, while



A TWO YEAR OLD RUBBER TREE.



vancing for the past ten years. The trees are easily cultivated, and the profits are as large and certain as from any known business.

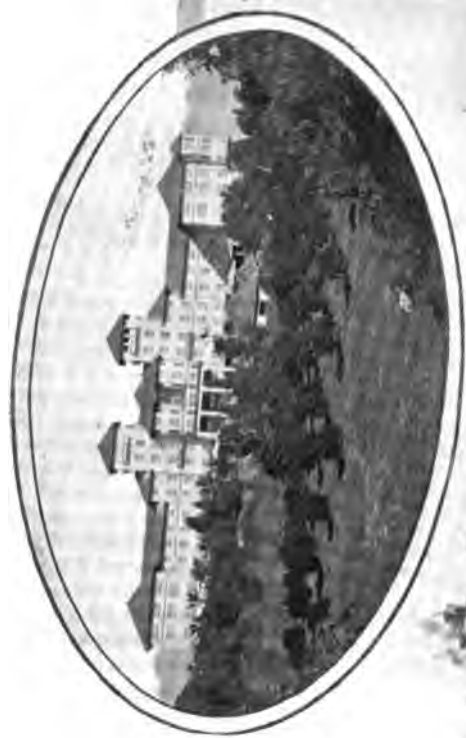
Another profitable tree in Costa Rica is the cacao, from the bean of which cocoa is made. Owing to the similarity of name, some people have an idea that cocoa is derived in some way from the cocoanut tree. The cacao tree has the size and general appearance of the peach tree, with a thick growth of pods extending directly out from its body. The beans are ground up, refined and sweetened, by a simple process. The cacao tree begins to produce pods at the age of three or four years, and at five years of age is in full bearing. So great is the demand for this product that agents are always ready



GATHERING CACAO PODS.

to buy the crop on the trees. Profits are reported to run from \$150 to \$500 per acre, after the trees are in full bearing. Rubber and cacao trees thrive best at an elevation of 100 to 700 feet, but will grow as high up as 1,500 feet above sea-level.

It is not surprising that, in view of these alluring opportunities, many Americans should be casting longing eyes at the Spanish-speaking republics of Central America, through which Uncle Sam expects soon to construct his big waterway. It is not improbable that the next decade may witness a peaceful conquest of that section by the irrepressible Yankee.



RAYMOND HOTEL,  
RAYMOND VILLA TRACT.

## RAYMOND VILLA TRACT.

*A PERFECT PLACE FOR HOMES.*

**T**HERE are probably no other cities anywhere to which so large a part of their citizens have come mainly because they preferred to live there, as Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Their peculiar drawing power has been the rare combination of an almost perfect climate with the educational, social and commercial advantages of a progressive modern city.

Now people for whom a delightful home has been the prime factor in deciding where they shall pitch their tents are apt to pick pretty carefully the exact spot to drive the pegs. Considering the great tide of home-builders that has been steadily pouring into Los Angeles all these years one might fairly suppose that the choicest locations would all have been occupied before this time, and that later comers must make shift with something distinctly less than the best. Natural as this conclusion seems, it would be a mistake. There are still to be had, within easy distance of the center of Los Angeles, many home sites as beautiful, attractive, convenient, and wholly desirable as heart could wish.

No better evidence is needed to make good this assertion than the facts concerning the Raymond Villa Tract. Here, in a single body, as close to the heart of Los Angeles (measuring by the time it takes to get there) as some of the most beautiful and favored residence portions of that city, right on the edge of charming Pasadena—"The Crown of the Valley"—surrounded by inspiring scenery, lies a broad expanse, offering ample room for some hundreds of homes. Today it lies open and ready for settlement, and yet surrounded by beautiful modern houses, magnificent hotels, orange groves and



WHERE LOVELY HOMES WILL RISE.

flower gardens, with shade trees, beautiful streets and avenues already traversed daily by tourists and pleasure seekers by the hundreds, as the most enchanting and agreeable spot for driving and



picknicking parties. It takes no gift of prophetic vision to see it in the near future a great park of flowers and lawns and shrubbery — the fit setting for the dwelling places that are sure to rise upon it.

Does this seem over-enthusiastic? Consider, then, a closely pruned statement of the bare facts concerning it.

The Raymond Villa Tract con-

sists of some two hundred acres of gently sloping land in the eastern part of the valley of South Pasadena. It was originally part of the San Pasqual Rancho, but has been owned for many years by the Raymond Improvement Co., which has, up to this time, preferred not to press the sale of building sites upon it. Now, however, the construction, right through the property, of the new "short line" of the Los Angeles and Pasadena electric road, the erection of the magnificent Hotel Raymond immediately adjoining it, and the pressure of eager home-seekers, have made the time seem ripe for devoting the tract to the needs for which it is so plainly destined and dividing into plots suitable for building purposes.

To the hotels, "shopping," and business districts of Los Angeles, the running time of the electric cars will be twenty-five minutes. The business centers of Pasadena will be less than ten minutes away by the same route. No part of the tract is at a greater distance from the electric line than can be covered in five minutes' brisk walk. The officials of the road expect to start regular service over it, at few-minute intervals, early in January. The service on the older routes of this line, in respect of comfort of cars, courtesy of employes and genuine effort to accommodate its patrons has been for years up to a high standard—a guarantee of what the service on this new express line will be.

The average elevation of the tract above sea-level is some 625 feet, or nearly double that of the more closely-built-up parts of Los Angeles. The air, of course, is wholly free from the smoke and other impurities inseparable from large cities. Partly on account of the ranges of hills between it and the ocean, and partly on account of dis-

tance and elevation, fog is comparatively rare on this tract, yet it gets its full share of the stimulating and refreshing breezes that liven up the summer days. Frost hardly ever nips the most delicate

vegetation; and fuchsia, heliotrope, calla-lily and other such tender plants thrive and bloom out of doors and unprotected the year through. In a word, the climate is of the best in Southern California — and where shall one go to look for a better?

The fertility of the soil and the quality of the climate give a range of possibilities in the way of fruit, flowers and ornamental



shrubs that is almost inexhaustible. The orange, lemon, pomelo, fig, olive, mulberry, guava, loquat, almond, peach, plum, apricot and grape vine all flourish here and bring forth abundantly, each after its kind. From his little home plot, one may gather, if he chooses,

green peas in January, and strawberries almost any month in the year. As for roses, one need only mention the fact that the Pasadena "Tournament of Roses" is held each year on New Year's Day. One of the famous rose-bushes even of Pasadena, counting its blooms in the season literally by hundreds of thousands, is the "Gold of Ophir" on the Merwin place, just across the boundary line of the Raymond Villa tract.

STREETS AND AVENUES  
ON RAYMOND VILLA TRACT.



RAYMOND VILLA TRACT HOMES.

The scenic views from any part of the property are superb. To the North, and only a few miles away, looms the great front-wall of the Sierra Madre range, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and often gleaming with snow in winter far down its shoulders. In the eastern distance the lofty peaks of San Antonio, San Bernardino,



THE "MERWIN"  
GOLD OF OPHIR ROSE.

San Jacinto and San Gorgonio tower above the orange groves closer by. At the South, a picturesquely broken line of hills adds variety, while westward, beyond the quiet village and the abrupt descent into the Arroyo Seco, rise yet other hills. Truly a series of pictures on which the eye may linger long, and to which it may return day after day without tiring. Yet if one wishes an even greater variety of scene or a total change of atmosphere, both may be had in very short time and at trifling cost. Little more than an hour's ride on the "trolley" will convey him to the seashore at Santa Monica, while in about the same time a similar conveyance will land him at the Alpine Tavern, near the summit of Mount Lowe.

An excellent and sufficient water-supply, good natural drainage,



PART OF RAYMOND VILLA TRACT'S WATER SUPPLY.

unsurpassed general sanitary conditions, broad and well-shaded streets, and connections for electric lighting and telephone service—all these go to round out the requirements of a flawless residence section. Furthermore, clauses in each deed will prevent intoxicating liquors from ever being made or sold on the tract, will bar the entrance of factories, shops, livery-stables or anything else which might mar the character of the neighborhood, will establish building-lines, and will set a limit below which the cost of a house will not be allowed to fall. That is to say, the whole tract will be strictly devoted to homes, and every precaution will be taken to make all the surroundings congenial and agreeable.

One of the most important points concerning this property—the pocket-nerve being admittedly among the most sensitive anatomical features of mankind—can barely be mentioned here. This is not the place for figures as to the cost of building sites; but it may be stated generally that prices for the present are set at a very low mark. The cost of a single lot in some parts of Los Angeles no closer to the city's center by the time measure, and certainly no whit superior in respect of natural advantages, will buy an acre here; or the cost of the lot alone there will pay for the lot and build the house here. Besides this, further special concessions will be made for a time to those who build at once. It is not to be expected that prices will remain long at this low level, and whether for investment or for immediate occupancy, just now is a good time to look into the matter.

The sale and management of the Raymond Villa Tract is in the hands of The S. W. Fergusson Co., from whose office at No. 224 W. Fourth street, Los Angeles, any desired information can be obtained on request, either in person or by letter.





# Raymond Villa Tract.

Is believed by its owners to be the best property now offered to homeseekers in Southern California. Following is a brief summary of the facts about it :

## *Location.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT is in South Pasadena, adjoining the grounds of the Raymond Hotel on the south.

## *Surface Character.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT is from 600 feet to 700 feet above sea-level. There is sufficient gentle slope to assure perfect drainage ; but the surface is so nearly level that no costly grading will be required in preparing home sites. Some of the streets and avenues are already shaded by large pepper-trees ; on others no shade trees have been planted, leaving the future owner to make his own choice.

## *Surroundings.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT has for neighbors : On the north, the Raymond Hotel, with its beautiful grounds and golf links ; on the east and south, elegant homes, set among orange groves, palms, roses, and a bewildering wealth of shrubs and vines ; on the west, the pleasant village of South Pasadena.

## *Climate.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT has no harsh winds, practically no frost, rarely any fog, and a dry and balmy atmosphere nearly every day in the year. In Southern California "Climate is King"—and this very spot is the heart of its kingdom.

## *Transportation.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT will have, within 60 days, the best electric line in the United States in full operation, connecting it with Los Angeles and Pasadena. No part of the tract is more than five minutes walk from the line. Time to Fourth street, Los Angeles, will be less than 25 minutes, thus bringing this property closer to the business part of the city than the corner of West Adams and Twenty-fifth streets.

## *Water, Sewage, Electric Lights, Telephone.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT is under the operation of a mutual water company ; every purchaser of property will become part owner in the cheapest, best and finest and purest water supply in Southern California. The same methods of disposing of sewage are employed as in the West Adams tract, and give full satisfaction. Electric lights and telephones are already on the property. Franchise for gas has just been granted.

## *Improvements.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT now has in progress grading streets, laying sidewalks, pruning trees, building offices and houses, and otherwise laying the foundation for beautiful and substantial improvements.

## *Subdivision.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT is being subdivided into lots of 50 to 65 feet frontage and 140 to 185 feet deep. Villa sites of an acre or more may also be had.

## *Restrictions.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT deeds will all contain clauses restricting character and cost of residences ; preserving a uniform frontage line ; confining business to certain blocks ; prohibiting entirely the sale of liquor and other objectionable industries.

## *Prices and Terms.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT will be sold at prices far below that of any other property approaching it in advantages. Special terms to those who will build at once.

## *Who to See About It.*

RAYMOND VILLA TRACT is in the hands of

THE S. W. FERGUSSON CO.,

224 West Fourth street, Los Angeles.



## MISCELLANEOUS



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**Remover of Wrinkles**  
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## A YEAR'S OUTPUT.

AS compiled by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the leading products of Southern California for 1900 are estimated as follows:

Citrus Fruits.....	\$8,000,000	Butter, estimated .....	\$ 500,000
Gold and Silver .....	6,400,000	Beans, estimated.....	1,000,000
Petroleum, estimated....	4,400,000	Asphaltum .....	425,000
Borax .....	1,150,000	Eggs, estimated .....	325,000
Hay.....	1,000,000	Celery, estimated.....	300,000
Vegetables and Fruit consumed.....	1,500,000	Poultry.....	250,000
Dried Fruit and Raisins	475,000	Hides .....	200,000
Grain .....	150,000	Fresh Fish .....	240,000
Canned Goods.....	825,000	Canned Fish.....	115,000
Sugar .....	1,000,000	Wool.....	150,000
Fertilizers.....	1,000,000	Vegetables, exported....	325,000
Copper .....	700,000	Cheese, estimated .....	120,000
Nuts .....	800,000	Olives, estimated.....	100,000
Cement, Clay and Brick	651,000	Salt, Mineral Water and Lead.....	180,000
Wine.....	850,000	Lime.....	95,000
Beer.....	600,000		\$33,826,000

## THE LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

The Chamber of Commerce, although its work is for the public, is a private corporation, possessing a membership of business and professional men of Los Angeles and Southern California, about one thousand in number. These contribute one dollar per month toward the expense of maintaining the institution. One of the main features of the organization is to supply information and answer correspondence relative to the resources and productive features of the southern portion of the State. It also maintains a free exhibit of natural and manufactured products.

□ The following pamphlets, issued by the Chamber, can be had on application at the office, or will be sent to any address upon receipt of five cents for postage: "Climate and Health;" "Petroleum;" "Citrus Fruits;" "Nuts of Los Angeles County"; "Guide to Los Angeles"; "City of Pasadena"; "Riverside County"; "Orange County"; "San Diego County"; "Santa Barbara County"; "Ventura County"; "Fresno County." Copies of the Annual Special Editions of the Los Angeles Times, Herald and Express. "Rain Charts and Temperature Charts."

## **GOLD MINING WITH THE GAMBLE LEFT OUT.**

"Statistics show that of all industrial occupations mining is the most profitable. The annual average product or earning in California, of those engaged in mining....is nearly \$1,500."—*State Mineralogist's Report for 1896.*

Everyone knows that investments in gold mining, when fortunately made, are unequaled in profit-making possibilities; few realize that when prudently made, they may be among the most secure and least liable to loss. Yet this is the plain truth, and may be well illustrated by a brief statement of the facts concerning the Equitable Mining and Milling Company, of Stockton, and the method by which it absolutely insures investors in its stock against loss of any part of the money invested.

In the first place, the Company has been organized along the soundest business lines, under the wise protective laws of California. Its officers and directors are conservative, experienced and trustworthy mining and business men, and each of them owns a substantial block of the stock. Their holdings (aggregating a control of the entire capital stock—\$300,000 at par value) are pooled under an iron-clad trust agreement, until September, 1907, shutting out any chance that the management will pass to less tried and able hands, or be used for purposes of stock manipulation.

The Arbona mine, operated by the Company, is near Tuttletown, Tuolumne county, and is upon the mighty "Mother Lode," the immense and unfailing gold-output of which is known to all the world. The records of mint, express companies and banks, up to a recent date, credit this single county with the production of more than \$215,000,000 in gold, and this figure is certainly under rather than over the actual product. Immediately adjoining the Arbona to the northwest, the "Paterson" has been worked to a depth of 800 feet, and has yielded well toward a million dollars in gold. One and three-quarter miles to the southeast lies the famous "Rawhide," which has made more than one millionaire.

The development of the Arbona mine during the five years since the present Company took possession has been mainly directed to gaining depth and putting the property in condition for large and continuous production. The double-compartment shaft is now 621 feet deep, and several levels have been started, some of which are already in ore, and actual mill-runs prove the ore to be "pay," values increasing as depth is gained. Hoisting machinery is ample for double the present depth. A ten-stamp rapid-drop mill and concentrating plant is fully equipped, with capacity for treating forty tons of ore daily.

The management at the mine is in the hands of men of long experience and proved ability, all of whom are interested in the ownership of the mine. Much of the stock, by the way, is held by mining men of the district in which it is located, who have been familiar for years with the property and its management.

The purpose for which the Company now desires to raise funds is to put in power-drills, in order to explore the various levels and open up stoping-ground as rapidly as possible to furnish a continuous supply of ore to the mill. According to present indications four hundred feet of drifting will accomplish this.

The closest investigation will satisfy any man that the funds of the Company have been consistently and judiciously applied to the development of the mine; that its affairs have been and will be faithfully administered for the best interests of *all* the stockholders, and that its managers are in the mining business to get gold out of the ground—not to make money from sales of stock or speculative "stock-jobbing."

The facts already stated are sufficient to place the shares of the Equitable Mining and Milling Company in the conservative class of mining investments. But it has recently made such arrangements with the Pacific Coast Underwriting



THE ARBONA GOLD MINE, TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CAL.

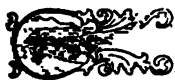
Company, of San Francisco, as secure the investor beyond peradventure against loss of any part of his principal. Space is lacking to give full details, but the practical working of the plan may be thus illustrated: The investor of \$1,000 (for example) would receive for his money, first, an Investment Certificate of the Continental Building and Loan Company, of San Francisco (one of the soundest and strongest institutions of the kind in the United States), guaranteeing absolutely the payment of \$1,000 at the end of ten years; and, second a Stock Coupon which may be exchanged at any time for 400 shares of stock of the Equitable Mining and Milling Company. The present selling price of this stock being \$1.50 per share, this is equivalent to a payment of interest in advance for ten years at the rate of six per cent per annum. This takes no account of any dividends on the stock during the ten years, nor of the probable great advance in its cash selling price. Yet the management, owning the control of the stock, depend entirely for their profits precisely upon such dividends and increased value of stock. (The directors, by the way, are not on salary.)

Now, right here, is the meat of the matter. The worst that can happen to any investor under this plan—even if the Mining Company should fail utterly—would be to lose the interest on his money for a term of years. The principal is secure in any event. And if the Mining Company is successful, as now seems assured, the returns will far exceed any that could be obtained by any other form of investment involving so little risk.

Investments on this plan may be made in sums of \$100 and upwards.

In conclusion, it is worth while to quote from a recent publication of the Company: "We promise you only what we know we can fulfill, viz: to earnestly work for success; to guard your every interest; to give you your full share of the profits; to protect you absolutely against loss of principal invested in the Guaranteed Investment Certificates."

It has been entirely impossible in these pages to give the reasons which justify the managers of this enterprise in their confident expectation of large returns. Any person desiring further information, including maps and photographs of the property, can obtain it by addressing the Equitable Mining and Milling Company, Stockton, California.



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